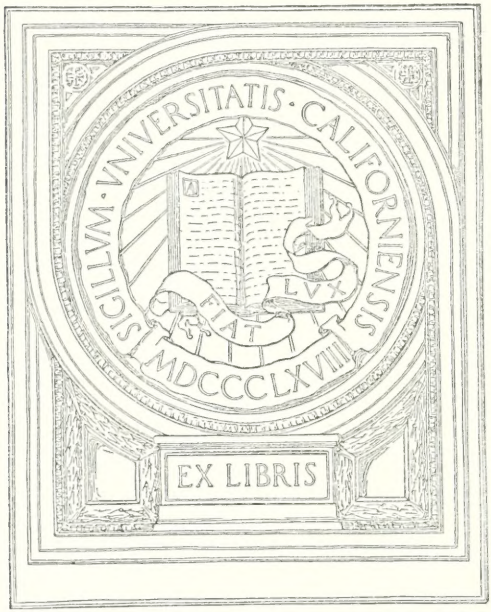
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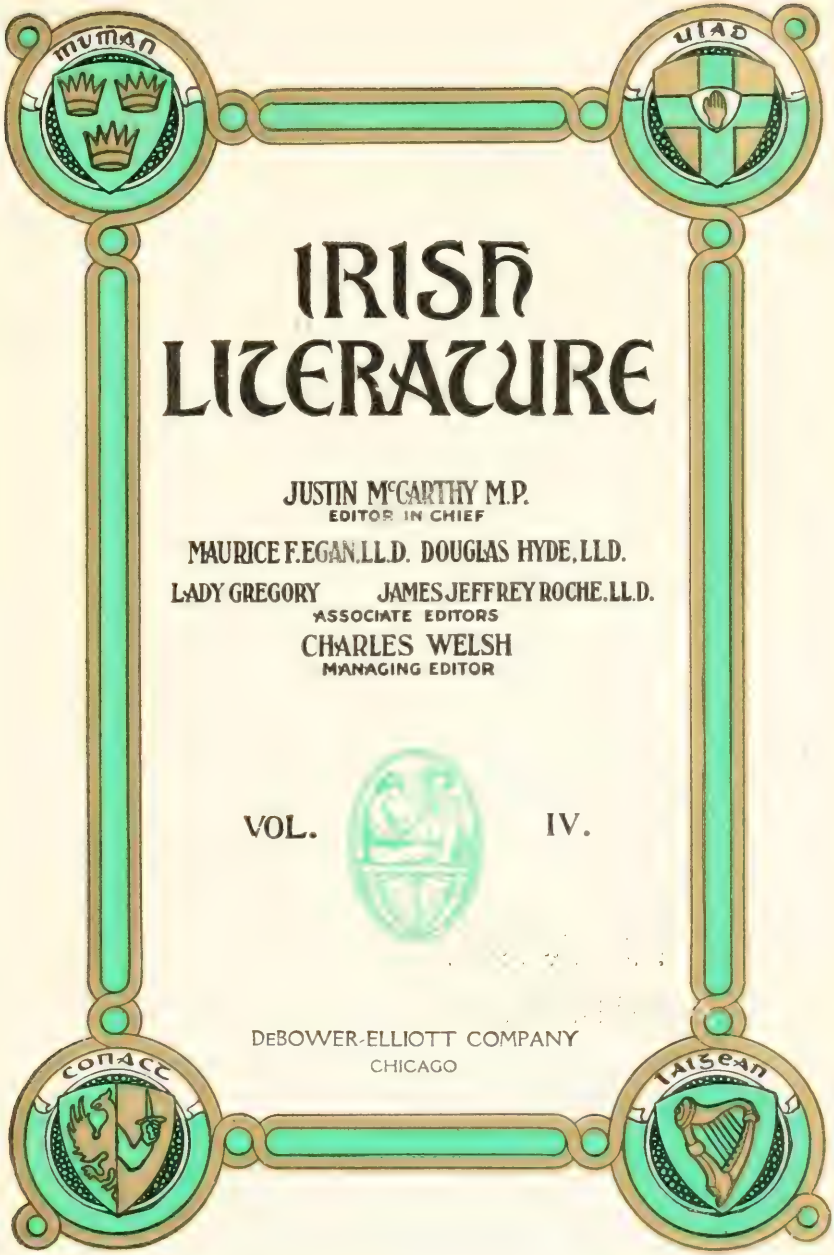

IRISH
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IRISH LITERATURE

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

The Lakes of Killarney lie in the very heart of the highest mountains in Ireland, and for soft beauty and charm of color the district is unequalled by any lake scenery in the world. The arbutus shrub, which grows in all the woods and along the shores and slopes, is covered in autumn with scarlet berries. It grows to a great size, and the wood is made into ornaments and sold to visitors. There are probably more wonderful echoes among the mountains to be heard in this region than in any other.



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VOL. IV.

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LOS ANGELES

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BIOGRAPHIES AND LITERARY APPRECIATIONS

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IRELAND'S INFLUENCE ON EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

Ireland has been able to act upon the literature of the Continent and of Britain in three ways: first, directly, next by means of its pupils on the Continent, and finally by means of the Norse literature. The latter affected both Britain and Germany, so that the Irish spirit has had a double influence, be it much or little, upon both. Professor Morley, indeed, admits that "the story of our literature begins with the Gael"; and, pointing out the intermixture of blood, he adds: "But for early frequent and various contact with the race which in its half-barbarous days invented Oisin's dialogues with Saint Patrick, and that quickened afterward the Northmen's blood in France and Germany, England would not have produced a Shakespeare."

Certain it is, I think, that but for the influence of Irish literature Shakespeare would not have produced a 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Tempest,' and 'Macbeth.' The aerial beings which characterize the first two plays are like those delightful melodies which Boïeldieu in 'La Dame Blanche' and Flotow in 'Martha' made popular over the Continent, and which the Irish ear, suddenly attentive, recognizes as Irish in spite of their foreign surroundings.[1]

[1] Shakespeare mentions an old Irish air, *Cailin og astor* (in 'Henry II.,' Act iv., Sc. 4); the air itself is given in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, so that Irish music must have been admired at her court. It is curious to see the Irish alliteration still influential in the verses attributed to her:

> "The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
> And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy;
> For falsehood now doth flow and subject faith doth ebb,
> Which would not be if reason ruled or wisdom weaved the web."

It is most interesting to observe that Shakespeare himself employs alliteration in his epitaph, and uses it in a manner so closely conforming to the regular Irish system as to suggest his acquaintance with it, *e.g.*:

> "Good friend for Jesus' sake forbeare,
> To dig the dust enclosèd here,
> Blesst be he who spares these stones,
> And cursed be he who moves my bones."

Teutonic poetry, in certain particulars, appears to have germinated from the seed which fell from the ripe Irish harvest. The alliteration found in 'Beowulf,' the first Anglo-Saxon epic, A. D. 750 (three centuries after Sedulius), seems a rather crude imitation. Rhyme was introduced into High German a century later, and this was achieved by Otfried, who had acquired the gift in that great monastery of St. Gall to which the illustrious Irishman bequeathed his name, his spirit, and his scholarship, which long guided his many disciples.

The Nibelungen Lied and the Lay of Gudrun have been called the Iliad and the Odyssey of Germany. Both, however, have Norse originals. Now, with respect to the latter, it is a remarkable but surely not a surprising thing, after all we know, that the opening scenes of the lay should be placed in Ireland. The fierce King of Ireland, Hagen (? Hacon), had a fair daughter Hilda, and to woo her for their king, Hettel of Denmark, came a number of daring champions, disguised as merchants. The wooing with music, which captures the Irish maiden's heart, the flight, pursuit, marriage, and reconcilement are told with animation. Gudrun, the daughter of Hettel's Irish wife, is the second heroine of the tale. In the Arthurian Romance of Tristan and Isolde (as in some others) there are Irish scenes and Irish characters. Isolde herself has bequeathed Dublin her name in Isolde's Tower and Chapel-isod. I need but remind you that the Arthurian Romances gave origin to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

The kindred peoples of France and of Spain were naturally not less influenced than the Teutonic races. The Romans did not give them rhyme; their own literature had perished; consequently they borrowed from the islands to which, in Cæsar's time, the Continental Druids were sent for training. Assonant rhyme, found in some Anglo-Norman poems, was common in the Romance of Oc and all related dialects. "It is clearly the Irish *Comharda*" (correspondence), writes an English authority, Mr. Guest, "though not submitted in the Romance dialects to the nice rules which regulate its assonances in the Gaelic."

Irish literature has received gifts in return: in the old Anglo-Saxon Mystery Play, found in the Record Office, in the Anglo-Norman Rhyme of Ross, in the Song of Der-

mott, and in others unfortunately still unpublished. Michael of Kildare is supposed to be our first poet in English, and he is the pioneer poet of satire in that language.

This postern, which he opened into what has since become the vast empire of literature in English, gave entrance to many. Spenser came to us through it, and, caught by the glamour of the Gael, gave us the 'Faërie Queene,' wherein he immortalizes some of our scenery and pays tribute to the ancient renown of our nation:

> "Whilome when Ireland flourished in fame
> Of wealth and goodness far above the rest
> Of all that bear the British Islands name."

It is noteworthy that the great poem which marked the revival of English letters after Chaucer was composed in Ireland. Granting that Spenser found models in Ariosto and Tasso, yet, if he had remained in London, he might never have risen above the standard of the Palace-poets. Shakespeare in London was saved by the drama demanding an environment of popular life. Probably nothing saved Spenser but his immersion in Irish nature, which his verse so faithfully reflects. Not only are the material beauties of our country—mountains, woods, and rivers—mirrored there, but its spiritual world also. The very name of Una is Irish, and our Puca appears in trimmed English as "the Pouke," whom Shakespeare again introduces as Puck, just as our Gaelic Madb becomes "Queen Mab."

But it may be said that Spenser was ignorant of the literature of the hostile Irish nation, and so could not be influenced by it. The case is otherwise. When Eudoxus asks: "Have they any art in their compositions, or bee they anything wittie in or well savoured as poems should be?" Spenser (as Irenæus) answers: "Yes, truely, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry" (rather these were lost in a prose translation); "they were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their naturall device, which gave good grace and comelinesse unto them."

It is a strange thing to say that Edmund Spenser, who

so deprecates their "rebellious" love of liberty, might well have envied the position and influence of the Irish poets. At the Queen's Court in England he had learned "what hell it is in suing long to bide," to "eat the heart in despair," and all the miseries of dilatory patronage:

> "To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
> To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

In Ireland he saw a different state of things. The poets might almost be described as the patrons, for theirs it was to distribute praise or dispraise in poems, "the which," says Spenser, "are held in so high regard and estimation amongst them that none dare displease them, for feare to runne into reproach through their offense, and be made infamous in the mouths of all men."

Their compositions were sung at all feasts and meetings by other persons, and these also, to his surprise, "receive great rewards and reputation." Certain it is, though strange, that Edmund Spenser, had he been the least bard in the pettiest principality of Ireland, instead of being the first poet of the monarch of Great Britain, would not have died of hunger. Neglected and starving in Westminster, may he not have regretted his political efforts to destroy the one national organism which above all others had ever generously encouraged the representatives of literature?

Irish literature is of many blends, not the product of one race but of several. It resembles the great oriel of some ancient cathedral, an illumination of many beautiful colors, some of which can never be reproduced, for the art is lost. We possess a unique treasure in that ancient literature which grew up from a cultured people, self-centered, independent of Roman discipline. Were it not for this we should look at the Northern world through Southern eyes, and, taking our view-point from the Capitol, see nothing beyond the light of the empire, but wild woods and wastes made horrid by Cimmerian darkness and shifting hordes of quarrelsome barbarians. Yet these were the ancestors of most of the modern European peoples, and those who so depicted them were their coercive and uncomprehending foes. Our deliverance from this thraldom

of an enemy's judgment abides in the monuments of the ancient Irish.

The magic password of the Arabian bade the rugged mountain open, and admitted him to the midst of glittering jewels. The knowledge of our old literature takes us into the heart of the Cimmerian darkness, and shows it full of glowing light; it takes us into the homes and minds of one of those great nations uncomprehended of the Romans, and, through that one, enables us to see the great, passionate, pathetic, wild, and generous humanity of all.

Thus our ancient literature would be invaluable if for this reason alone, that it gives a new view-point and a new vista. Its importance is augmented in this, that its reckless sincerity stands the enduring evidence of a long-vanished stage of social and intellectual development, where the fiercer and finer powers, the softer and sterner emotions of an early mankind strive and commingle with dramatic effect. If such a deposit were not extant, European scholars might well desire to go as pilgrims, like the bereaved bards, to the grave of Fergus, son of Roi, with power to call him again on earth, that he might recite the famous Táin—the lost Epic of a lost World.

It is strange that words, which are such little things—a mere breath trembling for a moment in the air—should survive the mightiest monarch and outlast the lives of empires. The generations who uttered them are silent; the earth has grown over their homesteads, and forests have decayed above their cities. Yet out of the Dead Past speaks still the Living Voice. So, to-day, we may be illumined by the light of a star which perished a thousand years ago.

It has been said that the history of Ireland is dismal, a chronicle of defeats. But that is because writers generally make history a mere record of wars. The shadow of the swordsman obscures all else. The militant monarch or minister is always put in the foremost place and the highest position. The pigmy on a platform looks greater than the giant in his study—but only in the eyes of pigmies. Alexander's empire died with him, and his satraps shared the spoil. Aristotle's scepter is over us still.

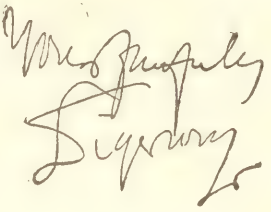
There is a blindness which is worse than color blindness in the eyes which see physical, but which cannot perceive

intellectual, forces and effects: they will record that Roman power conquered Greece, but fail to recognize that Greek intellect conquered the conqueror. Our nation has had its changes of fortune. It has invaded others, and been itself invaded often—part of the penalty it paid for occupying the fairest isle of the old world, a penalty we might still pay had not a new world opened wide its golden gates in the West. But our defeats have not been always disasters. What seemed to have no other end than the plunder of our wealth has resulted in the enrichment of our literature, the dissemination of our ideas, and the capture of the imagination of other nations. The Code, which was devised to accomplish what the most ruthless savage never designed—the annihilation of the intellect of a most intelligent nation—studded the Continent with that nation's colleges and gave to its members the glory of being illustrious leaders of men in the greatest kingdoms of the world.

Last came the great dispersal, when the descendants of those who had taught Europe for three centuries, and generously welcomed all scholars—now made ignorant by law—were driven from their hospitable land by famine. They went forth, as it is said, hewers of wood and drawers of water. In other times and places it had meant extinction as slaves under feudal rule. But mark this!—they entered into the great family of a new people, whose fundamental principle of Democracy made them equal, and whose generous nature made them welcome. They have thus been brought to the very well-spring of the new forces which have been reshaping human society and preparing the transformation of the world. In this incomparable enterprise they are themselves a foremost force, taking part in the intellectual work with the revived vitality of a race which has found its Land of Youth.

If we had a past of shame—were we members of a nation that had never risen or had deeply fallen—these should be incentives to brave hearts to achieve work for the credit of their race. It is otherwise with us, and we dare not stand still. The past would be our reproach, the future our disgrace. Not foreign force, but native sloth can do us dishonor. If our nation is to live, it must live by the energy of intellect, and be prepared to take its place

in competition with all other peoples. Therefore must we work, with earnest hearts and high ideals, for the sake of our own repute, for the benefit of mankind, in vindication of this old land which genius has made luminous. And remember that while wealth of thought is a country's treasure, literature is its articulate voice, by which it commands the reverence or calls for the contempt of the living and of the coming nations of the earth.



CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

PAGE

IRELAND'S INFLUENCE ON EUROPEAN LITERATURE.—
Dr. George Sigerson vii

FURLONG, MARY 1241
Glen-Na-Smoel 1241
An Irish Love Song 1242

FURLONG, THOMAS 1244
Bridget Cruise, fr. the Irish of O'Carolan . 1244
Mary Maguire, fr. the Irish of O'Carolan . 1246
Roisin Dubh 1247
John O'Dwyer of the Glen 1247
Maggy Laidir, fr. the Irish of O'Neachtan . 1249
Eileen Aroon 1251
Peggy Browne, fr. the Irish of O'Carolan . 1252
O'More's Fair Daughter, fr. the Irish of O'Carolan 1252

GEOGHEGAN, ARTHUR GERALD 1254
After Aughrim 1254
The Mountain Fern 1255

GILBERT, SIR JOHN T. 1257
The Prince of Dublin Printers, fr. 'History of Dublin' 1258

GILBERT, LADY (ROSA MULHOLLAND) . . . 1265
Mave's Repentance, fr. 'A Round Table of Stories' 1265
Song 1279
Shamrocks 1279

GILES, HENRY 1280
The Irish Intellect, fr. 'Lectures and Essays' 1280

GODKIN, E. L. 1290
Duty of Criticism in a Democracy, fr. 'Problems of Modern Democracy' . . . 1290

PAGE
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER 1298
The Vicar's Home, fr. 'Vicar of Wakefield' . 1301
Moses at the Fair, fr. 'Vicar of Wakefield' . 1305
New Misfortunes, fr. 'Vicar of Wakefield' . 1309
The Gentleman in Black, fr. 'Citizen of the World' 1317
Advice to the Ladies, fr. 'Citizen of the World' 1322
Beau Tibbs, fr. 'Citizen of the World' . . 1326
Liberty in England, fr. 'Citizen of the World' 1331
The Love of Freaks, fr. 'Citizen of the World' 1334
The Worship of Pinchbeck Heroes, fr. 'Citizen of the World' 1338
Whang and his Dream of Diamonds, fr. 'Citizen of the World' 1341
The Love of Quack Medicines, fr. 'Citizen of the World' 1343
Happiness and Good Nature, fr. 'The Bee' . 1345
The Mistake of a Night, fr. 'She Stoops to Conquer' 1348
The Traveler (complete) 1357
The Deserted Village (complete) . . . 1367
The Haunch of Venison 1377
Retaliation, Extracts from 1380
An Elegy on Madam Blaize 1382
Epitaph on Doctor Parnell 1383
Epitaph on Edward Purdon 1383

GRAND, SARAH. See Mrs. McFall.

GRATTAN, HENRY 1384
Declaration of Irish Rights 1387
Philippic against Flood 1400
On the Injustice of the Disqualification of Catholics 1405

GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL 1409
The Irish Spinning Wheel 1410
Irish Lullaby 1411

PAGE
Father O'Flynn 1412
She is my love 1413
Since we should part 1413
I Shall Not Die for Love of Thee . . . 1414
Like a Stone in the Street 1414
The Blue, Blue Smoke 1415

GREEN, MRS. J. R. 1417
Books of Courtesy, fr. 'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century' 1417

GREENE, GEORGE ARTHUR 1423
Art's Lough 1423
On Great Sugarloaf 1424
From 'The Return' 1424
Lines 1424
Spring-Time 1425

GREGORY, LADY AUGUSTA 1426
The Only Son of Aoife, fr. 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne' 1426
Death of Cuchulain, fr. 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne' 1431
Cael and Credhe, fr. 'Gods and Fighting Men' 1445
The Coming of Finn, fr. 'Gods and Fighting Men' 1447
Mountain Theology, fr. 'Poets and Dreamers' 1455
A Sorrowful Lament for Ireland, fr. 'Poets and Dreamers' 1459

GRIFFIN, GERALD 1464
The Knight of the Sheep 1466
An Old Custom, fr. 'The Collegians' . . 1481
How Myles Murphy Got his Ponies out of the Pound, fr. 'The Collegians' . . . 1483
The Death of the Huntsman, fr. 'The Collegians' 1489
Partners in Crime, fr. 'The Collegians' . . 1494
A Country Dispensary, fr. 'The Rivals' . . 1499

PAGE
The Loquacious Barber, fr. 'The Collegians' 1503
Gile Machree 1507
Eileen Aroon 1509
Hy-Brasil: the Isle of the Blest . . . 1510
GWYNN, STEPHEN 1512
An Heroic Deception 1512
The Young Fisher 1516
Lay of Ossian and Patrick 1523
A Song of Defeat 1529
Ireland 1532
HALL, MRS. S. C. 1533
We 'll See About It, fr. 'The Village Garland' 1534
HALPIN, CHARLES GRAHAM 1539
Not a star from the flag shall fade . . 1539
Irish Astronomy 1540
HAMILTON, COUNT 1542
Nothing Venture, Nothing Have, fr. 'Memoirs of the Count de Grammont' . . . 1542
HAMILTON, M. 1549
A Swarm of Bees in June, fr. 'A Self-Denying Ordinance' 1549
MRS. HARTLEY 1557
An Electioneering Scene, fr. 'Hogan, M. P.' . 1557
Three Dublin Street Arabs, fr. 'Flitters, Tatters, and the Counselor' 1568
HIGGINS, MATTHEW JAMES 1572
A Scene in the Irish Famine 1573
HOEY, MRS. CASHEL 1578
A Great Risk, fr. 'A Golden Sorrow' . . 1578
HOEY, JOHN CASHEL 1588
Origin of O'Connell 1588
HOGAN, MICHAEL 1591
Brian's Lament for King Mahon . . . 1591
The Sarsfield Testimonial 1592
Draherin O Machree 1593
Paddy Maccarthy 1594

PAGE

HULL, ELEANOR 1597
Literary Qualities of the Saga, fr. 'The Cuchulin Saga' 1597
HYDE, DOUGLAS 1603
Irish as a Spoken Language, fr. 'A Literary History of Ireland' 1603
The Splendors of Tara, fr. 'A Literary History of Ireland' 1610
Story of MacDátho's Pig and Hound, fr. 'A Literary History of Ireland' 1613
The Death of St. Columcille, fr. 'A Literary History of Ireland' 1618
The Battle of Dunbolg, fr. 'The Story of Early Gaelic Literature' 1622
Hard-Gum, Strong-Ham, Swift-Foot, and the Eyeless Lad, fr. the Irish of 'Sgueluidhe Gaodhalach' 1625
John of the Two Sheep, fr. 'Sgueluidhe Gaodhalach' 1631
Neil O'Carree, fr. 'Beside the Fire' . . . 1638
The Hags of the Long Teeth, fr. 'Beside the Fire' 1642
Munachar and Manachar 1647
The Lost Saint, a Play 1650
Little child, I call thee 1655
I shall Not Die for Thee 1656
O were you on the mountain? 1656
'T is not war we want to wage, fr. poem by Teige mac Daire 1657

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOLUME IV.

PAGE

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY . . . . *Frontispiece*

The Lakes of Killarney lie in the very heart of the highest mountains in Ireland, and for soft beauty and charm of color the district is unequalled by any lake scenery in the world. The arbutus shrub which grows in all the woods, and along the shores and slopes, is covered in autumn with scarlet berries. It grows to a great size, and the wood is made into ornaments and sold to visitors. There are probably more wonderful echoes among the mountains to be heard in this region than in any other.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE FIRST IRISH NEWSPAPER. 1258

Contains an account of the Irish Convention and a list of the members of the Convention. It has news from England, but no advertisements. It will thus be seen that there was published, in 1659, in Dublin, a journal of local affairs with English news. It represents the very infancy of the Dublin press.

This is most interesting, as showing how the newspaper developed from the pamphlet. Here it is in the state of transition. The form is that of a pamphlet, the subject matter is news treated in the style of the pamphleteer. See the biography of Swift in IRISH LITERATURE.

LADY GILBERT (Rosa Mulholland) 1265

From a photograph.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH 1298

After the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE GRATTAN STATUE, DAME STREET, DUBLIN . 1384

From a photograph.

This statue, which is one of Foley's best works, is on the parade ground of the Volunteers of 1782. Grattan stands in the attitude of oration, facing the statues of Burke and Goldsmith in front of his and their Alma Mater, "Old Trinity," while on his left is the Old Parliament House with which his eloquence is forever associated. It was unveiled in 1876.

THE BLUE, BLUE SMOKE 1415

An Irish Village Scene from a photograph.

"O, the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
My thousand welcomes home."

—*Alfred Perceval Graves.*

PAGE

LOUGH DAN, COUNTY WICKLOW 1424
From a photograph.

——"sudden tremors veil my eyes,
As at a turn before me rise
Long sought, the Wicklow hills."
—*Geo. A. Greene.*

LADY GREGORY 1426
Associate Editor of Irish Literature.
From a pencil sketch made in 1893.

GERALD GRIFFIN 1464
After an engraving by P. P. Graham.

A MOUNTAIN COTTAGE IN KILLARNEY 1484
From a photograph.

COLLEEN BAWN ROCK, Killarney 1494
From a photograph.

STEPHEN GWYNN 1512
From a photograph by Booker and Sullivan of London, England.

DERRYNANE HOUSE, COUNTY KERRY 1588
From a photograph.

The residence of Daniel O'Connell is in a wild and beautiful region,

"Where the brow of the mountain is purple with heath,
And the mighty Atlantic rolls proudly beneath,
With the foam of its waves like the snowy Fenane,
Oh! this is the region of wild Derrynane."
—*D. F. MacCarthy.*

THE SARSFIELD STATUE, LIMERICK. 1592
From a photograph.

The leading facts of Sarsfield's life are told by W. J. Onahan in Vol. VII., and the story of his famous ride in 1690, when he surprised and wiped out a body of King William's troops, by A. M. Sullivan in Vol. IX. of Irish Literature.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D. 1603
Associate Editor of Irish Literature.
From a photograph by Chancellor of Dublin.

ILLUMINATED ORNAMENTS AND INITIALS . . . 1620
From the Durrow Gospels.

An Irish Illuminated MS. of the Seventh Century now in Trinity College, Dublin.

MARY FURLONG.

(1868—1898.)

MARY FURLONG was born about 1868, in the city of Dublin from which her parents migrated soon afterward to Tallaght, under the mountains. She began to write at the age of fourteen but her work did not find acceptance until three years later. When she was between seventeen and twenty years old, her poems appeared in *The Irish Monthly*, *Chambers' Journal*, *The Boston Pilot*, *Temple Bar*, and several other magazines.

At twenty-three she adopted the profession of nursing and practically gave up writing. She studied in the old Hospital of Madame Steevens, Dublin, and after a long experience retired from the institute. Having accepted a summons to tend typhus patients in an infirmary in Roscommon, she contracted the fever and died far away from home and friends Sept. 22, 1898.

GLEN-NA-SMOEL.

In the heart of high blue hills
Where the silence thrills and thrills,
In the Valley of the Thrushes:
From the golden low furze-bushes
On the mountain wind's light feet
Comes a perfume faint and sweet.

Where the hills stand blue and gray
In the sunshine miles away,
Rises a small streamlet brawling,
On the silence calling, calling;
Flows by fern and foxglove tall
And green mosses curled and small.

Through the valley it goes swift,
'T is the mountain's wayward gift;
Dancing onward, laughing, leaping,
Amber eddies gayly sweeping
Round the big stones grayly-white
In the sunny summer light!

In the Thrushes' mystic glen
Are the only dwellers men?
When the ghostly moonlight glimmers
And the singing river shimmers,
Do the faries never come—
Are their nimble feet grown numb?

Ah! I think the fairies fled
When the mountain people said:
"In this crystal-watered valley
Skill and labor both shall rally,
Mighty earthen walls shall build
And the valley shall be filled.

"Filled with clear pellucid rills
That are born within the hills,
They shall gather all these fountains
Flowing sweetly from the mountains,
Cunningly shall bear them down
To the distant thirsty town!"

No green rushes grow beside
The dark waters as they glide
From the Valley of the Thrushes;
But the scent of the furze-bushes
And the breath of heath-clad hill
Dwell within their bosom still.

AN IRISH LOVE-SONG.

I love you, and I love you, and I love you, O my honey!
It isn't for your goodly lands, it isn't for your money;
It isn't for your father's cows, your mother's yellow butter,
The love that 's in my heart for you no words of mine may utter!

The whole world is gone wrong with me since yester-morning early,
Above the shoulder of Sliav Ruadh the sun was peeping barely,
Your light feet scarcely stirred the dew among the scented clover;
O happy dew, O happy grass, those little feet went over!

The breeze had coaxed your nut-brown hair beneath the white sun-bonnet,
The sunbeams kissed the corn-flowers blue that you had fastened on it,
And danced and danced, and quivered down your gown of colored cotton;
And when I looked upon your face I fear I 'd quite forgotten—

It was not you I came to see this morning but another,
But who could look on that brown head, and ask for Tom, the brother?
Your blue eyes have bewitched me quite, the eatin' and the dhrinkin'
Have lost the grah[1] they used to have, of you I 'm always thinkin'.

The white of wheat is on your cheek, the scarlet of the berry
There sweetly blends: on each soft lip the smile comes quick and merry;
And oh! the blue, blue eyes that shine beneath their silken lashes—
My word! it is for sake of them my bread is turned to ashes!

But sure this foolish tongue of mine won't get to tell its story—
Oh, how I wish I had the talk of my fine cousin Rory!
Who 's just as glib as if he ate the highest English Grammar,
And if he loved a thousand times it would not make him stammer.

And yet I almost think she cares—for sometimes how she blushes!
And so this pleasant eve of May, when all the larks and thrushes
Are singing their sweet songs of love, I 'll try an' tell my story,
Although I cannot sing like them, or speak like cousin Rory.

[1] *Grah*, taste.

THOMAS FURLONG.

(1794—1827.)

Thomas Furlong was born near Ferns, County Wexford, in 1794. Early in life with little or no education he was apprenticed to a grocer in a back street in Dublin. But by the force of great natural powers he made his way from sordid obscurity to a wide reputation and a recognized position in literature.

An elegy on the death of his master attracted the attention of Mr. Jameson, a well-known Dublin distiller, who, admiring not only the genius but the affection which inspired it, appointed him to a position of trust in his establishment, with duties so light as to give him time to cultivate his talents. In 1819 he published a poem entitled 'The Misanthrope,' which took the popular taste and gained for him the friendship of Thomas Moore and Lady Morgan. He became a regular contributor to *The New Monthly Magazine;* and about 1821 he assisted in founding *The New Irish Magazine*, to which he contributed largely. His most ambitious poems are 'The Misanthrope' and 'The Doom of Derenzi.' In 1824 he published a satirical poem entitled 'The Plagues of Ireland,' leveled against the state of parties in the country at that time. His 'Tales of Low Life' are true, simple, and powerful. He was a member of the Catholic Association and a strenuous agitator for emancipation. He was the intimate friend of O'Connell and often assisted the 'Liberator' with his cool and observant judgment. The labor of giving to Irishmen the songs of their beloved bard Carolan in English occupied his attention for a time, and his translation in the 'Remains' claims for him the grateful remembrance of his countrymen. In 1825 he wrote a few songs for Hardiman's 'Book of Irish Minstrelsy.' He died on the 25th of July, 1827, after a few months' illness.

Furlong is described as of low stature, with very refined features and eyes remarkable for their great brilliancy. His biographer in *The Nation* says of him: "He was powerful, quick, impulsive, and impetuous, while he had a judgment cool and discriminating."

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy says: "In public life his course was earnest and independent; in political literature he was an able but somewhat unscrupulous writer. But no man is entitled to a more charitable judgment, for his youth was undisciplined and unguided, and he died in his thirty-third year."

BRIDGET CRUISE.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Oh! turn thee to me, my only love,
Let not despair confound me;
Turn, and may blessings from above

In life and death surround thee.
This fond heart throbs for thee alone—
Oh! leave me not to languish;
Look on these eyes, whence sleep hath flown,
Bethink thee of my anguish:
My hopes, my thoughts, my destiny—
All dwell, all rest, sweet girl, on thee.

Young bud of beauty, for ever bright,
The proudest must bow before thee:
Source of my sorrow and my delight—
Oh! must I in vain adore thee?
Where, where, through earth's extended round,
Where may such loveliness be found?
Talk not of fair ones known of yore;
Speak not of Deirdre the renowned—
She whose gay glance each minstrel hailed;
Nor she whom the daring Dardan bore
From her fond husband's longing arms;
Name not the dame whose fatal charms,
When weighed against a world, prevailed;
To each might blooming beauty fall,
Lovely, thrice lovely, might they be;
But the gifts and graces of each and all
Are mingled, sweet maid, in thee!

How the entranced ear fondly lingers
On the turns of thy thrilling song!
How brightens each eye as thy fair white fingers
O'er the chords fly gently along!
The noble, the learned, the aged, the vain,
Gaze on the songstress, and bless the strain.
How winning, dear girl, is thine air,
How glossy thy golden hair!
Oh! loved one, come back again,
With thy train of adorers about thee—
Oh! come, for in grief and in gloom we remain—
Life is not life without thee.

My memory wanders—my thoughts have strayed—
My gathering sorrows oppress me—
Oh! look on thy victim, bright peerless maid,
Say one kind word to bless me.
Why, why on thy beauty must I dwell,
When each tortured heart knows its power too well?

Or why need I say that favored and blessed
Must be the proud land that bore thee?
Oh! dull is the eye and cold the breast
That remains unmoved before thee.

MARY MAGUIRE.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Oh! that my love and I
From life's crowded haunts could fly
To some deep shady vale, by the mountain,
Where no sound could make its way
Save the thrush's lively lay,
And the murmur of the clear-flowing fountain:
Where no stranger should intrude
On our hallowed solitude,
Where no kinsman's cold glance could annoy us;
Where peace and joy might shed
Blended blessings o'er our bed,
And love! love! alone still employ us.

Still, sweet maiden, may I see,
That I vainly talk of thee;
In vain in lost love I lie pining;
I may worship from afar
The beauty-beaming star
That o'er my dull pathway keeps shining:
But in sorrow and in pain
Fond hope will remain,
For rarely from hope can we sever;
Unchanged in good or ill,
One dear dream is cherished still—
Oh! my Mary, I must love thee forever.
How fair appears the maid,
In loveliness arrayed,
As she moves forth at dawn's dewy hour;
Her ringlets richly flowing,
And her cheeks all gayly glowing,
Like the rose in her blooming bower.
Oh! lonely be his life,
May his dwelling want a wife,
And his nights be long, cheerless, and dreary,
Who cold or calm could be,
With a winning one like thee,
Or for wealth could forsake thee, my Mary.

ROISIN DUBH.[1]

Oh! my sweet little rose, cease to pine for the past,
For the friends that came eastward shall see thee at last;
They bring blessings and favors the past never knew
To pour forth in gladness on my Roisin Dubh.

Long, long, with my dearest, through strange scenes I 've gone,
O'er mountains and broad valleys I still have toiled on;
O'er the Erne I have sailed as the rough gales blew,
While the harp poured its music for my Roisin Dubh.

Though wearied, oh! my fair one! do not slight my song,
For my heart dearly loves thee, and hath loved thee long;
In sadness and in sorrow I still shall be true,
And cling with wild fondness round my Roisin Dubh.

There 's no flower that e'er bloomed can my rose excel,
There 's no tongue that e'er moved half my love can tell,
Had I strength, had I skill the wide world to subdue,
Oh! the queen of that wide world should be Roisin Dubh.

Had I power, oh! my loved one, but to plead thy right,
I should speak out in boldness for my heart's delight;
I would tell to all round me how my fondness grew,
And bid them bless the beauty of my Roisin Dubh.

The mountains, high and misty, through the moors must go,
The rivers shall run backwards, and the lakes overflow,
And the wild waves of old ocean wear a crimson hue,
Ere the world sees the ruin of my Roisin Dubh.

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.[2]

Blithe the bright dawn found me,
Rest with strength had crowned me,
Sweet the birds sung round me,
Sport was all their toil.

[1] This song is a translation. Mr. Hardiman in his 'Irish Minstrelsy,' says of it: "*Roisin Dubh* (Little Black Rose) is an allegorical ballad in which strong political feelings are conveyed as a personal address from a lover to his fair one. The allegorical meaning has been long since forgotten, and the verses are now remembered and sung as a plaintive love ditty. It was composed in the reign of Elizabeth of England, to celebrate our Irish hero, *Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell* of Tirconnell. By *Roisin Dubh*, supposed to be a beloved female, is meant Ireland."

[2] This is supposed to be a very ancient poem, from the allusion to the falling of the woods which destroyed the hiding-places of the flying Irish.

The horn its clang was keeping,
Forth the fox was creeping,
Round each dame stood weeping
O'er that prowler's spoil.
Hark! the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling,
Scenes and sights appalling
Mark the wasted soil.

War and confiscation
Curse the fallen nation;
Gloom and desolation
Shade the lost land o'er.
Chill the winds are blowing,
Death aloft is going;
Peace or hope seems growing
For our race no more.
Hark! the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling,
Scenes and sights appalling
Throng our blood-stained shore.

Where 's my goat to cheer me?
Now it plays not near me;
Friends no more can hear me;
Strangers round me stand.
Nobles once high-hearted,
From their homes have parted,
Scattered, scared, and started,
By a base-born band.
Hark! the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling;
Scenes and sights appalling
Thicken round the land.

O! that death had found me,
And in darkness bound me,
Ere each object round me
Grew so sweet, so dear.
Spots that once were cheering,
Girls beloved, endearing,
Friends from whom I 'm steering,
Take this parting tear.

Spenser, in his 'View of the State of Ireland,' says: "I wish that orders were taken for cutting and opening all places 'through the woods; so that a wide way, of the space of one hundred' yards, might be laid open in every one of them."

Hark! the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling;
Scenes and sights appalling
Plague and haunt me here.

MAGGY LAIDIR.

From the Irish of John O'Neachtan.

Here 's first the toast, the pride and boast,
Our darling Maggy Laidir;
Let old and young, with ready tongue
And open heart, applaud her.
Again prepare—here 's to the Fair
Whose smiles with joy have crowned us,
Then drain the bowl for each gay soul
That 's drinking here around us.

Come, friends, don't fail to toast O'Neil,
Whose race our rights defended;
Maguire the true, O'Donnell too,
From eastern sires descended.
Up! up again—the tribe of Maine
In danger never failed us,
With Leinster's spear for ever near,
When foemen have assailed us.

The madder fill with right good will,
There 's sure no joy like drinking—
Our Bishop's name this draught must claim,
Come let me have no shrinking.
His name is dear, and with him here
We 'll join old Father Peter,
And as he steers thro' life's long years,
May life to him seem sweeter.

Come mark the call, and drink to all
Old Ireland's tribes so glorious,
Who still have stood, in fields of blood,
Unbroken and victorious:
Long as of old may Connaught hold
Her boast of peerless beauty;
And Leinster show to friend and foe
Her sons all prompt for duty.

A curse for those who dare oppose
Our country's claim for freedom;
May none appear the knaves to hear,
Or none who hear 'em heed 'em:
May famine fall upon them all,
May pests and plagues confound them,
And heartfelt care, and black despair,
Till life's last hour surround them.

May lasting joys attend the boys
Who love the land that bore us,
Still may they share such friendly fare
As this that spreads before us.
May social cheer, like that we 've here,
For ever stand to greet them;
And hearts as sound as those around
Be ready still to meet them.

Come, raise the voice! rejoice, rejoice,
Fast, fast, the dawn 's advancing.
My eyes grow dim, but every limb
Seems quite agog for dancing.
Sweet girls begin, 't is shame and sin
To see the time we 're losing.
Come, lads, be gay—trip, trip away,
While those who sit keep boozing.

Where 's Thady Oge? up, Dan, you rogue,
Why stand you shilly-shally?
There 's Mora here, and Una 's here,
And yonder 's sporting Sally.
Now frisk it round—aye, there 's the sound
Our sires were fond of hearing;
The harp rings clear—hear, gossip, hear!
O sure such notes are cheering!

Your health, my friend! till life shall end
May no bad chance betide us;
Oh may we still, our grief to kill,
Have drink like this beside us!
A fig for care! but who 's that there
That 's of a quarrel thinking?—
Put out the clown or knock him down—
We 're here for fun and drinking.

Tie up his tongue—am I not sprung
From chiefs that all must honor—
The princely Gael, the great O'Neil,
O'Kelly and O'Connor,
O'Brien the strong, Maguire, whose song
Has won the praise of nations;
O'Moore the tough, and big Branduff,
These are my blood relations!

EILEEN AROON.[1]

I 'll love thee evermore,
Eileen Aroon!
I 'll bless thee o'er and o'er,
Eileen Aroon!
Oh, for thy sake I 'll tread
Where the plains of Mayo spread,
By hope still fondly led,
Eileen Aroon!

Oh, how may I gain thee,
Eileen Aroon?
Shall feasting entertain thee,
Eileen Aroon?
I would range the world wide,
With love alone to guide,
To win thee for my bride,
Eileen Aroon!

Then wilt thou come away,
Eileen Aroon?
Oh, wilt thou come to stay,
Eileen Aroon?
Oh, oh yes, with thee
I will wander far and free,
And thy only love shall be,
Eileen Aroon!

A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen Aroon!
A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen Aroon?
Oh, welcome evermore,
With welcomes yet in store,
Till love and life are o'er,
Eileen Aroon!

[1] This Hardiman calls in his 'Irish Minstrelsy' the old 'Eileen Aroon.'

PEGGY BROWNE.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Oh, dark, sweetest girl, are my days doomed to be,
While my heart bleeds in silence and sorrow for thee:
In the green spring of life to the grave I go down,
Oh! shield me, and save me, my loved Peggy Browne.

I dreamt that evening my footsteps were bound
To yon deep spreading wood where the shades fall around,
I sought, midst new scenes, all my sorrows to drown,
But the cure of my grief rests with thee, Peggy Browne.

'T is soothing, sweet maiden, thy accents to hear,
For, like wild fairy music they melt on the ear,
Thy breast is as fair as the swan's clothed in down,
Oh, peerless and perfect 's my own Peggy Browne.

Dear, dear is the bark to its own cherished tree,
But dearer, far dearer, is my loved one to me:
In my dreams I draw near her unchecked by a frown,
But my arms spread in vain to embrace Peggy Browne.

O'MORE'S FAIR DAUGHTER:

AN ODE.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Flower of the young and fair,
'T is joy to gaze on thee.
Pride of the gay hills of Maill,
Bright daughter of the princely Gael,
What words thy beauty can declare?
What eye unmoved thy loveliness can see?
Fond object of the wanderer's praise.
Source of the poet's love-fraught lays,
Theme of the minstrel's song,
Child of the old renowned O'More,
What charms to thee belong!

Happy is he who wafts thee o'er
To yon green isle where berries grow;
Happy is he who there retired,
Can rest him by thy side,

Marking with love's delicious frenzy fired
The young cheek's changing glow,
And all the melting meaning of thine eyes;
While round and round him, far and wide,
On the shore and o'er the tide,
Soft strains of music rise,
Varying through each winning measure,
Soothing every sense to pleasure.
He to whom such joy is given
Hath, while here, his share of heaven.

. . . . . .

Thy step is life and lightness,
Thy glance hath a thrilling brightness,
Thy waist is straight and slender,
And thy bosom, gently swelling,
Outdoes the swan's in whiteness
When she starts from her tranquil dwelling
And breasts the broad lake in splendor.

Sweet girl, those locks so wildly curled,
Have snares and spells for many:
O, far may we range through this weary world
And find thee unmatched by any.
Art thou a thing of earth?
A maid of terrestrial birth?
Or a vision sent from high
In peerless beauty beaming,
Like the shapes that pass o'er the poet's eye
When he lies all idly dreaming.

ARTHUR GERALD GEOGHEGAN.

(1810—1889.)

Arthur Gerald Geoghegan was born in Dublin in 1810. He entered the Civil Service as an Exciseman in 1830, became a Collector of Ireland Revenue in 1857, and retired in 1877.

He is the author of 'The Monks of Kilcrea,' which for years remained anonymous. It is a long narrative poem which was much spoken of. It first appeared in 1853; a second edition with other poems was issued in 1861, while it was translated into French in 1858.

He contributed verse to the *Dublin Penny Journal*, to *The Dublin University Magazine*, and to *The Nation*.

Not many years before he died he contributed to *The Irish Monthly* the exquisite 'After Aughrim.' If the fine, stately, picturesque 'Monks of Kilcrea' or the many ringing, if often rhetorical, ballads of his published in Hayes' 'Ballad Poetry,' or even 'The Mountain Fern,' had never been written, Arthur Geoghegan would yet merit a place in any Irish anthology for the sake of this little poem, so poignant in feeling, so fresh and fragrant in expression. He died in London in November, 1889.

He was an ardent Irish antiquarian and his collection of Irish antiquities was exhibited in London, where he had settled in 1869.

AFTER AUGHRIM.

Do you remember, long ago,
Kathaleen?
When your lover whispered low,
"Shall I stay or shall I go,
Kathaleen?"
And you answered proudly, "Go!
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green!"

Mavrone, your hair is white as snow,
Kathaleen;
Your heart is sad and full of woe.
Do you repent you made him go,
Kathaleen?
And quick you answer proudly, "No!
For better die with Sarsfield so
Than live a slave without a blow
For the Green!"

THE MOUNTAIN FERN.

Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern,
That girds our blue lakes from Lough Ine to Lough Erne,
That waves on our crags like the plume of a king,
And bends like a nun over clear well and spring.
The fairies' tall palm-tree, the heath-bird's fresh nest,
And the couch the red-deer deems the sweetest and best;
With the free winds to fan it, and dew-drops to gem,
Oh, what can ye match with its beautiful stem?

From the shrine of St. Finbar, by lone Avon-bwee,
To the halls of Dunluce, with its towers by the sea,
From the hill of Knockthu to the rath of Moyvore,
Like a chaplet that circles our green island o'er,
In the bawn of the chief, by the anchorite's cell,
On the hill-top or greenwood, by streamlet or well,
With a spell on each leaf which no mortal can learn,
Oh, there never was plant like the Irish hill fern!

Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern,
That shelters the weary, or wild roe, or kern;
Through the glens of Kilcoe rose a shout on the gale,
As the Saxons rushed forth in their wrath from the Pale,
With bandog and blood-hound, all savage to see,
To hunt through Cluncalla the wild rapparee.
Hark! a cry from yon dell on the startled ear rings,
And forth from the wood the young fugitive springs,
Through the copse, o'er the bog, and oh, saints be his guide!
His fleet step now falters, there 's blood on his sides;
Yet onward he strains, climbs the cliff, fords the stream,
And sinks on the hill-top, 'mid bracken leaves green;
And thick o'er his brow are the fresh clusters piled,
And they cover his form as the mother her child,
And the Saxon is baffled. They never discern
Where it shelters and saves him, the Irish hill fern.

Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern,
That pours a wild keen o'er the hero's gray cairn,
Go hear it at midnight, when stars are all out,
And the wind o'er the hillside is moaning about,
With a rustle and stir, and a low wailing tone
That thrills through the heart with its whispering lone;
And ponder its meaning, when haply you stray
Where the halls of the stranger in ruin decay;
With night-owls for warders, the goshawk for guest,
And their dais of honor by cattle-hoof pressed,

With its foss choked with rushes, and spider webs flung
Over walls where the marchmen their red weapons hung,
With a curse on their name, and a sigh for the hour
That tarries so long. Look what waves on the tower
With an omen and sign, and an augury stern,
'T is the green flag of Time, 't is the Irish hill fern.

SIR JOHN T. GILBERT.

(1829—1898.)

Sir John T. Gilbert was a native of Dublin and secretary of the Public Record Office of Ireland till that office was abolished, when the Government awarded him a special pension for his services. Few men have done more toward the elucidation of Irish history than he has done. He wrote the first real history of Dublin; he told the stories of the various Irish viceroys, and republished many important ancient MSS.

His chief work was his 'History of Dublin' (3 vols. 1854–59). For this he was presented the gold medal of the Royal Irish Academy —perhaps the highest literary honor that can be conferred in Ireland. The work is full of interesting and varied matter. "As illustrating the wide range of subjects treated of, under their respective localities," justly observed the President of the Academy in presenting Sir John Gilbert with the medal for his work, "I may cite the account of the tribe of Mac Gillamocholmog (vol. i. p. 230), traced through unpublished Gaelic and Anglo-Irish records from the remote origin of the family to its extinction in the fifteenth century; while, as a specimen of the work in a totally different department, I may refer to the history of Crow Street Theater, as giving the only accurate details hitherto published of that once-noted establishment, verified by the original documents never before printed, from the autograph of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and other dramatic celebrities."

The 'History of the Viceroys of Ireland' (1865) also contains an enormous amount of fresh information. The work displays a great and astonishing width of acquaintance with all the sources—whether printed or in MS.—of Irish history, and is really a history of the country since the Anglo-Norman invasion.

In 1870 he edited 'Historic and Municipal Documents of Ireland, A. D. 1172–1320,' which was published in the Government series of 'Chronicles and Memorials.' He also superintended the production of 'Facsimiles of National MSS. of Ireland'—a large folio with colored plates, which is considered the finest publication of its class ever issued by the Government. A yet more important work is a 'Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland, 1641–52' (6 vols. 4to). This book brought documents to light which for the first time presented the Irish view of the momentous period of the Roman Catholic rising. He edited for the Government the 'National MSS. of Ireland,' and was engaged in examining and reporting on the manuscripts in collections in Ireland for the Royal Commission on Historical MSS. He was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London, honorary librarian of the Royal Irish Academy, and honorary secretary of the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society for the publication of Materials for the History of Ireland. He died in 1898.

THE PRINCE OF DUBLIN PRINTERS.

From ' History of the City of Dublin.'

At the southern corner of Essex-street and Parliament-street stands a house erected in the last century by George Faulkner, a character of high importance in his own day, and intimately connected with the literary history of Dublin.

George Faulkner, the son of a respectable Dublin victualler, was born in 1699, and after having received the rudiments of education from Dr. Lloyd, the most eminent schoolmaster of his day in Ireland, he was apprenticed to Thomas Hume, a printer, in Essex-street. His apprenticeship having terminated, Faulkner, in conjunction with James Hoey, opened a bookselling and printing establishment at the corner of Christ-Church-lane, in Skinner's-row, where, in 1724, he commenced a newspaper called *The Dublin Journal*. After the death of John Harding, Swift, requiring a printer, sent for the publisher of *The Dublin Journal*, and was waited on by James Hoey: when the Dean asked, "if he was a printer?" Mr. Hoey answered, "he was an apology for one." The Dean, piqued at the freedom of this answer, asked further, "Where he lived?" He replied, "facing the Tholsel;" the Dean then turned from Mr. Hoey, and bid him send his partner. Mr. Faulkner accordingly waited on the Dean, and being asked the same questions, answered, "he was;" also, "that he lived opposite to the Tholsel:" "then," said the Dean, "you are the man I want," and from that time commenced his friendship.

Having dissolved partnership with Hoey, Faulkner removed, in 1730, to Essex-street, where *The Dublin Journal* and his connection with Swift soon brought him into repute.

The House of Lords of Ireland in 1731 ordered the printer and publisher of *The Dublin Journal* to attend at their bar for having inserted in his paper certain queries highly reflecting upon the honor of their House. The parliament having been prorogued, Faulkner was not brought up till October, 1733, when he presented a petition praying to be discharged without fees from the custody of Sir Mul-

FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE FIRST IRISH NEWSPAPER

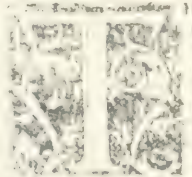
It contains an account of the Irish Convention and a list of the members of the Convention. It has news from England, but no advertisements. It will thus be seen that there was published, in 1659 in Dublin, a journal of local affairs with English news. It represents the very infancy of the Dublin press."

This is most interesting as showing how the newspaper developed from the pamphlet." Here it is in the state of transition. The form is that of a pamphlet, the subject-matter is news treated in the style of the pamphleteer. See the biography of Swift in IRISH LITERATURE.

AN ACCOUNT Of the chief OCCURRENCES Of IRELAND.

Together with some Particulars from ENGLAND.

From Monday the 11 *of* March, *to Monday the* 19 *of* March.



THis week, after that by the happy Resolves of the Convention ready to be published, the chief part of the Session were entered upon, and many matters, long intermitted, brought forth, that whether they thrive, shall be according as Time now begins to bless their Whir upon the Spindle by the Committees for Church and Ministry affairs; this is the expectation now created by all ey[illegible] and chief expectation of his progress, the general cry is, Why tarry the wheels of Reformation? shall we enter the Kingdom with it now? Lay aside your long delayed Erection of the long new College, a new School is more necessary, where the young Church at *Dublin* may be trained up in the good old Protestant Tenets and Parochial Discipline. Thus the people generally. What will be determined by the Committee, have patience, a little time will make it

Saturday, March 17.

This day the House debated the matter of grievances reported unto them by Master *Temple*, as also the Instructions to be given unto the Commissioners to be sent into *England*, reported by Sir *Paul Davis*; both which Debates were then adjourned until Monday next.

From England.

It is signified by letters from *London* to private hands dated the 13 instant, That all things there are in a good condition. At the same time there came also an Authority to the Lord *Brerehit*, Sir *Charles Coot*, Sir *John Clotworthy*, and Sir *William Bury*, to act as Commissioners for the management of the Affairs of *Ireland*. The Seal is expected by Sir *John Temple* very suddenly, with Commissions for the several Judges. The Proceedings in *Ireland* are well approved of, and the General Convention likely to sit; it being supposed that the Authority in *England* will not deny *Ireland* its former privileges of Parliament and taxing themselves but as an additional favor will allow them 8000 *l.* a Month, for the better supply of their Army, and the ease of the Country. They are very busie in *England* about setting the Militia in the several Counties &c.

Divers Petitions have been printed. That this Parliament should endure continue to settle the Nation, than a new one be called, to which the said other people seem to incline, and 'tis said that Gen. *Monk* is convinced that it is best it should be so: but whether they will continue long, is dubious, by the next you will be more fully informed, but the last is thought to be most likely; and that the Houses of Parliament will be all reformed, that Vote being repealed which was made formerly, to disenable them: and several of the Members now sitting having confessed that they will not continue to sit without them. There hath been lately a Meeting at *Whitehall* by Gen. *Monk* and some of the eminent persons in Authority in the Nation, and ten of the principal Officers of the Army touching matters of high importance, but the result thereof is not yet known.

Dublin, Printed by *Will. Bladen*, 1659.

ton Lambart, Usher of the Black Rod, which was acceded to, after he had on his knees received a severe reprimand.

Swift, in a letter to Alderman Barber in 1735, describes Faulkner as the "printer most in vogue, and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one." Sheridan tells us that when Faulkner "returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bagwig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with all the ceremony that he would show to a perfect stranger. "Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?" "I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately on my return from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer." "You George Faulkner, the printer! why, thou art the most impudent, barefaced impostor I ever heard of. George Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get about your business, and thank your stars that I do not send you to the house of correction." Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and having changed his apparel, returned immediately to the Deanery. Swift, on seeing him, went up to him with great cordiality, shook him familiarly by the hand, saying, "My good friend, George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned. Here was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat, who would fain have passed for you; but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

An accidental injury, received during a visit to London, having necessitated the amputation of one of Faulkner's legs, his artificial limb became an object of ridicule among the Dublin wits, who styled him a man with one leg in the grave, and scoffed at his "wooden understanding." By the more classical punsters he was designated the "oaken-footed Elzevir;" while others lampooned him as the "Wooden man in Essex-street," alluding to a figure in that locality, of great notoriety in the city. In 1735 Faulkner published a small pamphlet, written by Dr. Josiah Hort, the disreputable Bishop of Kilmore, entitled "A new proposal for the better regulation and improvement of the game of quadrille," which containing some reflections on the character of Sergeant Bettesworth, the latter represented it to the House of Commons as a breach of privilege,

and the publisher was, consequently, committed to Newgate. After a confinement of a few days, he was set at liberty, and, in lieu of their fees, each of the legal officers accepted a copy of the new edition of Swift's works; for, as Sir Walter Scott observes, "Faulkner was the first who had the honor of giving to the world a collected and uniform edition of the works of this distinguished English classic."

Faulkner gained considerable reputation by this prosecution; his shop became the rendezvous of the chief literary and political characters of the day, and, encouraged by their patronage, he undertook the publication of the 'Ancient Universal History,' which he succeeded in completing in a most creditable manner, notwithstanding the opposition which he received from a party of booksellers in Dublin, and from the London publishers, who at this period made an unsuccessful attempt to crush the printing trade in Ireland. The 'Universal History,' the printing of which was concluded in 1744, in seven folio volumes, was the largest work published up to that time in Ireland, and its typography and illustrations will bear honorable comparison with the productions of the contemporary English and Continental presses. Lord Chesterfield, while Viceroy of Ireland, 1745 to 1746, contracted an intimacy with Faulkner, and it was averred that important personages were often allowed to wait in the ante rooms of the Castle while the publisher of *The Dublin Journal* was retailing amusing stories to the Lord Lieutenant. At this time he is said to have declined the offer of knighthood from Chesterfield, much to the chagrin of the would-be Lady Faulkner, an Englishwoman whom he had married in London. A young parson named Stevens, happening to dine with the bookseller on a day when this important question was debated, composed a short poem on the subject, which was published anonymously in 1746, with the title of 'Chivalrie no Trifle; or, the Knight and his Lady: a Tale.' This composition represents the printer sleeping, while Mrs. Faulkner is described enjoying the pleasures of her coach in anticipation.

Although Chesterfield, in a vein of grave irony, compared Faulkner to Atticus, and in another epistle assured him that his character was clearly defined by the "pietate

gravem ac meritis virum " of Virgil, he averred that much of his own popularity in Ireland was owing to the advice received from the publisher of *The Dublin Journal*. To the last years of his life the Earl maintained a correspondence with Faulkner, perpetually professing the highest esteem for his " worthy friend." When the latter visited London, where he displayed the utmost prodigality in the magnificence of his entertainments, Chesterfield never failed to solicit his company for some days, and complained seriously when the bookseller left England without dining at his mansion. In 1752 the Earl urged Faulkner to undertake some literary work to transmit his name to posterity, after the example of the Aldi, Stephani, and other eminent printers.

Thus incited, Faulkner projected the publication of a work entitled 'Vitruvius Hibernicus,' containing " the plans, elevations, and sections of the most regular and elegant buildings, both public and private, in the Kingdom of Ireland, with variety of new designs, in large folio plates, engraven on copper by the best hands, and drawn either from the buildings themselves, or the original designs of the architect, in the same size, paper, and manner of 'Vitruvius Britannicus.'" This book was to be printed on Irish paper, with descriptions of the buildings in Latin, French, and English; the plates were to be entirely executed by Irish artists, and, say the proposals, " we have as good engravers in Dublin at this time (1753) as any in Paris or London." It is much to be regretted that this work was not executed, as it would have filled a great blank in our local history.

During the political excitement of 1753, Faulkner was personally assailed for having remarked in his *Journal* that modern patriotism consisted of " eating, drinking, and quarreling." For this statement, regarded as reflecting on the partisans of the Earl of Kildare, he was satirized in various brochures, under the title of " Sir Tady Faulkner, printer *in petto* to the Court Party." His career of prosperity, however, continued uninterrupted for many years; he was one of the early members of the Dublin Society, and enjoyed the familiarity of the most distinguished men of the time, who constantly frequented his house, the hospi-

talities of which have been commemorated by a Dublin writer who lived on terms of great intimacy with him. . . .

The late Matthew O'Conor observed that George Faulkner was one of the many proselytes made to the Catholic cause by the publications of Charles O'Conor and Dr. Curry in 1758. "Faulkner," he adds, "became a very zealous and active advocate for the relaxation of the Penal Code. He applied to Charles O'Conor to collect fifty guineas among the Catholics, as a retainer for Dr. Johnson, the ablest writer of his time. In his extensive intercourse with men in power, he never failed to impress the iniquity of the Code. Faulkner's name," concludes O'Conor, "deserves to be handed down to posterity as the first Protestant who stretched his hand to the prostrate Catholic, recognized him as a fellow-Christian and a brother, and endeavored to raise him to the rank of a subject and a freeman." . . .

Faulkner's Journal was originally published twice a week, and sold for one halfpenny; in 1768 he commenced to issue it on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. An heroic polyglot poem, addressed to the printer, describes as follows the news-boys vending the *Journal*, who were called "crying evils" from the discordant noise they made while pursuing their avocation:—

> "But what sudden din
> Assaults mine ears?—this inundation whence?
> That bare-foot band of sentinels, who crowd
> Thy rubric portal, sable-handed guards,
> Bristling with horrent brush of upright hairs,
> And parti-colored robes, a-gape with rents
> Wide, discontinuous, of unbroken voice
> Incessant, roaring monster brooding news,
> Rumors, and horrid wars, and battles dire
> With bloody deeds."

Faulkner was frequently imposed on by wags who transmitted him circumstantial accounts of deaths, marriages, and robberies, which had never taken place, thus causing, according to him, "much confusion, grief, and distraction in many families." An anecdote related by Jephson, in imitation of Faulkner, together with the foregoing extracts, exhibits the style in which the *Journal* was written:—"A gentleman came to his shop whom he had put amongst the

deaths in his *Journal* the day before, and was much enraged to find himself dead, as it occasioned some confusion by those who were in his debt coming to demand what was due to them, whereupon the author hereof acted in this manner. 'Sir,' said I, 'it is impossible for me to tell whether you be alive or dead, but I 'm sure I gave you a very good character in my *Journal*.' The gentleman was so pleased with the repartee, that he laid out thirteen shillings and four pence halfpenny before he left my former shop in Essex-street."

Having been dissuaded by Chesterfield from printing a projected quarto edition of Swift in a magnificent style, Faulkner in 1772 published the Dean's works in twenty volumes octavo. The notes, chiefly written by himself in the style which subjected him to so much ridicule, form the groundwork of all subsequent commentaries on Swift's works, and were largely appropriated by Sir Walter Scott. There is, however, a blot on the character of Faulkner, not to be overlooked. When Lord Orrery, the unsuccessful translator of Pliny, essayed to gain a reputation by maligning Swift, to whom during life he had exhibited the meanest sycophancy, he found a publisher in—

> "The sordid printer, who, by his influence led,
> Abused the fame that first bestowed him bread."

Faulkner's conduct, in publishing Orrery's strictures on Swift, excited much reprobation, and he received severe castigation both in prose and verse. An anonymous writer of the day stigmatized him as a man "who ungratefully endeavored to bespatter the noble patriot who rescued him from poverty and slavery; a patriot whose laurels will ever bloom while the word liberty is understood in Ireland:" while one of his epigrammatic assailants exclaimed:—

> "A sore disease this scribbling itch is!
> His Lordship, in his Pliny seen,
> Turns Madame Pilkington in breeches,
> And now attacks our patriot Dean.
>
> What! libel his friend when laid in ground?
> Nay, good sir, you may spare your hints,
> His parallel at last is found,
> For what he writes George Faulkner prints."

The bookseller had, however, one quality, which, in the eyes of his own generation, considerably extenuated the vice of ingratitude. No man in Dublin was more famed for hospitality and good fellowship. At his new house a constant series of dinners was maintained on a superb scale, and among his guests were to be found men of the first rank and importance in the country. . . .

Faulkner is described as a man "something under the middle size, but when sitting looked tolerably lusty, his body being rather large; his features were manly, his countenance pleasing though grave; and his whole aspect not destitute of dignity; his limbs were well formed, and in his youth he was strong and active."

Notwithstanding his unrestrained indulgence in luxurious living, "the Prince of Dublin Printers" lived to an advanced age; his death, on the 30th of August, 1775, was caused by a distemper, contracted while dining with some friends at a tavern in the suburbs of the city.



LADY GILBERT (Rosa Mulholland)

From a photograph



LADY GILBERT (ROSA MULHOLLAND).

(1855 ——)

Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) was born in Belfast about 1855, and is the daughter of the late Joseph S. Mulholland, M.D.; she married the late Sir John T. Gilbert, the noted Irish archæologist, in 1891. She spent some years in a remote mountainous part of the west of Ireland; and the picturesque scenery and the primitive people by whom she was surrounded doubtless did a good deal toward developing literary longings and talents. Her first idea was to be an artist, and when only fifteen she sent a set of comic pictures to *Punch*, which were, however, rejected. Her next attempt was in another direction, and was more successful. She sent a poem of twenty-two stanzas called 'Irene' to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which was accepted. It was also accompanied by an illustration by Millais. The great artist was kind enough to offer his assistance to Miss Mulholland in the pursuit of her artistic studies; she found a friend in Charles Dickens, who pressed her to write a serial story for *All the Year Round*, and he himself chose the title, 'Hester's History.' It was afterward republished in volume form. Dickens also selected Miss Mulholland's story 'The Late Miss Hollingford' (published originally in *All the Year Round*), to be coupled with his own 'No Thoroughfare' in a volume of the Tauchnitz Collection.

Lady Gilbert has also written 'Dunmara,' 'The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil,' 'Elder-gowan,' 'Puck and Blossom,' 'The Little Flower-seekers,' 'Five Little Farmers,' 'The First Christmas for our Dear Little Ones,' 'Prince and Saviour,' 'Holy Childhood,' 'The Wild Birds of Killeevy,' 'Marcella Grace,' 'A Fair Emigrant,' 'Banshee Castle,' 'Gionetta,' 'Vagrant Verses,' 'The Walking Trees,' 'Nanno, A Daughter of the State,' etc.

She is the novelist of contemporary Catholic Ireland and a very popular and gifted poetess, with a thought and diction peculiar to herself. Not the least successful of her work has been the writing of stories for children, which have a distinction of character lifting them out of the ordinary run of so-called "juvenile books."

MAVE'S REPENTANCE.

From 'A Round Table of Stories.'

She had always been the belle of the village. At patterns and fairs, at wakes and dances, Mave was the admiration of all. She was tall and strong for her eighteen years, with a neat, well-shaped head crowned with a coronet of nut-brown hair; a skin like the inside of a shell, so dainty

its coloring; and eyes of the deepest blue, that looked black in the shadow of the long dark lashes.

Mave McMahon was the child of a poor fisherman in Innisboffin, a small island off the west coast of Ireland; and in these days of her golden youth worked in the fields, carried baskets of sea-wrack upon her head, or tended her father's sheep as they browsed upon the hillside. Mave knew little of the great mainland that lay beyond the sea. Her whole world was in the island where she had been born, and she wished for nothing more. To live and die there was the beginning and end of her ambition. For there was her home; there dwelt her father and mother, brothers and sisters. And there, with his widowed mother, in a little cabin, about a mile up the hill, lived her affianced husband, Dermot Kilfoyle.

Dermot was a big, burly fellow of twenty-five, whose handsome face, browned and burnt by the sun and sea air, told of a warm heart and a quick and somewhat jealous temper. For years he had loved pretty Mave with an adoring love, and when at last she consented to become his wife, his happiness was great.

"Och! begorrah thin, sure it 's Dermot that 's the fool to be choosin' the likes of her, wid her airs and graces," said the old woman, with a wise shake of her head, as she talked over the match with her cronies. "She 'll be afther leadin' him a dance and no mistake."

"Thrue for you," cried another. "But sure, woman alive, the lads do mostly be taken wid a purty face an' a pair of bright eyes."

"Bedad! an' that same 's the pity, for there 's many 's a dacint girl wid a plain face maybe, but wid a heart of gold an' thinkin' of nothin' but doin' her work an' sayin' her prayers that would—"

"Aisy, aisy—it 's not many you 'll find for him like that. An' sure if you did—a hundred or so—he 'd still fix his eyes on Mave, so you may as well give over."

"Bad manners to it, sure an' I must; but it 's sorry I am to see a fine man like Dermot slootherin' round a girl like Mave, till he doesn't know what he 's at."

"Och! well sure he 's a dacint lad; an' sure there must be some good in the girl, since he thinks such a hape of her."

But none of these murmurs reached Dermot's ears; and if they had, they would have troubled him little. He was too happy in his new-found bliss.

So for some time all went merrily. Mave was sweet and gentle in voice and manner—glad to receive her lover, and sorry to see him go. She was steady and regular at her work, and not one in the island had a word to say against her.

"Sure there isn't wan like her for miles round, the crathur," Dermot told himself continually. "She 's the jewel of a girl entirely, an' she 'll make me the happiest man ever stepped, plase the Lord."

But before many months had elapsed, Dermot's peace of mind was disturbed, his soul racked and torn, with wild, unconquerable jealousy. This sudden change in the young man's feelings was brought about in the following manner.

One evening at a dance, when Mave in her neat red petticoat, and blue cotton jacket, a soft white neckerchief folded across her snowy bosom, her pretty feet in their stout little brogues scarcely touching the floor as she tripped gracefully up the middle and down again in time to the music, a stranger appeared suddenly in the doorway and stood looking in, an expression of interest and amusement in his handsome eyes.

The mistress of the cabin, one Mrs. McGurk, stepped forward, and in a hospitable manner invited him to enter.

"My name is Fane—Cecil Fane," he said, following her into the kitchen. "And I 'm staying with Dr. Sinclair."

"Sure thin you 're welcome as the flowers in May," she said. "The doctor 's a rale frind to us all."

Then leading him into the "room," she offered him some refreshment. But both tea and whisky he politely refused.

"I 'll try my hand, or rather my feet, at a jig presently," he said, as he looked back towards the scene of merriment. "There 's a lovely girl out there I 'd like to ask to teach me how to dance it. Will you kindly present me to her?"

"It 's Mave McMahon you mane?" she said. "Och! she 'll show you the steps finely."

"I 'm sure she will," he answered, smiling. And the next moment he was bowing low before Mave, who, hot and breathless after the last dance, was standing beside Dermot, her hand resting on his arm.

The girl accepted the handsome stranger's invitation to dance with shy reluctance, and blushed deeply as he led her away. For she felt nervous and awkward, knowing full well that every eye in the place was fixed upon her and her partner.

But Fane soon put her at her ease, and in a short time she was laughing merrily at his energetic attempts to master the jig.

Mave's bright, rustic beauty, her slim, graceful figure, and unusual coloring delighted young Fane, and he took no pains to conceal his admiration.

"I 'm an artist," he told her, "and am always in search of a pretty face. May I paint you? Just a little sketch?"

"Sure paint me if you plase," Mave answered with an upward glance of the beautiful eyes. "But you 'll have to do me widout seein' me, for sure all day I 'm out mindin' the cattle at Torr's Head, beyant."

"Capital!" he cried. "A background of sea and sky is just what I want."

"'Deed thin you 'll niver find me," she answered, in a tone that seemed like a challenge. "An' there 's many another 'll do just as well."

"Not one. And I 'll find you, never fear," he said, as, pressing her hand warmly, he bade her good-night. "I 'm not easily daunted, as you 'll see by and by."

And find her he did, and without as much trouble as he had expected. So easily indeed, that he fancied the bashful maiden had purposely placed herself in an unusually prominent position. However, he did not mention his suspicions, but, rejoicing openly at his good luck in finding her so soon, set up his easel and canvas, and began to work.

A fortnight passed. And as Cecil Fane went every day to the hillside and sat there, painting for several hours, the picture grew apace.

One morning, just as it was well-nigh finished, the young man did not appear, and Mave wondered greatly.

"Sure, I 'm hopin' he an' Dermot didn't meet," she thought with sudden terror, as the evening came on. "Dermot was that quare-tempered last night that—Patsey," to the boy sent by her father to relieve her, and now seen sauntering slowly across the field, "will you step out a bit,

you gosthoon, an' come on—for sure I 'm in a mortial hurry."

And as he ran shouting after a straying cow, she started off at a brisk pace down the hill.

About a quarter of a mile away, she came suddenly face to face with Cecil Fane.

"Whither so fast, sweet Mave?" he cried. "I was just going to look for you."

"Oh! sir—sure—" she grew rosy red, "I—"

"You 're not in a hurry? Good. Well, then, since you 've got rid of your cows, and I 've turned my back on my paints, we 'll go for a walk." And he led the way towards the sea.

Mave followed him without a word. Her heart beat quickly, and her conscience was ill at ease. She felt she was doing wrong, knew she was wanted at home for many reasons, and trembled at the thought of what Dermot might do or say when he heard of her conduct.

"But there can't be much harm in goin', an' sure it won't be for long," she thought. "An' Dermot's not me master yet."

"This is really delightful," said Fane, little suspecting what a battle was going on in the girl's mind. "It 's quite a new sensation to walk about with you, and I must say the sea air agrees with you. It has given you a wondrous color. How I wish I could paint it. But it is, alas! beyond me."

Mave answered nothing, and went along shyly, with downcast eyes, wishing she had courage to go, yet too much fascinated by his pleasant ways and the sweet softness of his voice and language to do so. He told her endless stories of the gay world from whence he came and to which he would return, and assured her that among the many fair ladies he knew there, not one was as beautiful as she. Mave looked at him from under her long lashes, and the color deepened in her cheek. She did not quite believe him; but being a woman, young and very foolish, she was pleased.

"And yet," he said, smiling, as he saw how eagerly she listened to his compliments, "except as an artist, I care little about beauty—so called. The woman I love and hope to make my wife, sweet Lena Grey, is not handsome, but

lovely and lovable, because of the holiness and purity that look out of her eyes."

"I 'm glad you 've told me," cried Mave impulsively. "God bless you an' her, an' give you all joy and happiness."

"Thank you; and I hope you and she may meet some day."

"'Deed an' that same 's not likely."

"Who knows? And I tell you what, Mave, I 'll bring her here on our wedding trip."

"Do," cried Mave gayly, "an' sure we 'll have a dance for her an' you. Now, that 's a bargain."

"Done," he answered, laughing; and raising her hand, he pressed it to his lips. "Lena will be proud and pleased to know you, I feel sure."

At this moment Dermot Kilfoyle came up the path from the beach, carrying a basket of fish upon his back. He was very wet and tired. He had spent a long day on a tossing, angry sea, and was thinking longingly of Mave and the happy walk they would take together in the moonlight.

"There 'll be a storm—a bad storm before mornin'," he said, looking towards the west, where the sun was slowly sinking, like a great ball of fire, into the sea. "God help thim that 's out late the night. Mercy on us, who 's thim two?" he cried, as his eyes fell upon the girl and her companion. "Why, if it isn't Mave an' that gomeral [1] of an artist from England."

Then his handsome face flushed hotly, as Fane raised her hand and softly kissed it.

"How dare he?" he muttered. "An' sure Mave must have taken lave of her sinses." And, scowling angrily, he strode forward.

As Mave saw him approach, she blushed, grew pale, then blushed again.

Fane noticed the quick change of color, and glanced from her to Dermot, then back at her, and laughed.

"Kilfoyle 's a good-looking fellow, but a trifle rude," he said. "Look how he scowls at us. One would think he was angry to see us together. He 's a rough specimen, I must say."

Mave trembled a little. It annoyed her to hear him speak so. And yet was he not right? Dermot did look

[1] *Gomeral*, fool.

rude, and very uncouth, in his coarse clothes, his basket upon his back, his brows knit together in a frown.

"Mave, come home," he said, going close to her side. "You must not stay here talkin' wid this stranger."

She tossed her head and started away with a look of scorn and annoyance.

"I 'll go home whin I plase, Dermot Kilfoyle," she said haughtily. "Go your ways and don't mind me."

Dermot grew white to the lips. He glared angrily at Cecil Fane, then, shrugging his shoulders, laughed a bitter, contemptuous laugh.

"Bedad I 'll go. It 's not me that would come meddlin' where I 'm not wanted. But you 'll be afther suppin' sorra wid the spoon of grief, Mave McMahon," he said between his teeth, "or my name 's not Kilfoyle."

Then turning away, he tramped on up the hill.

As he disappeared, Mave's mood suddenly changed, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, don't, don't mind him!" cried Fane, surprised and alarmed. "He 's an insolent fool, and—"

"Arrah, thin, in the name of Heaven say nothin' agin him," she sobbed, "for sure I 've promised to be his wife." And she ran past him, down among the rocks, and soon vanished out of sight.

"Poor child! So that 's the way the wind blows. Well, I 'm sorry—very sorry for you, and bitterly regret having roused the fellow's jealousy. If the picture were but finished, I would go. And he would soon forgive and forget. But, by Jove! at all risks I must have another sitting. Perhaps I might find her on the beach and ask her about to-morrow." And humming softly to himself he went quickly after her.

But Mave was nowhere to be seen.

"Gone home, I suppose," he thought. "Well, let 's hope that she and her future lord and master have met and made it up. By Jove! I hadn't an idea of such a thing or I 'd have been more careful. I 'll give it to Sinclair for not telling me. See if I don't." And seating himself upon a big stone, he began to fill his pipe.

Presently he saw Mave walking towards him along the beach, Dermot Kilfoyle by her side. He had got rid of his creel of fish, and had changed his clothes, but his temper

had not softened apparently, for he was talking and gesticulating in an angry, excited way.

Mave's face was flushed and proudly sullen. Her bosom rose and fell quickly, and she seemed to suffer intense emotion. But she held her head high, and kept it turned resolutely away from her lover.

"Come," cried Kilfoyle, as they paused in front of Fane without noticing him, "promise niver to speak to that man agin, and I 'll forgive you."

"'Deed thin I 'll promise no such thing. I 'll spake to any wan I plase—an' Mr. Fane 's a gintleman, who—"

"A gintleman, aye," Dermot laughed bitterly, "who mocks an' makes game of you—"

The girl turned upon him with flashing eyes.

"How dare you spake so! He only says kind an' pleasant things an'—"

He caught her arm in a grasp like a vise.

"An' you—you listen to him—smile on him—you—"

"I 'll listen to him, an' to any wan I plase," she cried, wrenching herself free. "I 'm not your wife to—"

"No; nor niver will be. I 've done wid you, Mave McMahon. So you may talk an' walk wid him till Doomsday." And he strode away from her side, his brain whirling, his heart filled with bitterness and anger.

Mave stood where he had left her, staring out at the great foaming waves. Her blue eyes had an angry light in them, while her rosy lips were pressed tightly together with a look of hard, uncompromising determination.

"He 'll come back," she muttered, "an' be sorry for his words. But sure he 'll have to be mighty humble entirely, or I 'll niver give in." Then, turning suddenly, she saw Cecil Fane seated upon a rock close by.

"Mave," he said, going forward to meet her, "I 'm sorry that my friendship should have caused you such trouble. But the picture will soon be finished, and then I 'll leave this forever. One more sitting will—"

"I can't give it, sir." Mave had grown very white. "I darn't vex him more. I 'm sorry, for sure—"

"Not give it? But think," he caught her hand, "what it means to me."

"It manes more to me sure. But—"

"You 'll come? On the hillside again to-morrow. Good—"

At this moment a boy came running along the beach carrying a telegram.

"Mr. Fane, sir, this came by the packet just now."

"For me?" Fane tore open the envelope, and as he read the message his face blanched, and, in a voice full of emotion, he cried aloud:

"Lena ill—in danger. My God! Then I must leave this to-night. When does the packet sail?" he asked, turning to the messenger.

"Sure, it won't go till mornin'."

"Then I must go in a boat."

"Begorra, thin, you 'll get no boat to take you across the night. It 's too stormy; an' sure any man can see that it 's gettin' worse it is."

"I must leave the island as soon as possible. Who 'd be most likely to take me across?"

"I will." Dermot Kilfoyle stepped up to him, with a white, set face. "I 've a boat that 'd sail in any say, an' the wind 'll be wid us," he cried. "So come on, an' lose no time. Not that I wouldn't brave any storm to get shut of you."

A cry of anguish escaped from Mave.

"No, Dermot." She clasped her hands round his arm. "Look at the say. There 's a storm comin'."

But he flung her from him. "It 's frettin' you are to see him go," he sneered. "You 'll be lonesome the morra—"

"No, no, Dermot, but you—"

"Don't consarn yourself about me. There 's not many wantin' me—an' I might as well go to the bottom as not. Come on, Misther Fane; the sooner we go—the sooner we 'll get it over." And casting a glance of withering scorn and defiance at the trembling girl, he took Fane's arm and dragged him away.

"My God! an' I," she shuddered, "have done this. Driven him—to danger—maybe to death. For there 's nothin' will gainsay him now, nothin' 'll turn him back—an' the storm is comin' up—the say just frightenin'."

She pushed back the hair from her brow, and a low, deep moan escaped her lips. Then, scarcely knowing where she

went, she began to grope her way among the rocks. But she made but little progress, as every moment she turned and looked out wildly over the ocean.

The evening had now closed in; the rain that had been threatening all day came down in torrents, and a thick mist soon enveloped both sea and land. Blindly Mave staggered along, her heart full of anguish, her soul torn with remorse. The wind howled and shrieked as though in mockery of her grief, and huge waves dashed violently against the rocks, drenching her with their spray.

"Merciful God, have pity," she moaned, "save thim. Holy Mary, Star of the Say, pray for thim. I 'm sorry an' repint bitterly of my pride an' wickedness that druv poor Dermot out the night. Ochone!" she gave a cry of terror as through the drifting rain and heavy mist she saw a light, now rising upon the crest of the wave, now engulfed and hidden from sight. That light she knew was in a boat, and in that boat were the two men, Dermot Kilfoyle and Cecil Fane.

"The Lord save an' deliver thim," she gasped. "Sure they 're lost. No boat could live in such a say, an' I—God forgive me—I druv thim out to death to-night. O Dermot, Dermot, if I was only by your side!" Then, white and haggard, she struggled up over the rocks, and staggered away along the dark, wet road to her father's cabin.

All through the long hours of the night Mave lay tossing from side to side, in open-eyed misery.

"Maybe the mornin' will bring hope," she murmured, as the storm abated. "An' sure good news may come wid the dawn." And at last, weary and exhausted, she fell into a troubled sleep.

But the next day passed, and when evening came on, no word from Dermot or Fane had reached their friends on the island.

"They 're gone fur sure," said one old fisherman, in husky tones. "We 'll niver see thim more."

And when the news was spread abroad, that the outgoing packet, that morning, had seen a boat bottom upwards, floating out to sea, all agreed that he was right. There could no longer be any doubt as to what their end had been.

To describe Mave's sorrow, her heart-broken remorse,

and bitter self-reproach would be impossible. No one guessed one-half of what she suffered. She did not fall in, or give way to violent grief, but went about in a half-dazed condition, dry-eyed and silent, the soft bloom in her cheeks slowly fading, the lines round her sweet mouth gradually hardening.

One rainy day, chance took her past the little cabin where Dermot Kilfoyle had lived with his mother. Through the open door she saw the old woman sitting alone, her hands clasped together as though in prayer.

With a sudden stab at her heart she paused and looked in. Then remembering that she had caused this sorrow, she ran up to her, and threw her arms round her neck.

"It 's desolit you look, Mrs. Kilfoyle," she cried, bursting into tears, "rale desolit."

"Aye, my dear, for sure Dermot 's gone from me. But it 's God's will, alanna. An' we must all bow to that. I loved my boy—maybe too well. An' the Lord took him. It 's hard, sore hard. But God knows best. An' we must pray for his sowl, Mave. You don't forget that?"

"No. But can you forgive me? Sure, 't was I druv him from you, in my pride an' vanity I—"

"Whisht, alanna,—an' don't be frettin' too much about that. There was, I 've no manner of doubt, faults on both sides. Dermot had always a misfortunit temper, poor lad." Tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks. "But sure, if he 's dhrownded the Lord will forgive you because of your great sorrow; 't was for sinners He died, Mave. An' He 'll have mercy on Dermot, for he was a good son."

"God love you," whispered Mave. "You 've put hope into my heart. But till the day of my death I 'll niver forgive myself. Only for me he 'd niver have gone to say that night."

"Who knows?" sighed the mother. "He was always darin' and thought greatly of his boat. She was the fine sailer. An' thin whin Misther Fane—och, 't was the black day brought him among us."

"He was no ways to blame," cried Mave, blushing. "An' sure there 'll be many frettin' sore for him."

"Musha, thin, thrue for you. He 'd a mother, too, may be?"

"Yes. An' some one who loved him dear. He was thinkin' of marryin' soon, an' now—"

"God comfort thim an' us," said the old woman solemnly. "At such a time He is our only refuge. His holy will be done."

"Amen," sobbed Mave. "But sure it 's desolit we all are entirely."

And then they sat, with clasped hands, silently weeping.

From that hour Mave spent every spare moment of the day and night with the lonely woman. Her holy submission to the Divine Will, her gentle and tender way of speaking, touched the girl and soothed her breaking heart. Constant intercourse with her, showing as it did how terrible the loss of her son had been to her, deepened, if possible, Mave's feeling of remorse, and blaming herself for having caused her so much sorrow, she did all she could to console and comfort her. Such sweet sympathy and devotion were very dear to Mrs. Kilfoyle, and before long they became like mother and daughter.

It was a wild autumn that year, and a wilder winter. Terrible storms raged continually, and owing to the almost impassable state of the sea there was but little coming and going between the island and the mainland.

"It 's not much we know of what 's passin' in the world," remarked Mave one day, as she and Mrs. Kilfoyle sat knitting by the fire. "What wid the desperate wind an' Docther Sinclair bein' away, it 's lost we are for news."

"Musha, thin, an' what news would you be wantin', honey?"

"Sure I 'd like to know how that poor girl Misther Fane loved is gettin' on. Lena Grey he called her. The telegram said she was ill. I wondher did she die."

"When the docther comes back, an' sure that same won't be long, he 'll be able to tell you, may be. He was the only one knew anything of Misther Fane an' his people."

A tall, broad-shouldered man stood in the doorway, and they rose to their feet, in a flutter of surprise and pleasure, as they recognized Dr. Sinclair.

"Well, Mrs. Kilfoyle, I hope I see you well," he cried in a cheery voice. "And Mave McMahon, too—but looking white and thin. We must bring the roses back to your cheeks, my girl." And he laid his hand caressingly upon her shoulder.

Mave grew crimson, and tears rushed to her eyes.

"You 're nervous," he said, looking at her with kindly interest, "and run down. We must take care of you and strengthen you before—" He paused abruptly, and seating himself in front of Mrs. Kilfoyle, crossed one leg slowly over the other, saying: "You 've never asked me about my visit to England, or any of the things I 've seen or heard."

"Och, no, Docther dear, but sure you must have seen hapes of wonderful things."

"Yes," taking a pinch of snuff. "And the last and most wonderful thing—was a wedding."

"A wedding!" the old woman laughed. "Arrah, sure they 're common enough—over there especially."

"Yes, so they are. But this one was peculiar—peculiar in this way. The bride and the bridegroom were both on the point of death—or at least, in danger of death some four months ago. The bride through a fall from her horse; the bridegroom through the upsetting of a boat on a tempestuous sea, not very far from the island of Innisboffin. He was found clinging to the boat, and rescued by a passing vessel bound for America. He was safely landed at the first port; but there he fell ill. For some time his life hung in the balance, and he 'd probably have died unknown and among strangers, had it not been for a good, devoted fellow, an Irishman, who tended and nursed him with infinite devotion. But thanks to him, his youth, and a good constitution, he recovered, after some time reached home, and was last week married to sweet Lena Grey."

"Docther"—Mave started forward with quivering lips and heaving bosom—"sure it must be about Misther Fane you 're tellin' us. If he was saved—what—became of Dermot?"

"My dear child, they were together. Both clung to the boat; both were saved; Dermot it was who nursed and took care of poor Fane. Dermot is alive and well."

"My God!" The old woman threw her arms above her head. "Blessed be Thy holy name forever," she cried in a loud voice; then fell back sobbing upon her seat.

For an instant a look of intense joy lit up Mave's beautiful face, but it passed quickly away, and she grew suddenly pale as death.

"Dermot saved—Dermot alive and well," she moaned in a voice of anguish. "Oh! can it be—can it be true? I have

grieved—his mother has shed bitter tears thinkin' him dead, an' he has left us widout a word. Och! it was cruel —downright cruel of him."

"'Deed an' he might have been afther sendin' us a bit of a letter, just to let us know he wasn't lyin' dhrownded dead," cried the old woman. "But sure there 's many mishaps wid the post an'—"

"That 's just it," said Dr. Sinclair. "Dermot assured me he had written many letters telling you that he was alive, and asking Mave's forgiveness—saying he knew the truth about Mr. Fane, who was now his best friend, and that he loved her more than ever, and only waited till she sent him a line to allow him to come home."

"Sure no letter iver came to us," said Mave, with quivering lips.

"Well, Dermot is not much of a scholar, and dear knows what sort of addresses he put on those letters of his. But you see, after all, it was not his fault that you did not know that he was living and well. So don't be too hard, Mave. The poor fellow has suffered terribly. For, not getting any answer from you, he thought you had ceased to care for him, and was very miserable."

"How could he think so?" cried Mave, now rosy red. "Sure he knows nothin' on airth could iver change me."

"That 's right," cried the doctor, beaming with delight, as he got up, and walking over to the door opened it wide. "And if I were you," standing upon the step, "I 'd tell that without delay to Dermot Kilfoyle himself."

"Oh!" she said with a smile and sigh, "sure if I got the chanst I wouldn't be long doin' that same."

"And if he came to you—just walked in—you 'd welcome and be pleased to see him?"

"Oh!" the beautiful eyes filling up with tears, "I 'd welcome him from the bottom of me heart. Let him only come, docther, an' thry."

"Do you mane that, Mave, asthore?" asked a voice that sent the blood coursing quickly through her veins, and made her heart beat joyfully. "Oh! me jewel of a girl, put your hand in mine, an' say you love an' forgive me."

"'Deed thin I do, Dermot," she cried, raising a radiantly happy face to his, as she clasped his hand and drew him

into the cabin. "I both love you an' forgive you. An' sure there 's some one else in here longin' to do the same."

And the next moment Dermot was sobbing like a child upon his mother's breast.

SONG.

The silent bird is hid in the boughs,
  The scythe is hid in the corn,
The lazy oxen wink and drowse,
  The grateful sheep are shorn;
Redder and redder burns the rose,
  The lily was ne'er so pale,
Stiller and stiller the river flows
  Along the path to the vale.

A little door is hid in the boughs,
  A face is hiding within;
When birds are silent and oxen drowse
  Why should a maiden spin?
Slower and slower turns the wheel,
  The face turns red and pale,
Brighter and brighter the looks that steal
  Along the path to the vale.

SHAMROCKS.

I wear a shamrock in my heart.
  Three in one, one in three—
    Truth and love and faith,
    Tears and pain and death;
O sweet my shamrock is to me!

Lay me in my hollow bed,
  Grow the shamrocks over me.
  Three in one, one in three,
  Faith and hope and charity,
  Peace and rest and silence be
With me where you lay my head:
O dear the shamrocks are to me!

HENRY GILES.

(1809—1882.)

Henry Giles, a Unitarian minister and writer, was born in County Wexford, Nov. 1, 1809. Born a Roman Catholic, he changed his religious belief several times, finally becoming a Unitarian and officiating as a minister of that denomination in Greenock and Liverpool.

He came to this country in 1840, where he preached, lectured extensively, and wrote. Among his works are 'Lectures and Essays' (2 vols. 1845), 'Christian Thoughts on Life' (1850), and 'Illustrations of Genius in Some of its Applications to Society and Culture.' He died at Quincy, Mass., July 10, 1882.

THE IRISH INTELLECT.

From 'Lectures and Essays on Irish and Other Subjects.'

That part of the mind which we call intellect; that part of the mind which deals with thought and argument, reasoning and ideas, is, in the Irish, quick, sharp, strong, active. The Irish mind combines readily and rapidly. It delights in analogies and analysis, in criticism and controversy. Hence, perhaps, the success of the Irish mind at the bar, in the pulpit, in the popular assembly, in all those positions which demand the spontaneous transmission of thinking into speech—thinking that is never far from passion, and speech that usually is instinct with the spirit of imagination.

The logic of the Irish mind takes naturally, therefore, the form of rhetoric or oratory. The action of the Irish understanding, united as commonly it is with fancy and emotion, quick to yield to the influence of sympathy or antagonism, kindles readily into eloquence—into eloquence of persuasion and conviction, or of contest and invective. But the Irish intellect has also shown its force in profound and abstract thinking. It is much given to mathematics. So dispersed used to be this kind of knowledge in Ireland in my time, that small local almanacs were full of questions, from mere crambos and puzzles in arithmetic and algebra up to the higher regions of geometry and the calculus. The gentlemen who conducted the trigonometrical survey

of the kingdom declared that they found youngsters in abundance to do their calculations at a halfpenny a triangle. The Irish intellect is not less given to metaphysics, as many subtle and deep thinkers bear witness, from Scotus, among the greatest of early scholastics, to Berkeley, the father of modern Idealists.

From the earliest Christian times known to Western Europe, the Irish mind has been celebrated for its devotion to theology, for its attainments in ecclesiastical learning; and during a long period these were the only studies which constituted literature. Ireland, in this respect, was the school of Europe; and not the school only to which strangers came for instruction, but the school likewise from which native students went forth in all directions as teachers and apostles. It was once the fashion to sneer at such statements, but the fashion has had its day. A deeper scholarship has silenced the ridicule of shallow scoffers, and nothing in the past of nations is now better ascertained than the antiquity of Ireland, and the intellectuality of its early civilization. Particularly it has been so within the sphere of western culture. Irish learning was from the first found in the colleges of the continent, as afterwards Irish statesmanship was in its cabinets, and Irish valor in its camps. Beautiful ruins that abound in Ireland are mournful monuments of its former zeal in the cause of letters as well as of religion; for the structures that are lovely even in their desolation were those that once gave shelter to priest and student when Ireland was, as Dr. Johnson calls it, "the quiet habitation of sanctity and learning." These architectural remains show what grand and goodly dwelling-places Ireland reared for her men of prayer and her men of thought—show with what love and pomp she cherished the sublime ministry of the soul—show her enthusiasm for divine things, in noble forms of art as well as in sacred inspirations of soul.

The barbarism which was fatal to scholarship and scholars; the barbarism which desecrated the sanctuaries of devotion and intelligence; the barbarism which gave force and will the place of faith and reason; the barbarism which turned the college into a barrack, which pulled down the Almighty's temple, and built up the robber's castle—none of *this* was Irish; this came first from the wild outlaws of

northern seas. The Danes began the havoc, which other ravagers and spoliators successively and ruthlessly continued. The Irish, in the worst of their own conflicts, reverenced the shrines of worship and of study. The savageism to which neither laws nor letters, human or divine, were sacred, was foreign. The savageism was not Irish which destroyed buildings and burned books, which spared nothing in its fury, which swept as a devastating tempest over all that the labor or the zeal of mind had created or ennobled. The intellect of Ireland has survived many persecutions, and come clear and bright out of much stormy darkness. *That* intellect oppression could neither crush nor kill; it has a living force, which renders the spirit ever superior to the senses. But all this, it may be said, has reference only to the mind of a select few. The mind of the mass, it may be urged, has in the meantime continued in contented ignorance, and given small evidence of capacity.

The very laws, which were made by Protestant rulers in Ireland against the education of the Catholic people—laws enacted for the purpose of closing every avenue by which intelligence could be cultivated—do of themselves refute both parts of this objection. For if the people had been already in contented ignorance, no laws would have been needed to hinder them from instruction, and if the people had been void of natural capacity, such laws, instead of being the refinement of cruelty, which they were, would have been the most laughable of absurdities. Surely to forbid schools and schoolmasters under direst penalties to a people who had no desire for schools or schoolmasters, and no fitness for them, would have been an audacity of drollery which even Irish farce has never dared. Such was not the case. The people, even the humblest of them, had both the desire and the fitness for education. A few generations ago, in Ireland, Protestant laws, as I have said, forbade Catholic education—confronted every endeavor after it with terror and penalty. If by stratagem such education was achieved, it was shut out from every sphere of activity or ambition. Now that, in the face of such threatening, and despite its execution, the Irish of all classes should still protect the schoolmaster—should still respect his office—should still, by every means of ingenuity, avail them-

selves of it—should still, for the sake of knowledge, brave the danger of spies, of informers, and the stern consequences of confiscation, imprisonment, or death, is an example of vigor in the life of mind which the history of few nations can show.

The Catholic Irish, in those hard times when education was thus forbidden them, carried their literary studies into the silent fields, and amidst bushes and brambles conned Homer, Virgil, Euclid, or the spelling-book; and this was the origin of what has been called "the hedge-school." The old Irish hedge-school should be held in immortal honor, as the last refuge of a people's mind, and as the last sanctuary of persecuted intellect. The Irish who dared all penalties for their faith, dared no less for their understanding. They were as zealous martyrs for scholarship as for conscience. Even while the penal laws were still in force, peasants who spoke Latin could be found among the hills of southern Ireland; and at all times classical studies have been popular among the Irish.

Within the short period in which there has been in Ireland any comprehensive system of popular education, even the poorest of the people have made remarkable progress, and the time is fast hastening, when few, even of the poorest, will be liable to the odium—as odium it is considered—of not knowing how to read or write. Yet I do not esteem mere knowledge of reading and writing in itself as highly as many do. When *that* knowledge is not carried into thoughtful and practical application, it often satisfies only the vanity of conceited and pretentious ignorance. In any event, the mere knowledge of elementary reading and writing is no standard by which to judge in certain conditions of society the amount of a people's intelligence. Here is how I should estimate, until within the present century, the mental stock of a quick-minded farmer in Ireland, and his active accomplishments, even if he were not able to read or write. I leave out the proper business of his rural profession, which, if skillfully conducted, implies no contemptible quantity of knowledge, experience, industry, acuteness, and good sense.

Independently of all this, such a man usually spoke two languages, English imperfectly, it might be, but Irish in all its wealth. In either Irish or English, he could tell a

story; in either he could sing a song; and to the song he could sometimes add a tune on the bagpipes or the fiddle. Play indeed he might not, but he was sure to dance, and to dance with every ingenuity of step; he could dance any measure, from a single reel to a treble hornpipe. He was fully indoctrinated in all the science of the shillalah. He pulled it, a juicy sapling; he trimmed it, set it, seasoned it, greased it, polished it, coaxed it, petted it; it was thus disciplined, trained, highly educated, and became admirably fit for use; then, as frequently as occasion offered, *he was not* the boy to leave it idle, or to manage it unskillfully. He knew well how to govern it with his fingers and thumb, to give it breath with his mouth, to play upon all its stops, and to make it the occasion of vociferous, if not of "most eloquent music." He was acquainted with all the local traditions; could recite the chronicles of every family. For every marked spot he had note and name. He was acquainted with the legends and the myths of every olden ruin. He was at home in the romance of witches, ghosts, fairies, and giants. He was also well informed in the 'Arabian Nights,' in 'Gulliver's Travels,' in 'Robinson Crusoe,' in the 'Seven Champions of Christendom,' in the 'Seven Wise Men of Greece,' in the 'Wars of Troy,' and in many classics of the same sort too numerous to mention.

He was tolerably versed in the history of Ireland; he was familiarly ready with its great names, from Partholanus to Saint Patrick, from Con of the hundred battles to General Sarsfield, and from Ossian, sublimest among the bards, to Carolan, the latest of them, and the sweetest. He was tolerably instructed in the doctrines of his religion, and he could cunningly defend them. He rather courted than avoided controversy. He was usually more than critical, and less than complimentary, on the characters of Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, Archbishop Cranmer, and Queen Elizabeth. His version of the Protestant Reformation was not a favorable one; and certainly his ideas of Luther and of Calvin were exactly the opposite of eulogy. Now, taking all this together, it forms a respectable amount of faculty and acquisition; and though it might not be singly owned, except by a very marked individual, it was yet collectively shared by the average of the population. Grant as much to the average of ancient Greeks, and the classical enthusi-

ast would speak of it with abundance of laudation. Mr. Grote sets a very high value upon less. "If we analyze," he says, "the intellectual acquisition of a common Grecian townsman from the rude communities of Arcadia or Phokis, even up to the enlightened Athens, we shall find that over and above the rules of art, or capacities requisite for his daily wants, it consisted chiefly of various myths connected with his gens, his city, his religious festivals and the mysteries in which he might have chosen to initiate himself, as well as with the works of art, and the more striking natural objects which he might see round him—the whole set off and decorated by some knowledge of the epic and dramatic poets. Such," continues Mr. Grote, "was the intellectual and imaginative reach of an ordinary Greek, considered apart from the instructed few. It was an aggregate of religion, of social and patriotic retrospect, and of romantic fancy blended into one indivisible whole."

Reading and writing, as critics now very generally admit, were not known to the ancient Greeks, when early poets chanted in their public assemblies mighty songs about gods and heroes. It is even maintained that these poets could not themselves read or write. Even in later times, when reading and writing became accomplishments among the specially educated, great multitudes, without these accomplishments, had among themselves an instinctive and traditional education. It was this mental force of nature, and its marvelous susceptibility and plasticity, which constituted the essentials of Grecian genius. Reading and writing became the instruments for *this* genius, but they did not give it. Genius it was which gave reading and writing to the Greeks, as it was genius which gave them inspired rhapsodists before reading and writing had ever been thought of. When reading and writing had become perfect, it was still their genius that gave the Greeks their great men, that enabled the Greeks to *understand* their great men. It was this genius, and not mere reading and writing, that gave the Greeks the loftiest drama which nation ever had—the most perfect architecture and sculpture of which human imagination ever dreamed. It was this genius which made the Greeks the masters of mind and method, the conquerors of barbarism, the creators of art,

the originators of science, and in beauty and philosophy the teachers of the world.

Yet multitudes to whom this genius was native, out of whose intuitions it sprung, who could feel it in its noblest power, could still neither read nor write. Put, then, the Christian faith of Ireland against the pagan faith of Greece, the sublime doctrines, the immortal hopes and fears, the spiritual ideas, the impressive worship of the one against the carnal fables, the bounded conceptions, the conventional rituals of the other; put the tragic story of Ireland against the patriotic struggles of Greece. As to imagination, put the wild and deep passion of Ireland against the graceful and the fair poetries of Greece; put tradition against tradition, legend against legend, myth against myth; give Grecian sculpture to the eye, give Irish music to the heart; let the Grecian temple speak to the love of beauty, let the Gothic church speak to the instinct of the soul; put, I say, the one against the other, then, for all that gives active life to mind, the Irishman to whom I have directed attention is surely not behind the Greek whom Mr. Grote describes. Yet the Irishman to whom I refer is but a quick-minded peasant, while the Greek to whom Mr. Grote refers is a townsman, and of ordinary education. To those higher powers of Greek genius which left ineffaceable impression on the civilization of the world, this comparison has, of course, no application; but in mere vividness, in *that* intellectual irritableness to which mental activity is a necessity, there is no small resemblance between the Greek mind and the Irish mind, and also, for the delight which mental activity in itself bestows, both minds appear to have been similarly constituted.

No mind, not even the Greek, has ever had a more disinterested love of knowledge than the Irish mind; no other mind has ever had more passion for study, and without any reference to its gainful applications. In no country more than in Ireland has scholarship been sought for in defiance of such appalling obstacles. Hunger, cold, weariness, sorrow, loneliness, sickness, have been braved for it. Many a hero of the mind has struggled with death itself in battle against the ignorance which poverty or persecution had enforced. In no other country have men made nobler efforts than in Ireland to obtain education for themselves or for

their children. Many a man in Ireland who arose to professional eminence had the schooling which prepared him for it at the cost of his father's sweat, and many a loving sacrifice has been made in the home to meet the expenses of the college. I do therefore deny, and I deny it most strenuously, and with all my soul, that the Irish have ever been content with ignorance, or indifferent to knowledge.

The imaginative element in the mental character of the Irish is that which comes now under observation.

This element in the Irish character is diffusive. It pervades the whole mind, and it pervades the whole people. There is in the Irish mind an idealism which, more or less, influences all its faculties, and which naturally disposes the Irish to what is intensive and poetic. Many of the faults and failings in Irish character may perhaps be traced to this peculiarity. It may have led to that want of balance and compactness which, not without justice, is attributed to Irish character—to want of directness, force, and persistency—to want of that sustained purpose which alone conquers and succeeds. This interfused idealism has hindered it from grasping the prosaic and the practical with sufficient firmness, or of holding to them with persistent tenacity.

A sense of ever-present soul in nature pervades the Irish popular imagination. This imagination personifies objects, and endows them with intelligence. It goes behind the visible world, and, whether at noontide or at night, it discerns another world for the mind. Could the traditions, the tales, the legends, the countless stories, droll and dreadful, which make the unwritten poetry of the people, have been in due season collected, they would have formed a body of popular romance which only the 'Arabian Nights' might have surpassed. They would besides have had a moral truth, a spiritual depth, a sanctity and a purity of which Oriental genius is peculiarly deficient. Then how the comic, the beautiful, the pathetic, and the tragic, are embodied in creatures of the Irish popular imagination, as, by turns, they are capricious, fantastic, melancholy. There is the Leprachawn, the mocking imp that delights in solitude and sunshine; the tiny shoemaker that, whenever seen, is busy with his hammer and his lapstone. The cynical and cunning cobbler knows where pots of money

are concealed which would make everybody richer than the richest of the Jews.

Oh, how many times, in those golden days of youth which are given *once* to the most wretched, and are never given *twice* to the most blessed, have I looked for that miniature Son of the Last—watched for his red cap amidst the green grass of the hillside—spied around to catch the thumb-sized treasure-knower, that I might have guineas to buy books to my heart's content, or wealth enough to go, like Aladdin, and ask for the caliph's daughter. But I must honestly confess that, though no one ever looked more diligently than I did for a Leprachawn, I never found one. There are the fairies that love the moonlight, that affectionately sport around beauty, and watch over childhood. There is the Banshee, the lonely and fearful spirit-watcher of her clan, the loyal visitant who attends the generations of her tribe, wails over the hour of their death and sorrow, and who, under castle window or through cottage door, sings her lamentations for the long-descended. The imaginative element is so native to the popular Irish mind, that those writers of Irish fiction truest to this element have best revealed the heart of the people's life. . . .

In reference to the artistic direction of Irish imagination, I have only time to specify Music and Eloquence, and these I select as the most national and the most characteristic. Music is universal. It is not absent from any human heart. Every country has it, and in it every country takes delight. But the countries of strength, of wealth, of work, and of prosperity are *not* those which most or best cultivate it. The people of such countries are too busy in building ships and cities, in founding or ruling empires; they have other occupation than to give their thoughts to song, or train their hands to instruments. Music has indeed sounds for mirth and gladness; but its inmost secrets are hidden in the heart of sorrow—its deepest mysteries are reached only by the serious and meditative spirit. So it is that the best religious music is deep and pathetic—so it is that Christianity has so profoundly inspired music, for Christianity, born of a tragedy, has never lost the sense of its origin; it carries always in its bosom the solemn ideas of death and immortality. So it is that, as the lyric utterance of humanity, music has most of soul when it is the

voice of memory, and of those relations to the future and the infinite which, in revealing at the same time our greatness and our littleness, sadden while they sanctify. Music too is peculiarly the art of the subjected and the unhappy. It is no wonder, therefore, that it should have attained so much excellence in Ireland. A sentiment of grief seems to breathe through the whole of Irish history. The spirit of Ireland is of the past, and the past to Ireland is a retrospect of sorrow. Irish music is alive with the spirit of this impassioned and melancholy past—a past which has such pathos in it as no words can utter, and for which music only has expression. Irish music is thus the voice of melancholy, with variations of war song and prayer, of dance sounds and death sounds. It is the lyric sighing of solemn and reflective musing, of troubled affections and of mourning nationality—a low long litany for the dying, without the resignation which belongs to the requiem for the dead.

The bards which reached the deepest sources of this music struck their harps amidst afflictions; in later times they composed it as if under the shadows of ruins, where the weeds had grown upon the castle tower, where grass was rank in courtly halls, where echoes of the lonely wind were in the vacant spaces of dismal valley or of haunted cave, and where the pallid ghosts of saints and warriors seemed to listen to the strain. Grief is always sacred; grief invests even the most savage people with dignity; but when genius weds itself to grief—when genius breathes the historic sadness of a cultivated nation, it makes art as immortal as humanity. So it is with Irish music; and herein is the secret of its depth, its tenderness, its beauty, and its strength. . . .

In speaking of Irish eloquence, I enter on no critical disquisition. This has been done so often and so well, that there is nothing more to say, and I will not, therefore, tax your patience with the repetition of a rather out-worn theme. I would merely observe: Irish eloquence, like Irish music, has much of its character from that law of human experience which connects intensity with adversity —to which we must also add the ardor, the enthusiasm, and the impulsive sensibility of the Irish temperament.

E. L. GODKIN.

(1831—1902.)

E. L. Godkin, whose name is inseparably connected with the New York *Nation* and *The Evening Post*, was born in Moyne, County Wicklow, Oct. 2, 1831. His father, the Rev. James Godkin, wrote a 'Religious History of Ireland' (1873). The son was educated at a grammar school near Wakefield, England, and at Queen's College, Belfast, where he was graduated in 1851. He was a correspondent of the London *Daily News* in Turkey and Russia during the Crimean war, 1854–56.

In the autumn of 1856 he came to the United States, and in the ensuing winter made a journey on horseback through the Southern States, a record of which appeared in letters to the *News*.

He studied law under David Dudley Field of New York city, was admitted to the bar in 1859, practiced for a few years, and then went to Europe, owing to impaired health. He returned to New York at the close of 1862, and was correspondent of the *News* and an editorial writer for the *New York Times* until July, 1865, when he established and became editor of *The Nation*, which in 1866 passed into the hands of Mr. Godkin and two other gentlemen (James Miller McKim and Frederick Law Olmstead) as proprietors. *The Nation*, a weekly paper avowedly patterned after the London *Spectator*, soon became famous as one of the leading literary critical journals in the country, a reputation which it enjoys to-day. In 1881 *The Nation* was made the weekly issue of *The Evening Post*, and Mr. Godkin became one of the editors and proprietors of the joint publication. Harvard University conferred upon him the honorary degree of M.A. in 1871, and Oxford made him an honorary D.C.L. in 1897. He was the author of a 'History of Hungary, A.D. 300–1850' (London, 1856), and of the work 'Government' in the 'American Science Series' (New York, 1871), 'Problems of Modern Democracy,' 'Reflections and Comments,' 'Ireland in 1872.'

THE DUTY OF CRITICISM IN A DEMOCRACY.

From 'Problems of Modern Democracy.'[1]

There is probably no government in the world to-day as stable as that of the United States. The chief advantage of democratic government is, in a country like this, the enormous force it can command on an emergency. By "emergency" I mean the suppression of an insurrection or the conduct of a foreign war. But it is not equally strong in the ordinary work of administration. A good many gov-

[1] Copyright 1896 by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ernments, by far inferior to it in strength, fill the offices, collect the taxes, administer justice, and do the work of legislation with much greater efficiency. One cause of this inefficiency is that the popular standard in such matters is low, and that it resents dissatisfaction as an assumption of superiority. When a man says these and those things ought not to be, his neighbors, who find no fault with them, naturally accuse him of giving himself airs. It seems as if he thought he knew more than they did, and was trying to impose his plans on them. The consequence is that in a land of pure equality, as this is, critics are always an unpopular class, and criticism is in some sense an odious work. The only condemnation passed on the governmental acts or systems is apt to come from the opposite party in the form of what is called "arraignment," which generally consists in wholesale abuse of the party in power, treating all their acts, small or great, as due to folly or depravity, and all their public men as either fools or knaves. Of course this makes but small impression on the public mind. It is taken to indicate not so much a desire to improve the public service as to get hold of the offices, and has as a general rule but little effect. Parties lose their hold on power through some conspicuously obnoxious acts or failures; never, or very rarely, through the judgments passed on them by hostile writers or orators. And yet nothing is more necessary to successful government than abundant criticism from sources not open to the suspicion of particular interest. There is nothing which bad governments so much dislike and resent as criticism, and have in past ages taken so much pains to put down. In fact, a history of the civil liberty would consist largely of an account of the resistance to criticism on the part of rulers. One of the first acts of a successful tyranny or despotism is always the silencing of the press or the establishment of a censorship.

Popular objection to criticism is, however, senseless, because it is through criticism—that is, through discrimination between two things, customs, or courses—that the race has managed to come out of the woods and lead a civilized life. The first man who objected to the general nakedness, and advised his fellows to put on clothes, was the first critic. Criticism of a high tariff recommends a low tariff;

criticism of monarchy recommends a republic; criticism of vice recommends virtue. In fact, almost every act of life, the practice of a profession or the conduct of a business, condemns one course and suggests another. The word means *judging*, and judgment is the highest of the human faculties, the one which most distinguishes us from the animals. There is probably nothing from which the public service of the country suffers more to-day than the silence of its educated class; that is, the small amount of criticism which comes from the disinterested and competent sources. It is a very rare thing for an educated man to say anything publicly about the questions of the day. He is absorbed in science, or art, or literature, in the practice of his profession, or in the conduct of his business; and if he has any interest at all in public affairs, it is a languid one.

He is silent because he does not much care, or because he does not wish to embarrass the administration or "hurt the party," or because he does not feel that anything he could say would make much difference. So that on the whole, it is very rarely that the instructed opinion of the country is ever heard on any subject. The report of the Bar Association on the nomination of Maynard in New York was a remarkable exception to this rule. Some improvement in this direction has been made by the appearance of the set of people known as the "Mugwumps," who are, in the main, men of cultivation. They have been defined in various ways. They are known to the masses mainly as "kickers"; that is, dissatisfied, querulous people, who complain of everybody and cannot submit to party discipline.

But they are the only critics who do not criticise in the interest of party, but simply in that of good government. They are a kind of personage whom the bulk of the voters know nothing about and find it difficult to understand, and consequently load with ridicule and abuse. But their movement, though its visible recognizable effects on elections may be small, has done inestimable service in slackening the bonds of party discipline, in making the expression of open dissent from party programmes respectable and common, and in increasing the unreliable vote in large States like New York. It is of the last importance that this unreliable vote—that is, the vote which party leaders cannot count on with certainty—should be large in such

States. The mere fear of it prevents a great many excesses.

But in criticism one always has hard work in steering a straight course between optimism and pessimism. These are the Scylla and Charybdis of the critic's career. Almost every man who thinks or speaks about public affairs is either an optimist or a pessimist; which he is, depends a good deal on temperament, but often on character. The political jobber or corruptionist is almost always an optimist. So is the prosperous business man. So is nearly every politician, because the optimist is nearly always the more popular of the two. As a general rule, people like cheerful men and the promise of good times. The kill-joy and bearer of bad news has always been an odious character. But for the cultivated man there is no virtue in either optimism or pessimism. Some people think it a duty to be optimistic, and for some people it may be a duty; but one of the great uses of education is to teach us to be neither one nor the other. In the management of our personal affairs, we try to be neither one nor the other. In business, a persistent and uproarious optimist would certainly have poor credit. And why? Because in business the trustworthy man, as everybody knows, is the man who sees things as they are: and to see things as they are, without glamour or illusion, is the first condition of worldly success. It is absolutely essential in war, in finance, in law, in every field of human activity in which the future has to be thought of and provided for. It is just as essential in politics. The only reason why it is not thought as essential in politics is, the punishment for failure or neglect comes in politics more slowly.

The pessimist has generally a bad name, but there is a good deal to be said for him. To take a recent illustration, the man who took pessimistic views of the silver movement was for nearly twenty years under a cloud. This gloomy anticipation of 1873 was not realized until 1893. For a thousand years after Marcus Aurelius, the pessimist, if I may use the expression, was "cock of the walk." He certainly has no reason to be ashamed of his rôle in the Eastern world for a thousand years after the Mohammedan Hegira. In Italy and Spain he has not needed to hang his head since the Renaissance. In fact, if we take various

nations and long reaches of time, we shall find that the gloomy man has been nearly as often justified by the course of events as the cheerful one. Neither of them has any special claim to a hearing on public affairs. A persistent optimist, although he may be a most agreeable man in family life, is likely, in business or politics, to be just as foolish and unbearable as a persistent pessimist. He is as much out of harmony with the order of nature. The universe is not governed on optimistic any more than on pessimistic principles. The best and wisest of men make their mistakes and have their share of sorrow and sickness and losses. So also the most happily situated nations must suffer from internal discord, the blunders of statesmen, and the madness of the people. What Cato said in the Senate of the conditions of success, "vigilando, agendo, bene consulendo, prosperê omnia cedunt," is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago. We must remember that though the optimist may be the pleasantest man to have about us, he is the least likely to take precautions; that is, the least likely to watch and work for success. We owe a great deal of our slovenly legislation to his presence in large numbers in Congress and the legislatures. The great suffering through which we are now passing, in consequence of the persistence in our silver purchases, is the direct result of unreasoning optimism. Its promoters disregarded the warnings of economists and financiers because they believed that somehow, they did not know how, the thing would come out right in the end. The silver collapse, together with the Civil War over slavery, are striking illustrations to occur in one century, of the fact that if things come out right in the end, it is often after periods of great suffering and disaster. Could people have foreseen how the slavery controversy would end, what frantic efforts would have been made for peaceful abolition! Could people have foreseen the panic of last year, with its wide-spread disaster, what haste would have been made to stop the silver purchases! And yet the experience of mankind afforded abundant reason for anticipating both results.

This leads me to say that the reason why educated men should try and keep a fair mental balance between both pessimism and optimism, is that there has come over the

world in the last twenty-five or thirty years a very great change of opinion touching the relations of the government to the community. When Europe settled down to peaceful work after the great wars of the French Revolution, it was possessed with the idea that the freedom of the individual was all that was needed for public prosperity and private happiness. The old government interference with people's movements and doings was supposed to be the reason why nations had not been happy in the past. This became the creed, in this country, of the Democratic party, which came into existence after the foundation of the federal government. At the same time there grew up here the popular idea of the American character, in which individualism was the most marked trait. If you are not familiar with it in your own time, you may remember it in the literature of the earlier half of the century. The typical American was always the architect of his own fortunes. He sailed the seas and penetrated the forest, and built cities and lynched the horse thieves, and fought the Indians and dug the mines, without anybody's help or support. He had even an ill-concealed contempt for regular troops, as men under control and discipline. He scorned government for any other purposes than security and the administration of justice. This was the kind of American that Tocqueville found here in 1833. He says:—

"The European often sees in the public functionaries simply force; the American sees nothing but law. One may then say that in America a man never obeys a man, or anything but justice and law. Consequently he has formed of himself an opinion which is often exaggerated, but is always salutary. He trusts without fear to his own strength, which appears to him equal to anything. A private individual conceives some sort of enterprise. Even if this enterprise have some sort of connection with the public welfare, it never occurs to him to address himself to the government in order to obtain its aid. He makes his plan known, offers to carry it out, calls other individuals to his aid, and struggles with all his might against any obstacles there may be in his way. Often, without doubt, he succeeds less well than the State would in his place; but in the long run the general result of individual enterprises far surpasses anything the government could do."

Now there is no doubt that if this type of character has not passed away, it has been greatly modified; and it has been modified by two agencies—the "labor problem," as it

is called, and legislative protection to native industry. I am not going to make an argument about the value of this protection in promoting native industry, or about its value from the industrial point of view. We may or we may not owe to it the individual progress and prosperity of the United States. About that I do not propose to say anything. What I want to say is that the doctrine that it is a function of government, not simply to foster industry in general, but to consider the case of every particular industry and give it the protection that it needs, could not be preached and practiced for thirty years in a community like this, without modifying the old American conception of the relation of the government to the individual. It makes the government, in a certain sense, a partner in every industrial enterprise, and makes every Presidential election an affair of the pocket to every miner and manufacturer and to his men; for the men have for fully thirty years been told that the amount of their wages would depend, to a certain extent at least, on the way the election went. The notion that the government owes assistance to individuals in carrying on business and making a livelihood has in fact, largely through the tariff discussions, permeated a very large class of the community, and has materially changed what I may call the American outlook. It has greatly reinforced among the foreign-born population the socialistic ideas which many bring here with them, of the powers and duties of the State toward labor; for it is preached vehemently by the employing class.

What makes this look the more serious is, that our political and social manners are not adapted to it. In Europe, the State is possessed of an administrative machine which has an efficacy and permanence unknown here. Tocqueville comments on its absence among us; and it is, as all the advocates of civil-service reform know, very difficult to supply. All the agencies of the government suffer from the imposition on them of what I may call non-American duties. For instance, a custom-house organized as a political machine was never intended to collect the enormous sum of duties which must pass through its hands under our tariff. A post-office whose master has to be changed every four years to "placate" Tammany, or the anti-Snappers, or any other body of politicians, was never

intended to handle the huge mass which American mails have now become. One of the greatest objections to the income tax is the prying into people's affairs which it involves. No man likes to tell what his income is to every stranger, much less to a politician, which our collectors are sure to be. Secrecy on the part of the collector is in fact essential to reconcile people to it in England or Germany, where it is firmly established; but our collectors sell their lists to the newspapers in order to make the contributors pay up.

In all these things, we are trying to meet the burdens and responsibilities of much older societies with the machinery of a much earlier and simpler state of things. It is high time to halt in this progress until our administrative system has been brought up to the level even of our present requirements. It is quite true that, with our system of State and federal constitutions laying prohibitions on the Legislature and Congress, any great extension of the sphere of government in our time seems very unlikely. Yet the assumption by Congress, with the support of the Supreme Court, of the power to issue paper money in time of peace, the power to make prolonged purchases of a commodity like silver, the power to impose an income tax, to execute great public works, and to protect native industry, are powers large enough to effect a great change in the constitution of society and in the distribution of wealth, such as, it is safe to say, in the present state of human culture, no government ought to have and exercise.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(1728—1774.)

Oliver Goldsmith, who "left no kind of writing untouched, and who touched nothing which he did not adorn," was born Nov. 10, 1728, at Pallas or Pallasmore in the county of Longford.

Among all the literary figures of the eighteenth century, crowded as it is with men who compel our attention, there is none in whom the human interest is so strong as in Oliver Goldsmith, there is none whose personality is so attractive and interesting in spite of its defects and its contradictions, and there is none whose individuality so completely permeates his writings.

In the joco-serious preface, and in the slily humorous notes, to the first collection of the Rhymes and Jingles of Mother Goose, which he made for John Newbery, in the quaint fun of 'Goody Two Shoes,' as well as in the higher creations of his genius in 'The Traveller,' 'The Deserted Village,' and the ever-green 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and in his inimitable comedies, as well as in his treatment of "Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream," in his essays, and even in the prefaces to his numerous scientific, historical, and other compilations, one always feels the warm heart-beat of the living, human personality of the writer.

And because of this, every incident of Goldsmith's life is perennially interesting, sad and squalid as some of them are, and full of vanity and human weaknesses as are others.

The father of Oliver Goldsmith was a curate and small farmer, who "starved along as best he could" while the boy was yet young; although later he came into a living worth £200 ($1,000) a year. Oliver seems to have been "dragged," rather than brought, up. He was taught his letters by a serving maid and was later sent to a village school taught by a veteran of the Spanish wars, who occupied his pupils' time chiefly by recounting to them fairy-tales, romances, and adventures, and who also encouraged Goldsmith in scribbling verses. Later on he was sent to other schools, but his boyhood life was always an unhappy one. An attack of smallpox had left his face cruelly pitted, his limbs were loosely hung and misshapen, and his ungainly figure and clumsy speech made him the butt of the schoolboys and of the masters as well. When he was seventeen years of age he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as sizar, a capacity in which, in return for menial services, he was enabled to pursue his studies.

His father died in 1747, and he was left entirely without means, except for a dole now and again from his uncle, Contarine. In order to exist he pawned his books, borrowed small sums of his fellow students, and wrote street ballads for five shillings ($1.25) each. However, in spite of the capricious and brutal treatment he received from his tutor, and of the difficulties into which his own peculiar temperament led him, he stuck manfully to his work and was graduated in 1749. He read for Holy Orders, but when he pre-



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

After the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds



sented himself before the Bishop for examination, arrayed in a pair of scarlet breeches, he was promptly rejected. He essayed to join the bar, but gambled away the money which his uncle had provided him for this purpose. Then, in 1752, he went to study medicine in Edinburgh University. After two years he went to Leyden, continued his studies there for a time, and then wandered on foot through Europe, dependent on his flute-playing and his wits for his daily bread, until 1756, when he returned to England, traveled on foot to London in the same way; and then for nearly three years we have no record of his doings. His biographers have said that he was by turns a strolling player, an usher in a country school, and a corrector for the press in the printing house of Samuel Richardson, the author of 'Clarissa Harlowe.' It is certain, however, that he was at one time employed in a school carried on by a Dr. Milner, for it was there that Griffiths, the publisher of *The Monthly Review*, first met him and engaged him to write descriptive notes of books in that magazine. For this he was to receive a small salary and to board in the house of the publisher. He and his wife, however, took upon themselves to mutilate, and as Goldsmith said "falsify," his writings, and they quarreled and parted.

In 1759 Smollet engaged him to contribute to the *British Magazine*. He also contributed to *The Bee*, a publication which had a very short life. It was not until 1760, when he became acquainted with John Newbery, that his literary career may fairly be said to have begun. He engaged Goldsmith to contribute to his new venture, the *Public Ledger*, and it was in its columns that the 'Chinese Letters,' which were afterward published as 'The Citizen of the World,' first saw the light. His association with Newbery now became a very intimate one, and he was constantly employed by him in concocting title-pages, in writing prefaces, introductions, and dedications, manufacturing puffs, and compiling advertisements for Newbery's many ventures. From 1760–67 John Newbery had rooms at Canonbury House, at Islington, and during most of this time Goldsmith occupied a room in the upper story. Newbery charged himself with paying for his board and lodging, advancing him cash from time to time, and crediting him with sums of money for his completed literary work. Much has been said about Newbery's treatment of Goldsmith; one of his biographers almost in so many words charges Newbery with having been a "sweater" of his brains, but there is no doubt that Newbery treated Goldsmith with honesty and even generosity, for we know on the very best authority that it was ever a favorite topic with Oliver Goldsmith to tell pleasant stories of Newbery, who, he said, was the patron of more distressed authors than any man of his time; and that Goldsmith had a high opinion of him is made further evident from the following charade which he wrote, punning upon Newbery's name:—

> "What we say of a thing which is just come in fashion,
> And that which we do with the dead,
> Is the name of the honestest man in creation;
> What more of a man can be said?"

By this time Goldsmith had become acquainted with the prominent

figures of literary London—Dr. Johnson, Dr. Percy, Murphy, Smart, Bickerstaff, etc., and unfortunately for his own reputation Boswell was among them. There does not appear to have been any love lost between Goldsmith and Boswell, and whenever the latter had an opportunity of extolling Johnson, by belittling Goldsmith, he never let it slip. An example of this may be found in the utterly untrue story which he printed about the sale of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' The book was bought Oct. 28, 1762, and Newbery, together with Collins and another, paid £21 ($105) each, making £63 ($315) in all, for the copyright. The book was not published until 1766, and just why it was kept for four years in manuscript must still remain a mystery. The most plausible suggestion is that since the book was published by Francis Newbery, the nephew of John, they decided not to issue it until after 'The Traveller' had appeared. It is very doubtful whether Dr. Johnson ever saw the manuscript of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' before it was published, but it is certain that both the Newberys, father and son, were aware of the fact that Goldsmith was at work upon it, for he read portions of it, as well as of 'The Traveller,' to them while they were in progress. 'The Traveller,' the first work to which he put his name, was published in 1764 and at once established Goldsmith's position in the world of letters. In 1765 an edition of his collected Essays appeared. In 1766 'The Vicar of Wakefield' was given to the world, and went into three editions, but made no profit for its publishers, for the accounts which have been preserved show that the fourth edition started with a loss. In 1767 'The Goodnatured Man' was produced and ran for ten nights only, producing for its author the sum of £500 ($2,500). In this year Newbery died, but Goldsmith still continued his association with the business, which was carried on by Newbery's son and his nephew Francis. 'The Deserted Village' appeared May 26, 1770, and stormed the hearts of the public more successfully than even 'The Traveller' had done. Meanwhile he had been working at hack jobs for the publishers, producing his 'Roman History,' 'The History of the Earth,' and 'Animated Nature,' his lives of Parnell and Beau Nash, and his 'History of England.' In March, 1773, 'She Stoops to Conquer' appeared, and met with a success which placed him on the very highest pinnacle of fame. But the cloud of difficulties and trouble which never left him until his death had already begun to thicken around him. His reckless extravagance, his expensive eccentricities in dress, his gambling and other vicious propensities, kept him constantly in debt; he was always struggling to complete work which had already been paid for, and this, and the inroads upon his constitution which his early dissipations and privations had brought about, caused his heart to sink and his courage to fail, and he gave up the struggle and determined to retire from London life altogether. After one last flash of his genius, the production of the poem 'Retaliation,' he was stricken down, and died April 4, 1774, in the forty-sixth year of his age. And no man died more regretted, for, with all his faults, he was kind, generous, and benevolent to a degree—he would share his last crust with a beggar, his

last shovelful of coal with a distressed fellow lodger—and could be as genial as he was clumsy.

Goldsmith never married. If he ever felt the tender passion it was for Miss Mary Horneck, a girl of remarkable beauty, who was called popularly the Jessamy Bride.

A monument to his memory is in Westminster Abbey with an inscription by Dr. Johnson, which we have quoted in the opening words of this notice. But his greatest and most lasting monument is in his books and in the hearts of the people, for, as Thackeray says in his 'English Humorists': "Who, of the millions whom he has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back fondly to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage of necessity keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty." C. W.

THE VICAR'S HOME.

From 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

When the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next

alehouse; but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident in some measure relieved our embarrassment, for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humor.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. "Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her on the other, which would you be for?" —"For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain. "Right, Frank," cried the squire; "for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation; for what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture? and I can prove it."—"I wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think," continued he, "that I should be able to answer you."—"Very well, sir," cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company to prepare us for the sport: "if you are for a cool argument upon the subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?"—"I am for managing it rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. "Good again," cried the squire: "and, firstly, of the first, I hope you 'll not deny that whatever is, is: if you don't grant me that I can go no further." —"Why," returned Moses, "I think I may grant that, and make the best of it."—"I hope, too," returned the other,

"you will grant that a part is less than the whole."—"I grant that too," cried Moses, "it is but just and reasonable."—"I hope," cried the squire, "you will not deny that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones."—"Nothing can be plainer," returned t' other, and looked round him with his usual importance. "Very well," cried the squire, speaking very quick; "the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which, in some measure, proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable."—"Hold, hold!" cried the other, "I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such hetero lox doctrines?"—"What," replied the squire, as if in a passion, "not submit! Answer me one plain question. Do you think Aristotle right when he says that relatives are related?"—"Undoubtedly," replied the other.—"If so, then," cried the squire, "answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus? and give me your reasons, I say, directly."—"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer."—"O, sir," cried the squire, "I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir! there, I protest, you are too hard for me." This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humor, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman: and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune are in that character will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who, by

education, was taught to value an appearance in herself, and, consequently, to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?"—"Ay, who knows that, indeed!" answered I, with a groan: "for my part, I don't much like it: and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I: "but if the governor invites the enemy there he is justly culpable; and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see, but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been willfully corrupt, or very negligent, in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument; she observed that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good

husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: "And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and, to my knowledge, is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I. "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly overrate her merit."—"Indeed, papa," replied Olivia, "she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in 'Religious Courtship.'"—"Very well," cried I, "that 's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

From 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.—"What, only pretty well!" returned she; "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day, and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be! *Entre nous,* I protest I like my Lady Blar-

ney vastly—so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter: "heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him sev-

eral paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence-halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky: but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."—"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I

should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about; I 'll warrant we 'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I 'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims?" cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we

have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

NEW MISFORTUNES.

From 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'

The next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we traveled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we were to each other, and that the misfortunes of nature's making were very few. I assured her that she should never perceive any

change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world; showed her that books were sweet, unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frighted from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at the hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door; all was still and silent; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness; when to my amazement I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out naked and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had by this time caught the

roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones: but they were not to be seen. Oh misery! "Where," cried I, "where are my little ones?" "They are burnt to death in the flames," said my wife calmly, "and I will die with them." That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire; and nothing could have stopped me. "Where, where are my children?" cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined; "where are my little ones?" "Here, dear papa, here we are," cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. "Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are; I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy." We kissed our little darlings a thousand times, they clasped us round the neck and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbors were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbors contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our outhouses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbor and his children were not the least

assiduous in providing us with everything necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one, and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. "Ah, madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you have come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this reception the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner which was ever followed with instant submission:—"I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not therefore increase them by dissension among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short

in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice."

Some assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as by amusing the imagination contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbors, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest Farmer Williams was not last among these visitors, but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She had now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong possession of her mind, her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove in a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for hers, collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of One who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways that mock our foresight."

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention, for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt, and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the color of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity be-

fore me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to increase poor Olivia's affliction; such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved however to get more certain information, and to defeat if possible the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendor; the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

"Why, let him if he can," returned I; "but my son, observe this bed of straw and unsheltering roof, those moldering walls and humid floor, my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread. You have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendor of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travelers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travelers

that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travelers that are going into exile."

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had further to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me, for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions charitably sent us by my kind parishioners seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of the family; nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus once more the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

The next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child; it will please your old father." She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die."

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an inter-

ruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains me."

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this, nor can I understand what it means. I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it."

"Go," cried I; "thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger. Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing! to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honor for their portion."

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time, and what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for although the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul and sting it into rage. "Avoid my sight, thou reptile," cried I, "nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences

of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expenses lately previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he knows his duty, for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once woefully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honor, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity, and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence; and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me." Upon which he departed abruptly.

THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

I am just returned from Westminster, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and

dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas, I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all; they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections a gentleman, dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavor to satisfy your demands." I accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding, that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this (continued I) be properly conducted, as it can noways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations; so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest: "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship and the magnificence of the design this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection."—"It is

not requisite," replied my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice."—"What! I suppose, then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?"—"Gaining battles or taking towns," replied the man in black, "may be of service: but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege."—"This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume; of one whose wit has gained him immortality!"—"No, sir," replied my guide; "the gentleman who lies here never made verses, and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself."—"Pray tell me then in a word," said I, peevishly, "what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?"—"Remarkable, sir!" said my companion, "why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey."—"But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here! I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company where even moderate merit would look like infamy?"—"I suppose," replied the man in black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends, it is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too: so he paid his money for a fine monument, and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "There," says the gentleman, pointing with his finger,—"that is the poet's corner; there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton."—"Drayton!" I replied, "I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope,—is he there?"—"It is time enough," replied my guide, "these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet."—"Strange," cried I; "can any be found to hate a man whose

life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?"—"Yes," says my guide, "they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet; they somewhat resemble the eunuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out 'dunce,' and 'scribbler,' to praise the dead and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads, in order to gain the reputation of candor; and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies: he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here; and in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety."

"Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" cried I.—"Yes, with every mother's son of them," replied he, "except he happened to be born a mandarin. If he has much money he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple."

"But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancor of malevolent dullness?"

"I own there are many," replied the man in black; "but, alas! sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish: thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarin's table."

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without farther ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man, "whether the people of England kept

a *show?* whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? whether it was not more to the honor of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honor?" "As for your questions," replied the gatekeeper, "to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them: but as for that threepence, I farm it from one who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple; and we all must live." I expected upon paying here to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armor, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told a hundred lies: he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity.—"Look ye there, gentlemen," says he, pointing to an old oak chair, "there's a curiosity for ye: in that chair the kings of England were crowned; you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow." I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armor, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. "This armor," said he, "belonged to General Monk."—"Very surprising, that a general should wear armor!"—"And pray," added he, "observe this cap; this is General Monk's cap."—"Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general should

have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?"—"That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble."—"A very small recompense, truly," said I.—"Not so very small," replied he, "for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money."—"What! more money! Still more money!"—"Every gentleman gives something, sir."—"I 'll give thee nothing," returned I: "the guardians of the temple should pay your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars."

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean, in the occurrences of the day.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES,

WITH AN ILLUSTRATIVE INDIAN TALE.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

As the instruction of the fair sex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners, as their language-masters, music-masters, hair-frizzers, and governesses are all from abroad, I had some intentions of opening a female academy myself, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner, of meeting a favorable reception.

In this I intended to instruct the ladies in all the conjugal mysteries; wives should be taught the art of managing husbands, and maids the skill of properly choosing them; I would teach a wife how far she might venture to be sick without giving disgust; she should be acquainted with the great benefits of the colic in the stomach, and all the thoroughbred insolence of fashion; maids should learn the secret of nicely distinguishing every competitor; they should be able to know the difference between a pedant

and a scholar, a citizen and a prig, a 'squire and his horse, a beau and his monkey; but chiefly, they should be taught the art of managing their smiles, from the contemptuous simper to the long laborious laugh.

But I have discontinued the project; for what would signify teaching ladies the manner of governing or choosing husbands, when marriage is at present so much out of fashion, that a lady is very well off who can get any husband at all? Celibacy now prevails in every rank of life; the streets are crowded with old bachelors, and the houses with ladies who have refused good offers, and are never likely to receive any for the future.

The only advice, therefore, I could give the fair sex, as things stand at present, is to get husbands as fast as they can. There is certainly nothing in the whole creation, not even Babylon in ruins, more truly deplorable, than a lady in the virgin bloom of sixty-three, or a battered unmarried beau, who squibs about from place to place, showing his pig-tail wig and his ears. The one appears to my imagination in the form of a double night-cap or a roll of pomatum, the other in the shape of an electuary or a box of pills.

I would once more, therefore, advise the ladies to get husbands. I would desire them not to discard an old lover without very sufficient reasons, nor treat the new with ill-nature, till they know him false; let not prudes allege the falseness of the sex, coquettes the pleasures of long courtship, or parents the necessary preliminaries of penny for penny. I have reasons that would silence even a casuist in this particular. In the first place, therefore, I divide the subject into fifteen heads, and then, "*sic argumentor*,"—but not to give you and myself the spleen, be contented at present with an Indian tale.

In a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian Sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the continent. In this seclusion, blessed with all that wild uncultivated nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast while her children as yet were infants, who, of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet, unexperienced as the young ladies were in the opposite sex, both early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquette.

The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mamma, while the youngest employed all her hours in gazing at her own face in a neighboring fountain.

Their usual amusement in this solitude was fishing; their mother had taught them all the secrets of the art; she showed them which were the most likely places to throw out the line, what baits were most proper for the various seasons, and the best manner to draw up the finny prey, when they had hooked it. In this manner they spent their time, easy and innocent, till one day the princess, being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon or a shark for supper, which she fancied might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed, and clapping on a gold fish, the usual bait on these occasions, went and sat upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hook glide down with the stream.

On the opposite shore, further down, at the mouth of the river, lived a diver for pearls, a youth, who, by long habit in his trade, was almost grown amphibious; so that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water, without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very instant diving, when the ladies were fishing with the gilded hook. Seeing therefore the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize the prize, but both hands being already filled with pearl oysters, he found himself obliged to snap at it with his mouth: the consequence is easily imagined; the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened in his jaw; nor could he, with all his efforts or his floundering, get free.

"Sister," cries the youngest princess, "I have certainly caught a monstrous fish; I never perceived anything struggle so at the end of my line before; come, and help me to draw it in." They both now, therefore, assisted in fishing up the diver on shore; but nothing could equal their surprise upon seeing him. "Bless my eyes," cries the prude, "what have we got here? this is a very odd fish to be sure; I never saw anything in my life look so queer; what eyes! what terrible claws! what a monstrous snout! I have read of this monster somewhere before, it certainly must be a tanglang, that eats women; let us throw it back into the sea where we found it."

The diver in the meantime stood upon the beach, at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he thought could best excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances. The coquette, therefore, in some measure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. "Upon my word, sister," says she, "I see nothing in the animal so very terrible as you are pleased to apprehend; I think it may serve well enough for a change. Always sharks, and sturgeons, and lobsters, and crawfish make me quite sick. I fancy a slice of this nicely grilladed, and dressed up with shrimp-sauce, would be very pretty eating. I fancy mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world: and if it should not sit easy on her stomach, it will be time enough to discontinue it when found disagreeable, you know."—"Horrid," cried the prude, "would the girl be poisoned! I tell you it is a tanglang; I have read of it in twenty places. It is everywhere described as the most pernicious animal that ever infested the ocean. I am certain it is the most insidious ravenous creature in the world; and is certain destruction if taken internally." The youngest sister was now therefore obliged to submit: both assisted in drawing the hook with some violence from the diver's jaw; and he, finding himself at liberty, bent his breast against the broad wave, and disappeared in an instant.

Just at this juncture the mother came down to the beach, to know the cause of her daughters' delay; they told her every circumstance, describing the monster they had caught. The old lady was one of the most discreet women in the world; she was called the black-eyed princess, from two black eyes she had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. "Alas, my children!" cries she, "what have you done? the fish you caught was a man-fish; one of the most tame domestic animals in the world. We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or monkey."—"If that be all," says the young coquette, "we will fish for him again. If that be all, I will hold three tooth-picks to one pound of snuff, I catch him whenever I please." Accordingly they threw in their line once more, but, with all their gilding, and

paddling, and assiduity, they could never after catch the diver. In this state of solitude and disappointment they continued for many years, still fishing, but without success; till at last, the genius of the place, in pity of their distress, changed the prude into a shrimp, and the coquette into an oyster. Adieu.

BEAU TIBBS.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment, so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Drybone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I

attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes and the bloom in his countenance. "Pshaw, pshaw, Will," cried the figure, "no more of that, if you love me; you know I hate flattery,—on my soul, I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me; 'Ned,' says he, 'I 'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night?' 'Poaching, my lord?' says I; 'faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me. That 's my way: I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey—stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'"

"Ah! Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?" "Improved!" replied the other; "you shall know,—but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—my lord's word of honor for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else." "I fancy you forget, sir," cried I, "you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town." "Did I say so?" replied he, coolly; "to be sure, if I said so, it was so. Dined in town; egad, now I do remember I did dine in town; but I dined in the country, too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By-the-bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's,—an affected piece, but let it go no farther—a secret. Well, there happened to be no asafœtida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which says I, 'I 'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that——' But, dear Drybone, you are an honest creature; lend me

half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but hearkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you." . . .

My little Beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation. The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator. When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before! There 's no company at all to-day; not a single face to be seen." "No company!" interrupted I, peevishly; "no company where there is such a crowd? why, man, there 's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?" "Lord, my dear," returned he with the utmost good-humor, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine, grave, sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on 't. I 'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred (but that 's between ourselves) under the inspection of the Countess of All-Night. A charming body of voice; but

no more of that,—she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet, pretty creature! I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that 's in friendship—let it go no farther: she 's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I 'll make her a scholar; I 'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air. We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which, answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my window; you shall see the ships sailing and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, "Who 's there?" My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance. When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady. "Good troth," replied she in a peculiar dialect, "she 's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they

have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." "My two shirts!" cried he in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?" "I ken what I mean weel enough," replied the other; "she 's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—" "Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations!" cried he; "go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising, too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that 's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? there 's the true keeping in it; it is my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a Countess offered me a hundred for its fellow; I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious deshabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night with the Countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper." "Poor Jack!" cries he, "a dear, good-natured fellow; I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and little, will do,—a turbot, an

ortolan, a—" "Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?" "The very thing!" replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let us have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extremely disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life." By this time my curiosity began to abate and my appetite to increase: the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mrs. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

LIBERTY IN ENGLAND.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

Ask an Englishman what nation in the world enjoys most freedom, and he immediately answers, his own. Ask him in what that freedom principally consists, and he is instantly silent. This happy pre-eminence does not arise from the people's enjoying a larger share in legislation than elsewhere; for, in this particular, several states in Europe excel them; nor does it arise from a greater exemption from taxes, for few countries pay more; it does not proceed from their being restrained by fewer laws, for no people are burdened with so many; nor does it particularly consist in the security of their property, for property is pretty well secured in every polite state in Europe.

How, then, are the English more free (for more free they certainly are) than the people of any other country, or under any other form of government whatever? Their freedom consists in their enjoying all the advantages of democracy, with this superior prerogative borrowed from monarchy, that the severity of their laws may be relaxed without endangering the constitution.

In a monarchical state, in which the constitution is strongest, the laws may be relaxed without danger; for though the people should be unanimous in the breach of any one in particular, yet still there is an effective power superior to the people, capable of enforcing obedience, whenever it may be proper to inculcate the law either towards the support or welfare of the community.

But in all those governments where laws derive their sanction from the people alone, transgressions cannot be overlooked without bringing the constitution into danger. They who transgress the law in such a case are those who prescribe it, by which means it loses not only its influence, but its sanction. In every republic the laws must be strong, because the constitution is feeble; they must resemble an Asiatic husband, who is justly jealous, because he knows himself impotent. Thus in Holland, Switzerland, and Genoa, new laws are not frequently enacted, but the old ones are observed with unremitting severity. In such republics, therefore, the people are slaves to laws of their own making, little less than in unmixed monarchies, where they are slaves to the will of one, subject to frailties like themselves.

In England, from a variety of happy accidents, their constitution is just strong enough, or, if you will, monarchical enough, to permit a relaxation of the severity of laws, and yet those laws still remain sufficiently strong to govern the people. This is the most perfect state of civil liberty of which we can form any idea: here we see a greater number of laws than in any other country, while the people at the same time obey only such as are immediately conducive to the interests of society; several are unnoticed, many unknown; some kept to be revived and enforced upon proper occasions; others left to grow obsolete, even without the necessity of abrogation.

There is scarcely an Englishman who does not almost every day of his life offend with impunity against some express law, and for which, in a certain conjuncture of circumstances, he would not receive punishment. Gaming houses, preaching at prohibited places, assembled crowds, nocturnal amusements, public shows, and a hundred other instances, are forbid and frequented. These prohibitions are useful; though it be prudent in their magistrates, and

happy for the people, that they are not enforced, and none but the venal or mercenary attempt to enforce them.

The law in this case, like an indulgent parent, still keeps the rod, though the child is seldom corrected. Were those pardoned offenses to rise into enormity, were they likely to obstruct the happiness of society, or endanger the state, it is then that justice would resume her terrors and punish those faults she had so often overlooked with indulgence. It is to this ductility of the laws that an Englishman owes the freedom he enjoys superior to others in a more popular government: every step, therefore, the constitution takes towards a democratic form, every diminution of the legal authority is, in fact, a diminution of the subject's freedom; but every attempt to render the government more popular, not only impairs natural liberty, but even will at last dissolve the political constitution.

Every popular government seems calculated to last only for a time; it grows rigid with age, new laws are multiplying, and the old continue in force; the subjects are oppressed, and burdened with a multiplicity of legal injunctions; there are none from whom to expect redress, and nothing but a strong convulsion in the state can vindicate them into former liberty: thus, the people of Rome, a few great ones excepted, found more real freedom under their emperors, though tyrants, than they had experienced in the old age of the commonwealth, in which their laws were become numerous and painful, in which new laws were every day enacting, and the old ones executed with rigor. They even refused to be reinstated in their former prerogatives, upon an offer made them to this purpose; for they actually found emperors the only means of softening the rigors of their constitution.

The constitution of England is at present possessed of the strength of its native oak, and the flexibility of the bending tamarisk; but should the people at any time, with a mistaken zeal, pant after an imaginary freedom, and fancy that abridging monarchy was increasing their privileges, they would be very much mistaken, since every jewel plucked from the crown of majesty would only be made use of as a bribe to corruption; it might enrich the few who shared it among them, but would, in fact, impoverish the public.

As the Roman senators, by slow and imperceptible degrees, became masters of the people, yet still flattered them with a show of freedom, while themselves only were free, so it is possible for a body of men, while they stand up for privileges, to grow into an exuberance of power themselves, and the public become actually dependent, while some of its individuals only governed.

If then, my friend, there should in this country ever be on the throne a king who, through good-nature or age, should give up the smallest part of his prerogative to the people; if there should come a minister of merit and popularity—but I have room for no more. Adieu.

THE LOVE OF "FREAKS."

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

Though the frequent invitations I receive from men of distinction here might excite the vanity of some, I am quite mortified, however, when I consider the motives that inspire their civility. I am sent for not to be treated as a friend, but to satisfy curiosity; not to be entertained so much as wondered at; the same earnestness which excites them to see a Chinese would have made them equally proud of a visit from the rhinoceros.

From the highest to the lowest this people seem fond of sights and monsters. I am told of a person here who gets a very comfortable livelihood by making wonders, and then selling or showing them to the people for money; no matter how insignificant they were in the beginning, by locking them up close, and showing for money, they soon become prodigies! His first essay in this way was to exhibit himself as a waxwork figure behind a glass door at a puppet show. Thus, keeping the spectators at a proper distance, and having his head adorned with a copper crown, he looked extremely natural, and very like the life itself. He continued this exhibition with success till an involuntary fit of sneezing brought him to life before all the spectators, and consequently rendered him for that time as entirely useless as the peaceable inhabitant of a catacomb.

Determined to act the statue no more, he next levied contributions under the figure of an Indian king; and by painting his face, and counterfeiting the savage howl, he frighted several ladies and children with amazing success. In this manner, therefore, he might have lived very comfortably had he not been arrested for a debt that was contracted when he was the figure in waxwork: thus his face underwent an involuntary ablution, and he found himself reduced to his primitive complexion and indigence.

After some time, being freed from jail, he was now grown wiser, and, instead of making himself a wonder, was resolved only to make wonders. He learned the art of pasting up mummies; was never at a loss for an artificial *lusus naturæ;* nay, it has been reported that he has sold seven petrified lobsters of his own manufacture to a noted collector of rarities; but this the learned Cracovius Putridus has undertaken to refute in a very elaborate dissertation.

His last wonder was nothing more than a halter, yet by this halter he gained more than by all his former exhibitions. The people, it seems, had got it in their heads that a certain noble criminal was to be hanged with a silken rope. Now there was nothing they so much wished to see as this very rope, and he was resolved to gratify their curiosity; he therefore got one made, not only of silk, but, to render it more striking, several threads of gold were intermixed. The people paid their money only to see silk, but were highly satisfied when they found it was mixed with gold into the bargain. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the projector sold his silken rope for almost what it had cost him as soon as the criminal was known to be hanged in hempen materials.

By their fondness of sights, one would be apt to imagine that instead of desiring to see things as they should be, they are rather solicitous of seeing them as they ought not to be. A cat with four legs is disregarded, though never so useful; but if it has but two, and is consequently incapable of catching mice, it is reckoned inestimable, and every man of taste is ready to raise the auction. A man, though in his person faultless as an aerial genius, might starve; but if stuck over with hideous warts like a porcupine, his

fortune is made forever, and he may propagate the breed with impunity and applause.

A good woman in my neighborhood, who was bred a habit maker, though she handled her needle tolerably well, could scarcely get employment. But being obliged, by an accident, to have both her hands cut off from the elbows, what would in another country have been her ruin made her fortune here: she now was thought more fit for her trade than before; business flowed in apace, and all people paid for seeing the mantua maker who wrought without hands.

A gentleman showing me his collection of pictures stopped at one with peculiar admiration; there, cried he, is an inestimable piece. I gazed at the picture for some time, but could see none of those graces with which he seemed enraptured; it appeared to me the most paltry piece of the whole collection: I therefore demanded where those beauties lay, of which I was yet insensible. Sir, cries he, the merit does not consist in the piece, but in the manner in which it was done. The painter drew the whole with his foot, and held the pencil between his toes; I bought it at a very great price, for peculiar merit should ever be rewarded.

But these people are not more fond of wonders than liberal in rewarding those who show them. From the wonderful dog of knowledge, at present under the patronage of the nobility, down to the man with the box, who professes to show the best imitation of nature that was ever seen, they all live in luxury. A singing woman shall collect subscriptions in her own coach and six; a fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose; one in particular has found that eating fire was the most ready way to live; and another who jingles several bells fixed to his cap is the only man that I know of who has received emolument from the labors of his head.

A young author, a man of good-nature and learning, was complaining to me some nights ago of this misplaced generosity of the times. Here, says he, have I spent part of my youth in attempting to instruct and amuse my fellow-creatures, and all my reward has been solitude, poverty, and reproach; while a fellow, possessed of even the smallest share of fiddling merit, or who has perhaps learned

to whistle double, is rewarded, applauded, and caressed! Prithee, young man, says I to him, are you ignorant that in so large a city as this it is better to be an amusing than a useful member of society? Can you leap up, and touch your feet four times before you come to the ground? No, sir. Can you flatter a man of quality? No, sir. Can you stand upon two horses at full speed? No, sir. Can you swallow a penknife? I can do none of these tricks. Why then, cried I, there is no other prudent means of subsistence left but to apprise the town that you speedily intend to eat up your own nose, by subscription.

I have frequently regretted that none of our Eastern posture masters or showmen have ever ventured to England. I should be pleased to see that money circulate in Asia, which is now sent to Italy and France, in order to bring their vagabonds hither. Several of our tricks would undoubtedly give the English high satisfaction. Men of fashion would be greatly pleased with the postures as well as the condescension of our dancing girls; and the ladies would equally admire the conductors of our fireworks. What an agreeable surprise would it be to see a huge fellow with whiskers flash a charged blunderbuss full in a lady's face, without singeing her hair, or melting her pomatum. Perhaps, when the first surprise was over, she might then grow familiar with danger; and the ladies might vie with each other in standing fire with intrepidity.

But of all the wonders of the East, the most useful, and I should fancy the most pleasing, would be the looking-glass of Lao, which reflects the mind as well as the body. It is said that the Emperor Chusi used to make his concubines dress their heads and their hearts in one of these glasses every morning: while the lady was at her toilet, he would frequently look over her shoulder; and it is recorded that among the three hundred which composed his seraglio, not one was found whose mind was not even more beautiful than her person.

I make no doubt but a glass in this country would have the very same effect. The English ladies, concubines and all, would undoubtedly cut very pretty figures in so faithful a monitor. There, should we happen to peep over a lady's shoulder while dressing, we might be able to see neither gaming nor ill-nature; neither pride, debauchery,

nor a love of gadding. We should find her, if any sensible defect appeared in the mind, more careful in rectifying it than plastering up the irreparable decays of the person; nay, I am even apt to fancy that ladies would find more real pleasure in this utensil in private than in any other bauble imported from China, though ever so expensive or amusing.

THE WORSHIP OF PINCHBECK HEROES.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

In reading the newspapers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, in less than the compass of half a year. "These," say the gazettes, "are the men that posterity are to gaze at with admiration; these the names that fame will be employed in holding up for the astonishment of succeeding ages." Let me see—forty-six great men in half a year amount just to ninety-two in a year. I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the people in future times will have any other business to mind but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech, he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his commonplace book into a folio, he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up trite sentiments in rhyme, he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The shout begins in his train, onward he marches towards immortality, looks back at the pursuing crowd with self-satisfaction; catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littleness of conscious greatness, by the way.

I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of a haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man. I came according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak, I was at once contradicted with a snap. I

attempted by a second and a third assault to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from intrenchment, and turned the conversation upon the government of China; but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before. "Heavens," thought I, "this man pretends to know China even better than myself!" I looked round to see who was on my side; but every eye was fixed in admiration on the great man: I therefore at last thought proper to sit silent, and act the pretty gentleman during the ensuing conversation.

When a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper; and it all passes for elevation of sentiment, or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a teapot for a tobacco box, it is said that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects; to speak and to act like the rest of mankind is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness; for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

When the Tartars make a Lama, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple: here he is to sit half concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but, above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This, however, is but the prelude to his apotheosis: a set of emissaries are dispatched among the people, to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw flesh; the people take them at their word, approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his priests with the spoon of immortality. The same receipt in this country serves to make a great man. The idol only keeps close, sends out his little emissaries to be hearty in his praise; and straight, whether statesman or author, he is set down in the list of fame, continuing to be praised while it is fashionable to praise, or while he prudently keeps his minuteness concealed from the public.

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men; all

fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of those domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world, till the monk soon after divided this reputation by returning the compliment,—by which means they both marched off with universal applause.

The same degree of undeserved adulation that attends our great man while living often also follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens that one of his little admirers sits down big with the important subject, and is delivered of the history of his life and writings. This may properly be called the revolutions of a life between the fireside and the easy-chair.

In this we learn the year in which he was born, at what an early age he gave symptoms of uncommon genius and application, together with some of his smart sayings, collected by his aunt and mother, while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the university, where we are informed of his amazing progress in learning, his excellent skill in darning stockings, and his new invention for papering books to save the covers. He next makes his appearance in the republic of letters, and publishes his folio. Now the colossus is reared, his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchasers of scarce books. The learned societies invite him to become a member; he disputes against some foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is excessively fond of egg sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Happy they who thus have some little faithful attendant, who never forsakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to praise against every opposer: at once ready to increase their pride while living, and their character when dead. For you and I, my friend, who have no humble admirer thus to attend us, we, who neither are, nor ever will be, great men, and who do not much care whether we are great men or no, at least let us strive to be honest men, and to have common sense. Adieu.

WHANG AND HIS DREAM OF DIAMONDS.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

The Europeans are themselves blind, who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw more clearly; they who have no other trade but seeking their fortune need never hope to find her; coquette like, she flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic, who stays at home and minds his business.

I am amazed how men call her blind, when, by the company she keeps, she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not there; wherever you see a house with the doors open, be very sure Fortune is not there; when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold be satisfied Fortune is not there; wherever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced Fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or, to personize her no longer, if you desire, my son, to be rich, and have money, be more eager to save than acquire: when people say, Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there, take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are, and secure all you can get, without stirring. When you hear that your neighbor has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up such another; or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang, in our books of Chinese learning,—he who, despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody

loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine: but if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew, but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him: but though these were small, they were certain; while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating, and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan; how slyly would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me; and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity, he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars, that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in

money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turned up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. "Here," cried he, in raptures to himself, "here it is! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion easily may be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found —not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen. Adieu.

THE LOVE OF QUACK MEDICINES.

From 'The Citizen of the World.'

Whatever may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which they are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty: be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by leveling a pill

at the part affected, promise a certain cure, without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hindrance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient who refuses so much health upon such easy terms. Does he take a pride in being bloated with dropsy; does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever; or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must; otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick. Only sick, did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius! they die, though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner.

I am amazed, my dear Fum Hoam, that these doctors, who know what an obstinate set of people they have to deal with, have never thought of attempting to revive the dead. When the living are found to reject their prescription, they ought in conscience to apply to the dead, from whom they can expect no such mortifying repulses; they would find in the dead the most complying patients imaginable; and what gratitude might they not expect from the patient's son, now no longer an heir, and his wife, now no longer a widow!

Think not, my friend, that there is anything chimerical in such an attempt; they already perform cures equally strange. What can be more truly astonishing than to see old age restored to youth, and vigor to the most feeble constitutions? Yet this is performed here every day: a simple electuary effects these wonders, even without the bungling ceremonies of having the patient boiled up in a kettle, or ground down in a mill.

Few physicians here go through the ordinary courses of education, but receive all their knowledge of medicine by immediate inspiration from heaven. Some are thus inspired even in the womb; and, what is very remarkable, understand their profession as well at three years old as at threescore. Others have spent a great part of their lives unconscious of any latent excellence, till a bankruptcy or a residence in jail has called their miraculous powers into exertion. And others still there are indebted to their superlative ignorance alone for success; the more ignorant the practitioner, the less capable is he thought of deceiving. The people here judge as they do in the East,—where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should be an idiot before he pretend to be either a conjurer or a doctor.

When a physician by inspiration is sent for, he never perplexes the patient by previous examination; he asks very few questions, and those only for form's sake. He knows every disorder by intuition; he administers the pill or drop for every distemper; nor is more inquisitive than the farrier while he drenches his horse. If the patient live, then has he one more to add to the surviving list; if he die, then it may be justly said of the patient's disorder, that, "as it was not cured, the disorder was incurable."

HAPPINESS AND GOOD-NATURE.

From 'The Bee.'

When I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure: I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational amusement for spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are

infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick gives can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The music of Matei is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night,' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'

Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession: some may be awkward, others ill dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! a happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairyland around him. Everything furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate.

They who, like him, can place themselves on that side of the world in which everything appears in a ridiculous or pleasing light will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humor. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theater, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de

Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being a universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favorable reception; if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress,—he persuaded himself that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and so all was well again. When Fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarin, and was confined a close prisoner in the castle of Vincennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, teased every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good humor, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged by writing the life of his jailer.

All that philosophy can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humor be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

Dick Wildgoose was one of the happiest silly fellows I ever knew. He was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree that all the intercession of friends in his favor was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his

deathbed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered round him. "I leave my second son Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, "prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself." "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds." "Ah, father!" cried Simon (in great affliction to be sure) "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog, you 'll never come to good, you 'll never be rich; I 'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah, father!" cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and Dick is not only excessively good-humored, but competently rich.

The world, in short, may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or the lady who keeps her good-humor in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behavior they can possibly assume. It is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others. By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; the only method to come off victorious is by running away.

THE MISTAKE OF A NIGHT.

From 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

SCENE.—*An Alehouse Room.*

Several shabby fellows, with punch and tobacco. TONY LUMPKIN *at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest: a mallet in his hand.*

All. Hurra! hurra! hurra! bravo!

1 *Fellow.* Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

All. Ay; a song, a song.

Tony. Then I 'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.—TONY LUMPKIN.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning ;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians :
Their quis, and their quæs, and their quods,
They 're all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I 'll wager the rascals a crown
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I 'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then, come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever ;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout :
Here 's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons ;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here 's health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Enter LANDLORD, *conducting* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Marlow. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hastings. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Marlow. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself

under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hastings. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offense, gentlemen: but I 'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hastings. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hastings. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Marlow. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marlow. That 's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No, offense; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hastings. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Marlow. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem. Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hastings. Unfortunate!

Tony. It 's a d—d long, dark, boggy, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentleman the way to Mr. Hardcastle's (*winking at the Landlord*)—Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire-marsh. You understand me.

Landlord. Master Hardcastle's? Lack-a-daisy! my masters, you 're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came

to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

Marlow. Cross down Squash-lane?

Landlord. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Marlow. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one.

Marlow. Oh, sir! you 're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Marlow. Zounds! man, we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hastings. What 's to be done, Marlow?

Marlow. This house promises but a poor reception; though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate us.

Landlord. Alack, master; we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that 's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it: don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with three chairs and a bolster?

Hastings. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Marlow. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head, on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country—

Hastings. O ho! so, we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Landlord. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool, you: let them find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large house on the roadside: you 'll see a pair of large horns over the door; that 's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hastings. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: but I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business: so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He 'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod! if you mind him, he 'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Landlord. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a' keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole county.

Marlow. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I 'll just step, myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum!

SCENE.—*An old-fashioned house.* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? (*Marlow advances.*) Sir, you are heartily welcome. It 's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire! I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate; I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To Hardcastle.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To Hastings.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our traveling dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hardcastle. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you 'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hastings. I fancy, you 're right: the first blow is half the battle. We must, however, open the campaign.

Hardcastle. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Marlow. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. We must show our generalship by securing, if necessary, a retreat.

Hardcastle. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts

me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Marlow. Ay, and we 'll summon your garrison, old boy.

Hardcastle. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hastings. Marlow, what 's o'clock?

Hardcastle. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Marlow. Five minutes to seven.

Hardcastle. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—You must have heard of George Brooks—I 'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

Marlow. What? My good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigor.

Hardcastle. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. (*Aside.*)

Marlow. Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable.

Enter SERVANT, *with a tankard.*

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hardcastle. Here 's a cup, sir.

Marlow. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. (*Aside to Hastings.*)

Hardcastle. (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you 'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you 'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Drinks, and gives the cup to Marlow.*)

Marlow. A very impudent fellow this; but he's a character, and I 'll humor him a little. (*Aside.*) Sir, my service to you.

Hastings. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he 's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentlemen. (*Aside.*)

Marlow. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose. (*Gives the tankard to Hardcastle.*)

Hardcastle. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there 's no business for us that sell ale. (*Gives the tankard to Hastings.*)

Hastings. So, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hardcastle. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who 's in or who 's out, than I do about John Nokes or Tom Stiles. So my service to you.

Hastings. So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hardcastle. I do stir about a good deal, that 's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

Marlow. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hardcastle. Ay, young gentlemen, that and a little philosophy.

Marlow. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. (*Aside.*)

Hastings. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here 's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

Hardcastle. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marlow. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it 's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hardcastle. For supper, sir? Was ever such a request to a man in his own house? (*Aside.*)

Marlow. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hardcastle. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*Aside.*) Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Marlow. You do, do you?

Hardcastle. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what 's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Marlow. Then I beg they 'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It 's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offense, I hope, sir.

Hardcastle. Oh! no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hastings. Let 's see the list of the larder, then. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marlow. (*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he 's very right, and it 's my way, too.

Hardcastle. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it 's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it. (*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*)

Hastings. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. (*Aside.*) But let 's hear the bill of fare.

Marlow. (*Perusing.*) What 's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert.—The devil, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hastings. But let 's hear it.

Marlow. (*Reading.*) For the first course: at the top, a pig and prune sauce.

Hastings. D— your pig, say I.

Marlow. And d— your prune sauce, say I.

Hardcastle. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with prune sauce is very good eating.—Their impudence confounds me. (*Aside.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marlow. Item: a pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

Hastings. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I 'm for plain eating.

Hardcastle. I 'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to—

Marlow. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hardcastle. I entreat you 'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marlow. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hardcastle. I must insist, sir, you 'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marlow. You see I 'm resolved on it. A very troublesome fellow, as ever I met with. (*Aside.*)

Hardcastle. Well, sir, I 'm resolved at least, to attend you. This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like an old-fashioned impudence.

(*Aside and exit with Marlow.*)

Hastings. So, I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry with those assiduities which are meant to please him?

THE TRAVELLER:

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

This poem was dedicated to the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, brother of the author.—[ED.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untraveled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Blessed be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blessed that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blessed be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is, at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glowed beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous plowshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.

Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smoldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire,
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshened from the wave, the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blessed a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here:
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,

Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state.
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blessed, indeed, were such without alloy,
But fostered e'en by Freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;

Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,
Till overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that earth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;

The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise;
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,

The playful children just let loose from school;
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side;

But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master, taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew,
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;

'T was certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'T is yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.

Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close in sorrow doubly dear;

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade:
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states, of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,

As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

Thanks, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtù;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They 'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in,
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it 's no bounce: I protest in my turn
It 's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Byrne.[1]

To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best;
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'T was a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:[2]
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There 's Howard, and Coley, and H—rth, and Hiff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There 's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton 's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,

[1] Lord Clare's nephew.
[2] Dorothy Monroe, a woman of great beauty, who also figures in Lord Townshend's verses.

It 's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie centered,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, entered;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he looked at the venison and me.

"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce:
"I get these things often;"—but that was a bounce:
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case, then," cried he, very gay,
"I 'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We 'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I 'd ask my Lord Clare.
And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.
What say you—a pasty? it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables followed behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself;"
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogged with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendor to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumbered closet just twelve feet by nine:)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t' other with Thrale;
But no matter, I 'll warrant we 'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,

They 're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They entered, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there was spinage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it 's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vexed me most was that d—d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue,
And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I 've eat of your tripe till I 'm ready to burst;"
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all."
"O—oh!" quoth my friend, "he 'll come on in a trice,
He 's keeping a corner for something that 's nice:
"There 's a pasty"—"A pasty!" repeated the Jew,
"I don't care if I keep a corner for 't too."
"What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot,
"Though splitting, I 'll still keep a corner for that."
"We 'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We 'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delayed,
With looks that quite petrified, entered the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it 's but labor misplaced
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You 've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sickened over by learning;

At least, it 's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that 's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

EXTRACTS FROM RETALIATION.

[At a literary club held at the St. James's coffee-house, St. James's street, Goldsmith was the cause of much diversion, owing to his odd manners and speech. During one of the gatherings he desired to try his talent for epigram with Garrick, the actor. Each was to write the other's epitaph. Garrick spoke his on the spot as follows :—

" Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

This was received with hearty laughter, and Goldsmith, disconcerted, did not then respond ; but some weeks after he produced 'Retaliation.' It was published a fortnight after his death, on April 18, 1774.]

Of old, when Scarron[1] his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord[2] supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our Dean[3] shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke[4] shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;
Our Will[5] shall be wildfowl, of excellent flavor,
And Dick[6] with his pepper shall heighten the savor:
Our Cumberland's[7] sweetbread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas[8] is pudding, substantial and plain:
Our Garrick 's[9] a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge[10] is anchovy, and Reynolds[11] is lamb;
That Hickey 's[12] a capon, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,

[1] French burlesque writer. [2] Master of St. James's coffee-house.
[3] Dr. Bernard, Dean of Derry, Ireland. [4] Edmund Burke.
[5] William Burke, M.P. for Bedwin, and a relative of Edmund Burke.
[6] Richard Burke, a barrister, younger brother of the statesman.
[7] Richard Cumberland, dramatist.
[8] Dr. Douglas, Canon of Windsor, became Bishop of Carlisle (1787) and of Salisbury (1791). [9] David Garrick. [10] Counselor John Ridge.
[11] Sir Joshua Reynolds. [12] An Irish attorney.

Who 'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last:
Here, waiter! more wine, let me sit while I 'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

. . . . . .

Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine:
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'T was only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick,
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,[1] and Woodfalls[2] so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were bepraised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,
Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

. . . . . .

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,

[1] Hugh Kelly, author of 'False Delicacy,' 'School for Wives.'
[2] William Woodfall, printer of *The Morning Chronicle.*

His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing:
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet,[1] and only took snuff.

AN ELEGY.

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

[1] Sir Joshua Reynolds was so deaf that he had to use an ear-trumpet. He also took snuff largely. Goldsmith did not quite finish 'Retaliation.' He intended to conclude with an epitaph on himself.

EPITAPH ON DOCTOR PARNELL.

This tomb inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confessed his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.[1]

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,—
I don't think he 'll wish to come back.

[1] Purdon was Goldsmith's friend at Trinity College, Dublin. He spent his fortune, enlisted as a soldier, in time obtained his discharge, and wrote for the newspapers.

HENRY GRATTAN.

(1746—1820.)

GRATTAN'S political philosophy and Constitutional theory may be, no doubt, a little out of date to-day, but his great spirit, so ardent, pure, soaring, intrepid, will never grow old. Generation after generation that spirit continues descending and redescending, reincarnating itself, as it were, in the thoughts and aspirations of the young and brave, and not in Ireland only. Wherever men think of patriotism they think of Grattan. Ruskin, when treating of this subject, selected Grattan as the noblest example of the patriot known to him. The hero is not often an orator or the orator a hero, but Grattan was both. Great as are his words, they in no way matched his daring and unconquerable spirit.

Henry Grattan was born July 3, 1746, and was the son of James Grattan, who for many years was the Recorder and Member of Parliament for the city of Dublin.

In 1763 Grattan entered Trinity College, Dublin, where his most intimate friend was Broome, with whom for a long time he maintained a continuous correspondence which reveals a character highly emotional, melancholy, poetical, eager, and passionate, yet reflective. One is surprised to find in his letters a great love of nature, for of this one cannot recall the least trace in his oratory.

In 1767 he joined the Middle Temple in London, and till his thirtieth year lived in that city, doing little at his profession, but reading widely and thinking much ; and he might have lived and died there quite undistinguished but for his meeting the celebrated Henry Flood. From him he learned that he had a country, a native land, and was not a mere citizen of the world, while the brilliant career of that orator and statesman was a clear proof to the younger man that Ireland, though a province, could supply to genius and ambition a noble field of action.

The two Henrys became, and for years continued to be, friends and mutual admirers, and if they quarreled in after years, and used concerning each other language the most scornful and contumelious, it was a grand quarrel, arising, as it did, out of the conflict of colliding and irreconcilable principles. It must be remembered, too, that Grattan, on his side, after Flood's death, made ample, eloquent, and most sincere amends to the memory and fame of his great antagonist.

What Grattan said then concerning Flood was true, but the truth came most appropriately from Grattan's lips, for Flood had found him a student, a dreamer, an intellectual dilettante, and a political virtuoso, and had left him strong, practical, with clear and high public principles and purposes, and eager to bring them into action and to the test of real life.

In 1775 he took his seat in the Irish Parliament, and at once became a leader of the Opposition, that proud place having been

THE GRATTAN STATUE, DAME STREET, DUBLIN

From a photograph

This statue, which is one of Foley's best works, is on the parade ground of the Volunteers of 1782. Grattan stands in the attitude of oration, facing the statutes of Burke and Goldsmith, in front of his, and their *alma mater*, "Old Trinity," while on his left is the old Parliament House, with which his eloquence is forever associated. It was unveiled in 1882.



vacated by Flood, who had accepted office, believing that he could do more for the country as a trusted member of the Government than as the leader of a small and ineffective party; able, indeed, to vex and discomfort Ministers, but unable to wring from them any concessions.

He was probably right. He knew the country well and had ample private means, and no one could seriously accuse him of surrendering principle for mere gain. But for the Volunteer movement Grattan, if more brilliantly, might have trodden the same road as Flood. But two years after he entered Parliament, England being then at war with France and America, and the country being denuded of troops, corps of armed and disciplined Irish Protestants, the Volunteers, began to start up in different parts of Ireland for purposes of national defense.

The sequel is too well known to require here more than a few words. Ireland had great and notorious wrongs to redress, and in the heat and light of this mighty movement ideas and purposes ripened fast, and especially in the mind of young Grattan.

Subsequently, Grattan always spoke of the Volunteers of this period as "the armed Property of the country," while he stigmatized those of a later time—the men with whom Wolfe Tone effected an alliance—as "the armed Beggary of the country," for he was often unscrupulous in the use of words, especially when the opportunity of a telling antithesis presented itself.

The first great achievement of Grattan and the Volunteers—the whole country, of all orders and religions, moving together as if one man, or like a tide urged and directed by his genius—was the liberation of the trade of Ireland, an immense victory on the road to freedom. For generations the Parliamentary Opposition had been requesting the Imperial Government to give Ireland her natural liberty of trading with foreign countries, but in vain. Grattan and the Volunteers *demanded* that liberty. It was granted; and, as if in a day, fell to the ground a huge system of oppression and injustice, in defense of which no honest man ever opened his mouth.

Grattan now determined to advance a great step further and demand the independence of the Irish Parliament, and what a stride that really was no one can now realize without first familiarizing himself with the state of thought and feeling which then prevailed in Ireland, mitigated, though it was, by the growing consciousness of power, the spreading flame of patriotism, and the intellectual illumination and liberation resulting from that recent victory.

It is not easy now to recognize the degree of courage, enthusiasm, force of conviction, and all-daring resolution needed for the attempt, but, physically and morally, Grattan was the man for that work. He was in both respects the bravest man in Ireland, though his tenement of clay was frail and undermined by disease. He had not only courage and of the best kind, but below it and behind it an illimitable audacity of character. The wrath of the powerful no more disturbed him than the pistol of the duellist. In his hostile meeting with Corry he reserved his fire, letting Corry shoot first, who did his best to kill him. Then he, himself, fired in the air. "I could

have shot him dead, had I pleased," wrote the old man. He was fifty-three at the time, and sick and weak, too.

Ireland had grievances enough, surely, and had drunk to the lees the cup of wrong, humiliation, and degradation, and there was an abundance of smoldering wrath and discontent everywhere, but Ireland wanted a man, and Grattan came forth as that, gloriously equipped, armed with knowledge, philosophy, intellectual power, dazzling eloquence, and flaming passion, enthusiasm, and love of country, and a temperament that rejoiced in danger, and with joy went out to meet it.

On the 19th of April, 1780, he made his memorable motion of a declaration of Irish Right in one of the grandest pieces of reasoning, eloquence, enthusiasm, and lofty moral intention that has, perhaps, ever proceeded out of the mouth of man, or of which we have any historical account. Its effect was electrical; the country kindled to his words.

Then, inspired to that step by the noble Francis Dobbs, the Volunteers of Ulster met in Dungannon, in the great church there, and unanimously passed the celebrated resolution which Grattan himself had drawn up, and which ran as follows: "Resolved—That a claim by any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom is unconstitutional, and a grievance."

The second resolution, directed against Poynings' law, originated with Flood, and seemed to be superfluous in view of the first.

The third was drawn by, and originated with, the unrecognized and still misunderstood Volunteer hero of the North, Francis Dobbs, but was approved and authorized by Grattan—a most memorable one, indicative of many things in that strange and sublime time, when, for a moment, the Spirit of the Highest seemed to mingle with the Spirit of Ireland. "Resolved—That we hold the right of private judgment in matters of religion to be equally sacred in others as well as in ourselves; that we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland."

Then came on the Address of the Irish Parliament to the King, the declaration of Irish independence, moved again by Grattan, and in a speech of surpassing eloquence, full of fire—white-fire—of sublimity and an immense reach of thought.

And then—then came the end! The mighty wave had culminated, and culminating burst, as if in foam and glittering spray, in those wonderful speeches, those great resolutions and declaratory motions, and began to subside, to fall, and—in its fall—Grattan fell too.

Grattan now committed the grand error of his career; he refused to go forward with the Volunteers for the reform of the borough and irresponsible Parliament which, as an independent legislature, he had called into existence. He desired, at all costs, to "slow down" the furious national excitement which then prevailed, and which he believed was leading toward anarchy and social dissolution. He saw the evil as clearly as any, but for its removal he trusted in the patriotism and public spirit of the aristocracy, in the reforming ener-

gies of the great English Whig party, then powerful and in power; also in himself and in his seeming boundless authority over the minds of the landed gentry of Ireland. He was wrong; all those expectations were falsified in the event, and, as to his own personal authority, he lost not only that but his popularity as well, so that for many years he was, perhaps, the best hated man in Ireland, and continued so until he blazed out again as the national leader in the great debates which accompanied the passage of the Act of Union.

Space forbids more extended treatment of his career, which, after that event, loses all greatness of significance, though the rest of his life was devoted to the noble task of achieving the complete political enfranchisement of Roman Catholics.

He died in London, and was buried, contrary to his desire, in Westminster Abbey. Madden, author of 'The Lives of the United Irishmen,' thus summarizes the grand features of his character and career as an Irish leader :—

(1) "He was the first Irishman who ministered intellectually to the national character of his country."

(2) "He was the first Irishman who treated of Irish politics on a grand scale, with breadth of view and liberal judgment."

(3) "He was not only a national patriot—he was also the herald of civilization."

"I never knew a man," said the noble Wilberforce, "whose love for his country seemed so completely to extinguish all private interests, and cause him to look so invariably and exclusively to the public good."

Then, as to that "grand error of his career," it is well to remember how easy it is to be wise after the event ; also, that great men are very liable to the generous error of believing that others are as great as themselves. S. O'G.

DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS.

Speech in the House of Commons, April, 1780.

Sir, I have entreated an attendance on this day, that you might in the most public manner deny the claim of the British parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it.

If I had lived when the 9th of William took away the woolen manufacture, or when the 6th of George the First declared this country to be dependent, and subject to laws to be enacted by the parliament of England, I should have made a covenant with my own conscience to seize the first moment of rescuing my country from the ignominy of such acts of power; or, if I had a son, I should have administered to him an oath that he would consider himself a person separate and set apart for the discharge of so impor-

tant a duty; upon the same principle am I now come to move a declaration of right, the first moment occurring since my time in which such a declaration could be made with any chance of success, and without aggravation of oppression.

Sir, it must appear to every person, that, notwithstanding the import of sugar and export of woolens, the people of this country are not satisfied—something remains; the greater work is behind; the public heart is not well at ease. To promulgate our satisfaction; to stop the throats of millions with the votes of parliament; to preach homilies to the volunteers; to utter invectives against the people under pretense of affectionate advice,—is an attempt weak, suspicious, and inflammatory.

You cannot dictate to those whose sense you are intrusted to represent; your ancestors, who sat within these walls, lost to Ireland trade and liberty; you, by the assistance of the people, have recovered trade; you still owe the kingdom liberty; she calls upon you to restore it.

The ground of public discontent seems to be, "we have gotten commerce, but not freedom:" the same power which took away the export of woolens and the export of glass may take them away again; the repeal is partial, and the ground of repeal is upon a principle of expediency.

Sir, expedient is a word of appropriated and tyrannical import; expedient is an ill-omened word, selected to express the reservation of authority while the exercise is mitigated; expedient is the ill-omened expression of the repeal of the American stamp-act. England thought it expedient to repeal that law; happy had it been for mankind, if, when she withdrew the exercise, she had not reserved the right! To that reservation she owes the loss of her American empire at the expense of millions, and America the seeking of liberty through a sea of bloodshed. The repeal of the woolen act, similarly circumstanced, pointed against the principle of our liberty: present relaxation, but tyranny in reserve, may be a subject for illumination to a populace, or a pretense for apostasy to a courtier, but cannot be the subject of settled satisfaction to a freeborn, an intelligent, and an injured community. It is therefore they consider the free-trade as a trade *de facto*, not *de jure*, a license to trade under the parliament

of England, not a free-trade under the charters of Ireland as a tribute to her strength; to maintain which she must continue in a state of armed preparation, dreading the approach of a general peace, and attributing all she holds dear to the calamitous condition of the British interest in every quarter of the globe. This dissatisfaction, founded upon a consideration of the liberty we have lost, is increased when they consider the opportunity they are losing; for if this nation after the death-wound given to her freedom had fallen on her knees in anguish, and besought the Almighty to frame an occasion in which a weak and injured people might recover their rights, prayer could not have asked, nor God have furnished, a moment more opportune for the restoration of liberty than this in which I have the honor to address you.

England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; the doctrine of imperial legislature she feels to be pernicious; the revenues and monopolies annexed to it she has found to be untenable; she lost the power to enforce it; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection; you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy. Besides, there does of late a certain damp and spurious supineness overcast her arms and councils, miraculous as that vigor which has lately inspirited yours;—for with you everything is the reverse; never was there a parliament in Ireland so possessed of the confidence of the people; you are the greatest political assembly now sitting in the world; you are at the head of an immense army; nor do we only possess an unconquerable force, but a certain unquenchable public fire, which has touched all ranks of men like a visitation.

Turn to the growth and spring of your country, and behold and admire it; where do you find a nation who, upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, expresses herself with more truth or force, perspicuity or justice? not the set phrase of scholastic men, not the tame unreality of court addresses, not the vulgar raving of a rabble, but the

genuine speech of liberty and the unsophisticated oratory of a free nation.

See her military ardor, expressed not only in 40,000 men, conducted by instinct as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every young member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble; let the enemy, foreign or domestic, tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety and this hour of redemption. Yes; there does exist an enlightened sense of rights, a young appetite for freedom, a solid strength, and a rapid fire, which not only put a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one. Eighteen counties are at your bar; they stand there with the compact of Henry, with the charter of John, and with all the passions of the people. "Our lives are at your service, but our liberties—we received them from God; we will not resign them to man." Speaking to you thus, if you repulse these petitioners, you abdicate the privileges of parliament, forfeit the rights of the kingdom, repudiate the instruction of your constituents, bilge the sense of your country, palsy the enthusiasm of the people, and reject that good which not a minister, not a Lord North, not a Lord Buckinghamshire, not a Lord Hillsborough, but a certain providential conjuncture, or rather the hand of God, seems to extend to you. Nor are we only prompted to this when we consider our strength; we are challeneged to it when we look to Great Britain. The people of that country are now waiting to hear the Parliament of Ireland speak on the subject of their liberty.

It begins to be made a question in England whether the principal persons wish to be free: it was the delicacy of former parliaments to be silent on the subject of commercial restrictions, lest they should show a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation; you have spoken out, you have shown a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation. On the contrary you have returned thanks for a partial repeal made on a principle of power; you have returned thanks as for a favor, and your exultation has brought your charters as well as your spirit into question, and tends to shake to her foundation your title to liberty: thus you do not leave your rights where you found them. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too

far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country or publicly restore them. It is very true you may feed your manufacturers, and landed gentlemen may get their rents, and you may export woolen, and may load a vessel with baize, serges, and kerseys, and you may bring back again directly from the plantations, sugar, indigo, speckle-wood, beetle-root, and panellas. But liberty, the foundation of trade, the charters of the land, the independency of parliament, the securing, crowning, and the consummation of everything, are yet to come. Without them the work is imperfect, the foundation is wanting, the capital is wanting, trade is not free; Ireland is a colony without the benefit of a charter, and you are a provincial synod without the privileges of a parliament.

I read Lord North's proposition; I wish to be satisfied, but I am controlled by a paper, I will not call it a law; it is the 6th of George the First. [The paper was read.] I will ask the gentlemen of the long robe, Is this the law? I ask them whether it is not practice? I appeal to the judges of the land whether they are not in a course of declaring that the parliament of Great Britain, naming Ireland, binds her? I appeal to the magistrates of justice whether they do not from time to time execute certain acts of the British parliament? I appeal to the officers of the army whether they do not fine, confine, and execute their fellow-subjects by virtue of the Mutiny Act, an act of the British parliament; and I appeal to this house whether a country so circumstanced is free. Where is the freedom of trade? where is the security of property? where is the liberty of the people? I here, in this Declaratory Act, see my country proclaimed a slave! I see every man in this house enrolled a slave! I see the judges of the realm, the oracles of the law, borne down by an unauthorized foreign power, by the authority of the British parliament against the law! I see the magistrates prostrate, and I see parliament witness of these infringements, and silent (silent or employed to preach moderation to the people whose liberties it will not restore)! I therefore say, with the voice of 3,000,000 of people, that, notwithstanding the import of sugar, beetle-wood, and panellas, and the export of woolens and kerseys, nothing is safe, satisfactory, or

honorable, nothing except a declaration of right. What! are you, with 3,000,000 of men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free people? Are you, the greatest House of Commons that ever sat in Ireland, that want but this one act to equal that English House of Commons that passed the Petition of Right, or that other that passed the Declaration of Right, are you afraid to tell that British parliament you are a free people? Are the cities and the instructing counties, who have breathed a spirit that would have done honor to old Rome when Rome did honor to mankind, are they to be free by connivance! Are the military associations, those bodies whose origin, progress, and deportment have transcended, equaled at least, anything in modern or ancient story—is the vast line of northern army, are they to be free by connivance? What man will settle among you? Where is the use of the Naturalization Bill? What man will settle among you? who will leave a land of liberty and a settled government for a kingdom controlled by the parliament of another country, whose liberty is a thing by stealth, whose trade a thing by permission, whose judges deny her charters, whose parliament leaves everything at random; where the chance of freedom depends upon the hope that the jury shall despise the judge stating a British act, or a rabble stop the magistrate executing it, rescue your abdicated privileges, and save the constitution by trampling on the government, by anarchy and confusion?

But I shall be told that these are groundless jealousies, and that the principal cities, and more than one half of the counties of the kingdom, are misguided men, raising those groundless jealousies. Sir, let me become on this occasion the people's advocate and your historian; the people of this country were possessed of a code of liberty similar to that of Great Britain, but lost it through the weakness of the kingdom and the pusillanimity of its leaders. Having lost our liberty by the usurpation of the British parliament, no wonder we became a prey to her ministers; and they did plunder us with all the hands of all the harpies for a series of years in every shape of power, terrifying our people with the thunder of Great Britain, and bribing our leaders with the rapine of Ireland. The kingdom became a plantation, her parliament, deprived of its privileges, fell into con-

tempt; and with the legislature the law, the spirit of liberty, with her forms, vanished. If a war broke out as in 1778, and an occasion occurred to restore liberty and restrain rapine, parliament declined the opportunity; but with an active servility and trembling loyalty, gave and granted without regard to the treasure we had left or the rights we had lost. If a partial reparation was made upon a principle of expediency, parliament did not receive it with the tranquil dignity of an august assembly, but with the alacrity of slaves.

The principal individuals, possessed of great property but no independency, corrupted by their extravagance, or enslaved by their following, a species of English factor against an Irish people, more afraid of the people of Ireland than the tyranny of England, proceeded to that excess that they opposed every proposition to lessen profusion, extend trade, or promote liberty; they did more, they supported a measure which, at one blow, put an end to all trade; they did more, they brought you to a condition which they themselves did unanimously acknowledge a state of impending ruin; they did this, talking as they are now talking, arguing against trade as they now argue against liberty, threatening the people of Ireland with the power of the British nation, and imploring them to rest satisfied with the ruins of their trade, as they now implore them to remain satisfied with the wreck of their constitution.

The people thus admonished, starving in a land of plenty, the victim of two parliaments, of one that stopped their trade, the other that fed on their constitution, inhabiting a country where industry was forbid, or towns swarming with begging manufacturers, and being obliged to take into their own hands that part of government which consists in protecting the subject, had recourse to two measures, which, in their origin, progress, and consequence, are the most extraordinary to be found in any age or in any country, viz. a commercial and a military association. The consequence of these measures was instant; the enemy that hung on your shores departed, the parliament asked for a free trade, and the British nation granted the trade, but withheld the freedom. The people of Ireland are therefore not satisfied; they ask for a constitu-

tion; they have the authority of the wisest men in this house for what they now demand. What have these walls, for this last century, resounded? The usurpation of the British parliament and the interference of the privy council. Have we taught the people to complain, and do we now condemn their insatiability, because they desire us to remove such grievances at a time in which nothing can oppose them except the very men by whom these grievances were acknowledged?

Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, and we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease—never! so long as the parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country: so long as this shall be the case, that very free-trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character: had he intended to make Ireland a slave he should have kept her a beggar; there is no middle policy; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland—they judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty; they judge of us with a true knowledge of, and just deference for, our character—that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty. . . .

I shall hear of ingratitude: I name the argument to despise it and the men who make use of it: I know the men who use it are not grateful, they are insatiate; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their own emolument:

I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free, no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasures, be meted and parceled out in gratitude: no man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor nation of her liberty: there are certain unimpartible, inherent, invaluable properties not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says that Ireland is insatiable; saying that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of, her rights and privileges; to say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade and a free constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with less?

I shall be told that we hazard the modification of the law of Poynings and the Judges Bill, and the Habeas Corpus Bill, and the Nullum Tempus Bill; but I ask, have you been for years begging for these little things, and have not you yet been able to obtain them? and have you been contending against a little body of eighty men in privy council assembled, convocating themselves into the image of a parliament, and ministering your high office? and have you been contending against one man, an humble individual, to you a leviathan—the English attorney-general—who advises in the case of Irish bills, and exercises legislation in his own person, and makes your parliamentary deliberations a blank by altering your bills or suppressing them? and have you not yet been able to conquer this little monster! Do you wish to know the reason? I will tell you: because you have not been a parliament nor your country a people. Do you wish to know the remedy?—be a parliament, become a nation, and these things will follow in the train of your consequence. I shall be told that titles are shaken, being vested by force of English acts; but in answer to that, I observe, time may be a title, acquiescence a title, forfeiture a title, but an English act of parliament certainly cannot: it is an authority, which, if a judge

would charge, no jury would find, and which all the electors in Ireland have already disclaimed unequivocally, cordially, and universally. Sir, this is a good argument for an act of title, but no argument against a declaration of right. My friend, who sits above me (Mr. Yelverton), has a bill of confirmation; we do not come unprepared to parliament. I am not come to shake property, but to confirm property and restore freedom. The nation begins to form; we are moulding into a people; freedom asserted, property secured, and the army (a mercenary band) likely to be restrained by law. Never was such a revolution accomplished in so short a time, and with such public tranquillity. In what situation would those men who call themselves friends of constitution and of government have left you? They would have left you without a title, as they state it, to your estates, without an assertion of your constitution or a law for your army; and this state of unexampled private and public insecurity, this anarchy raging in the kingdom for eighteen months, these mock moderators would have had the presumption to call peace.

I shall be told that the judges will not be swayed by the resolution of this house. Sir, that the judges will not be borne down by the resolutions of parliament, not founded in law, I am willing to believe; but the resolutions of this house, founded in law, they will respect most exceedingly. I shall always rejoice at the independent spirit of the distributors of the law, but must lament that hitherto they have given no such symptom. The judges of the British nation, when they adjudicated against the laws of that country, pleaded precedent and the prostration and profligacy of a long tribe of subservient predecessors, and were punished. The judges of Ireland, if they should be called upon, and should plead sad necessity, the thraldom of the times, and above all, the silent fears of parliament, they no doubt will be excused: but when your declarations shall have protected them from their fears; when you shall have emboldened the judges to declare the law according to the charter, I make no doubt they will do their duty; and your resolution, not making a new law, but giving new life to the old ones, will be secretly felt and inwardly acknowledged, and there will not be a judge who will not perceive,

to the innermost recess of his tribunal, the truth of your charters and the vigor of your justice.

The same laws, the same charters, communicate to both kingdoms, Great Britain and Ireland, the same rights and privileges; and one privilege above them all is that communicated by Magna Charta, by the 25th of Edward the Third, and by a multitude of other statutes, "not to be bound by any act except made with the archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, and freemen of the commonalty," viz. of the parliament of the realm. On this right of exclusive legislation are founded the Petition of Right, Bill of Right, Revolution, and Act of Settlement. The king has no other title to his crown than that which you have to your liberty; both are founded, the throne and your freedom, upon the right vested in the subject to resist by arms, notwithstanding their oaths of allegiance, any authority attempting to impose acts of power as laws, whether that authority be one man or a host, the second James, or the British parliament!

Every argument for the House of Hanover is equally an argument for the liberties of Ireland: the Act of Settlement is an act of rebellion, or the declaratory statute of the 6th of George the First an act of usurpation; for both cannot be law.

I do not refer to doubtful history, but to living record; to common charters; to the interpretation England has put upon these charters; an interpretation not made by words only, but crowned by arms; to the revolution she had formed upon them, to the king she has deposed, and to the king she has established; and above all, to the oath of allegiance solemnly plighted to the House of Stuart, and afterwards set aside in the instance of a grave and moral people absolved by virtue of these very charters.

And as anything less than liberty is inadequate to Ireland, so is it dangerous to Great Britain. We are too near the British nation, we are too conversant with her history, we are too much fired by her example to be anything less than her equal; anything less, we should be her bitterest enemies—an enemy to that power which smote us with her mace, and to that constitution from whose blessings we were excluded: to be ground as we have been by the British nation, bound by her parliament, plundered by her crown,

threatened by her enemies, insulted with her protection, while we returned thanks for her condescension, is a system of meanness and misery which has expired in our determination, as I hope it has in her magnanimity.

There is no policy left for Great Britain but to cherish the remains of her empire, and do justice to a country who is determined to do justice to herself, certain that she gives nothing equal to what she received from us when we gave her Ireland.

With regard to this country England must resort to the free principles of government, and must forego that legislative power which she has exercised to do mischief to herself; she must go back to freedom, which, as it is the foundation of her constitution, so is it the main pillar of her empire. It is not merely the connection of the crown; it is a constitutional annexation, an alliance of liberty, which is the true meaning and mystery of the sisterhood, and will make both countries one arm and one soul, replenishing from time to time, in their immortal connection, the vital spirit of law and liberty from the lamp of each other's light. Thus combined by the ties of common interest, equal trade and equal liberty, the constitution of both countries may become immortal, a new and milder empire may arise from the errors of the old, and the British nation assume once more her natural station—the head of mankind.

That there are precedents against us I allow—acts of power I would call them, not precedent; and I answer the English pleading such precedents, as they answered their kings when they urged precedents against the liberty of England:—Such things are the weakness of the times; the tyranny of one side, the feebleness of the other, the law of neither; we will not be bound by them; or rather, in the words of the Declaration of Right, "no doing, judgment, proceeding, or anywise to the contrary, shall be brought into precedent or example." Do not then tolerate a power —the power of the British parliament over this land, which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God,—do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind.

Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a

century, that power which shattered your looms, banished your manufactures, dishonored your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woolen, or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity.

Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the high court of parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create, and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thraldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe—that here the principal men among us fell into mimic trances of gratitude—they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury —and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold?

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go,—assert the law of Ireland,—declare the liberty of the land.

I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags: he may be naked; he shall not be in iron; and I do see

the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

I shall move you, "That the King's most excellent Majesty, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland."

PHILIPPIC AGAINST FLOOD.

From a Speech delivered in the Irish House of Commons, October, 1783.

It is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man, who has not a bad character, can ever say that I deceived; no country can call me a cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence; I will begin with his character in his political cradle, and I will follow him to the last state of political dissolution.

I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious: that, after an envenomed attack on the persons and measures of a succession of viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of government, when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example; when your money bills were altered without reserve by the council; when an embargo was laid on your export trade, and a war declared against the liberties of America.

At such a critical moment I will suppose this gentleman to be corrupted by a great sinecure office to muzzle his declamation, to swallow his invectives, to give his assent and vote to the ministers, and to become a supporter of government, its measures, its embargo, and its American war. I will suppose that he was suspected by the government that

had bought him, and in consequence thereof, that he thought proper to resort to the arts of a trimmer, the last sad refuge of a disappointed ambition; that, with respect to the constitution of his country, that part, for instance, which regarded the mutiny bill, when a clause of reference was introduced, whereby the articles of war, which were, or hereafter might be, passed in England, should be current in Ireland without the interference of her parliament; when such a clause was in view, I will suppose this gentleman to have absconded. Again, when the bill was made perpetual, I will suppose him again to have absconded. But a year and a half after the bill had passed, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forward and to say that your constitution had been destroyed by the perpetual bill. With regard to that part of the constitution that relates to the law of Poynings, I will suppose the gentleman to have made many a long, very long, disquisition before he took office, but after he had received office to have been as silent on that subject as before he had been loquacious. That, when money bills, under color of that law, were altered year after year, as in 1775 and 1776, and when the bills so altered were resumed and passed, I will suppose that gentleman to have absconded or acquiesced, and to have supported the minister who made the alteration; but when he was dismissed from office, and a member introduced a bill to remedy this evil, I will suppose that this gentleman inveighed against the mischief, against the remedy, and against the person of the introducer, who did that duty which he himself for seven years had abandoned. With respect to that part of the constitution which is connected with the repeal of the 6th of George the First, when the adequacy of the repeal was debating in the house, I will suppose this gentleman to make no kind of objection; that he never named at that time the word renunciation; and that, on the division on that subject, he absconded; but when the office he had lost was given to another man, that then he came forward, and exclaimed against the measure; nay, that he went into the public streets to canvass for sedition, that he became a rambling incendiary, and endeavored to excite a mutiny in the volunteers against an adjustment between Great Britain and Ireland of liberty and repose which he had not the virtue to make, and

against an administration who had the virtue to free the country without buying the members.

With respect to commerce, I will suppose this gentleman to have supported an embargo which lay on the country for three years and almost destroyed it, and when an address in 1778 to open her trade was propounded, to remain silent and inactive; and with respect to that other part of her trade, which regarded the duty on sugar, when the merchants were examined in 1778 on the inadequate protecting duty, when the inadequate duty was voted, when the act was recommitted, when another duty was proposed, when the bill returned with the inadequate duty substituted, when the altered bill was adopted, on every one of those questions I will suppose the gentleman to abscond; but a year and a half after the mischief was done, he out of office, I will suppose him to come forth and to tell his country that her trade had been destroyed by an inadequate duty on English sugar, as her constitution had been ruined by a perpetual mutiny bill. With relation to three-fourths of our fellow-subjects, the Catholics, when a bill was introduced to grant them rights of property and religion, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forth to give his negative to their pretensions. In the same manner I will suppose him to have opposed the institution of the volunteers, to which we owe so much, and that he went to a meeting in his own county to prevent their establishment; that he himself kept out of their associations; that he was almost the only man in this house that was not in uniform; and that he never was a volunteer until he ceased to be a placeman, and until he became an incendiary.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty; and voted, moreover, for an address to send 4,000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.

Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, toleration, I will suppose this man to

have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him and say, Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible; you began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue: after a rank and clamorous opposition you became on a sudden *silent;* you were silent for seven years: you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money!

In 1773, while a negotiation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in parliament, you forsook your law of Poynings, you forsook the questions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamation; you were not at that period to be found in the house; you were seen, like a guilty spirit, haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you might vanish; you were descried with a criminal anxiety retiring from the scenes of your past glory; or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this house like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry. These ways—they were not the ways of honor—you practiced pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition: the former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever came before parliament; the embargo of 1776 for instance. "O fatal embargo, that breach of law and ruin of commerce!" You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry—the address to support the American war—the other address to send 4,000 men, whom you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defense of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend;—you, sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778 on account of their hostility to America;—you, sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles;—you, sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden;—you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against Amer-

ica;—and you, sir, voted 4,000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty:* but you found at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning) that the king had only dishonored you; the court had bought but would not trust you; and having voted for the worst measures, you remained for seven years the creature of *salary,* without the confidence of government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity; you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; you give no honest support either to the government or the people; you, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part, you sign no non-consumption agreement, you are no volunteer, you oppose no perpetual mutiny bill, no altered sugar bill; you declare that you lament that the Declaration of Right should have been brought forward; and observing, with regard to prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your sovereign by betraying the government as you had sold the people; until at last, by this hollow conduct and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the volunteers and canvass for mutiny; you announce that the country was ruined by other men during that period in which she had been sold by you. Your logic is that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law at all, and the effect of that logic is an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland by exercising over her the legislative authority of the British parliament. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you—the constitutionalist may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, I now say, and say to your beard: Sir, you are not an honest man.

OF THE INJUSTICE OF DISQUALIFICATION OF CATHOLICS.

From the Speech of May 31, 1811.

Whatever belongs to the authority of God, or to the laws of nature, is necessarily beyond the province and sphere of human institution and government. The Roman Catholic, when you disqualify him on the ground of his religion, may with great justice tell you that you are not his God, that he cannot mould or fashion his faith by your decrees. You may inflict penalties, and he may suffer them in silence; but if Parliament assume the prerogative of Heaven, and enact laws to impose upon the people a different religion, the people will not obey such laws. If you pass an act to impose a tax or regulate a duty, the people can go to the roll to learn what are the provisions of the law. But whenever you take upon yourselves to legislate for God, though there may be truth in your enactments, you have no authority to enforce them. In such a case, the people will not go to the roll of Parliament, but to the Bible, the testament of God's will, to ascertain his law and their duty. When once man goes out of his sphere, and says he will legislate for God, he in fact makes himself God. But this I do not charge upon the Parliament, because in none of the Penal Acts has the Parliament imposed a religious creed. It is not to be traced in the qualification oath, nor in the declaration required.

The qualifying oath as to the great number of offices and seats in Parliament, scrupulously evades religious distinctions; a Dissenter of any class may take it, a Deist, an atheist, may likewise take it. The Catholics are alone excepted; and for what reason? Certainly not because the internal character of the Catholic religion is inherently vicious; not because it necessarily incapacitates those who profess it to make laws for their fellow-citizens. If a Deist be fit to sit in Parliament, it can hardly be urged that a Christian is unfit. If an atheist be competent to legislate for his country, surely this privilege cannot be denied to the believer in the divinity of our Saviour. But let me ask you if you have forgotten what was the faith of your ancestors, or if you are prepared to assert that the men who procured

your liberties are unfit to make your laws? Or do you forget the tempests by which the Dissenting classes of the community were at a former period agitated, or in what manner you fixed the rule of peace over that wild scene of anarchy and commotion? If we attend to the present condition and habits of these classes, do we not find their controversies subsisting in full vigor? and can it be said that their jarring sentiments and clashing interests are productive of any disorder in the State; or that the Methodist himself, in all his noisy familiarity with his Maker, is a dangerous or disloyal subject? Upon what principle can it be argued that the application of a similar policy would not conciliate the Catholics, and promote the general interests of the empire? I can trace the continuance of their incapacities to nothing else than a political combination; a combination that condemned the Catholic religion, not as a heresy, but as a symptom of civil alienation.

By this doctrine, the religion is not so much an evil in itself as a perpetual token of political disaffection. In the spirit of this liberal interpretation, you once decreed to take away their arms, and on another occasion ordered all Papists to be removed from London. In the whole subsequent course of administration, the religion has continued to be esteemed the infallible symptom of a propensity to rebel. Known or suspected Papists were once the objects of the severest jealousy and the bitterest enactments. Some of these statutes have been repealed, and the jealousy has since somewhat abated; but the same suspicions, although in a less degree, pervade your councils. Your imaginations are still infected with apprehensions of the proneness of the Catholics to make cause with a foreign foe. A treaty has lately been made with the King of the Two Sicilies. May I ask: Is his religion the evidence of the warmth of his attachment to your alliance? Does it enter into your calculation as one of the motives that must incline him to our friendship, in preference to the friendship of the State professing his own faith? A similar treaty has been recently entered into with the Prince Regent of Portugal, professing the Roman Catholic religion; and one million granted last year and two millions this session, for the defense of Portugal. Nay, even in the treaty with the Prince Regent of Portugal, there is an

article which stipulates that we shall not make peace with France unless Portugal shall be restored to the house of Braganza. And has the Prince of Brazil's religion been considered evidence of his connection with the enemy? You have not one ally who is not Catholic; and will you continue to disqualify Irish Catholics, who fight with you and your allies, because their religion is evidence of disaffection?

But if the Catholic religion be this evidence of repugnance, is Protestantism the proof of affection to the Crown and government of England? For an answer, let us look at America. In vain did you send your armies there; in vain did you appeal to the ties of common origin and common religion. America joined with France, and adopted a connection with a Catholic government. Turn to Prussia, and behold whether her religion has had any effect on her political character. Did the faith of Denmark prevent the attack on Copenhagen? It is admitted on all sides that the Catholics have demonstrated their allegiance in as strong a manner as the willing expenditure of blood and treasure can evince. And remember that the French go not near so far in their defense of Catholicism, as you in your hatred of it in your own subjects and your reverence for it in your allies. They have not scrupled to pull down the ancient fabrics of superstition in the countries subjected to their arms. Upon a review of these facts, I am justified in assuming that there is nothing inherent in Catholicism which either proves disaffection, or disqualifies for public trusts. The immediate inference is that they have as much right as any dissentient sect to the enjoyment of civil privileges and a participation of equal rights; that they are as fit morally and politically to hold offices in the State or seats in Parliament. Those who dispute the conclusion will find it their duty to controvert the reasoning on which it is founded. I do not believe the Church is in any danger; but if it is, I am sure that we are in a wrong way to secure it. If our laws will battle against Providence, there can be no doubt of the issue of the conflict between the ordinances of God and the decrees of man: transient must be the struggle, rapid the event.

Let us suppose an extreme case, but applicable to the present point: Suppose the Thames were to inundate its

banks, and suddenly swelling, enter this House during our deliberations (an event which I greatly deprecate, from my private friendship with many members who might happen to be present, and my sense of the great exertions which many of them have made for the public interest), and a motion of adjournment being made, should be opposed, and an address to Providence moved that it would be graciously pleased to turn back the overflow and direct the waters into another channel. This, it will be said, would be absurd; but consider whether you are acting upon a principle of greater intrinsic wisdom, when after provoking the resentments you arm and martialize the ambition of men, under the vain assurance that Providence will work a miracle in the constitution of human nature, and dispose it to pay injustice with affection, oppression with cordial support. This is in fact the true character of your expectations; nothing less than that the Author of the Universe should subvert his laws to ratify your statutes, and disturb the settled course of nature to confirm the weak, the base expedients of man. What says the Decalogue? Honor thy father. What says the penal law? Take away his estate! Again, says the Decalogue, Do not steal. The law, on the contrary, proclaims, You may rob a Catholic!

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

(1846 ——)

Alfred Perceval Graves was born in Dublin in 1846, and educated at Trinity College, obtaining double-first honors in classics and English. He was graduated in 1870, after entering the Home Office, where he became private secretary to Mr. Winterbotham, then Under-Secretary in that department. Mr. Graves is now one of his Majesty's inspectors of schools.

Mr. Graves began to write at an early age. His first literary production appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine* when he was but sixteen or seventeen years of age. He employed himself at this time for the most part in making poetic translations from the Greek and Latin classics. Mr. Graves has also contributed to *Fraser's*, *The Spectator*, *Punch*, and several other periodicals. The first collection of his poems was published in 1872, under the title 'Songs of Killarney.' It was received with a chorus of praise from the journals—literary and political, English, Irish, Scotch, and American. The book consists for the most part of Irish songs and ballads. The aim of the poet has been to express the humor and pathos of the Irish character, and, further, to make the expression of these passions take the simplicity of form in which the Irish people would themselves clothe them. These poems are full of genuine Irish humor, which is delicate and graceful, and utterly free, it need scarcely be said, from the buffoonery that has been made to pass as characteristically Irish. There is also true natural melody in the verses, and the sentiment is pure and healthy.

This work was followed by 'Irish Songs and Ballads,' 1880, which has passed through several editions, and by 'Father O'Flynn and Other Irish Lyrics' in 1889. The following were published in conjunction with the musical accompaniments: 'Songs of Old Ireland' (music arranged by Professor C. Villiers Stanford), 'Irish Songs and Ballads' (*idem*), 'Irish Folk Songs' (the airs arranged by Mr. Charles Wood). Other lyrics of his written to music may be found in 'Manx National Songs.' Mr. Graves is the editor of 'Songs of Irish Wit and Humor'; of 'The Purcell Papers,' by J. S. Le Fanu; and of 'The Irish Song Book.'

As a lecturer on Irish literature and music, and as Honorary Secretary of the Irish Literary Society, he has taken his share in the Irish literary renascence of the day. But Mr. Graves is not only entitled to the honorable distinction of having caused Anglo-Irish literature to take a distinct step forward; he has rendered a notable service to the cause of Irish music by rescuing from oblivion a large number of old national airs and wedding them to his own racy and humorous verses. In the opinion of many competent critics Mr. Graves has done more than any of Moore's successors to "unbind the Irish harp," and in his own sphere he is often more distinctly Irish than many.

"Mr. Graves," says Mr. George A. Greene, in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "knows and understands the peasantry of Ireland as but few writers of high merit and culture have known and understood them; and he has given us in his popular songs and ballads a gallery of pictures in which the genial, passionate, lovable, withal somewhat inconsequent Irish countryman is depicted merry-making, love-making, cutting capers, joking, lamenting, telling stories of the 'good people,' getting married, and dying, against backgrounds of Irish hills and lakes, rivers and woods. And the great sea is there too, and the memory of those who have passed over it. . . . His reputation, not only among Irishmen, but among all who speak the Irish tongue, must firmly rest upon those of his poems which treat of Irish subjects, and especially upon the songs and ballads in dialect—full, as many of them are, not only of quiet humor or of rollicking mirth, but also of an unobtrusive, yet deep and tender pathos."

THE IRISH SPINNING-WHEEL.

Show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh no!
Nothing you 'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Look at her there—
Night in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out on us!
Faix, an' a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us.

That there 's a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it—
Oh no!
Nothin' you 'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

See! the lamb's wool
Turns coarse an' dull
By them soft, beautiful weeshy white hands of her.
Down goes her heel,
Roun' runs the wheel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Then show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh no!
Nothin' you 'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Talk of Three Fates,
Seated on sates,
Spinnin' and shearin' away till they 've done for me!
You may want three
For your massacree,
But one Fate for me, boys—and only the one for me!

And isn't that fate
Pictured complate—
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it?
Oh no!
Nothin' you 'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

IRISH LULLABY.

I 'd rock my own sweet childie to rest in a cradle of gold on a bough of the willow,
To the *shoheen ho*[1] of the wind of the west and the *lullalo*[2] of the soft sea billow.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here at your pillow.

I 'd put my own sweet childie to sleep in a silver boat on the beautiful river,
Where a *shoheen* whisper the white cascades, and a *lullalo* the green flags shiver.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother is here with you for ever.

Shoheen ho! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 't is sleep has bound you,

[1] *Shoheen ho*, lulling music. [2] *Lullalo*, murmuring.

And, O my child, what cosier nest for rosier rest could love
have found you?
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear,
Mother's two arms are clasped around you.

FATHER O'FLYNN.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;
Still, I 'd advance ye widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

CHORUS.

Here 's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Sláinte, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Faix! and the divils and all at Divinity—
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!
Come, I vinture to give you my word,
Niver the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology
Into thayology,
Troth! and conchology if he 'd the call.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you 've the wonderful way wid you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
You 've such a way wid you, Father avick!
Still, for all you 've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you 've your flock in the grandest control,
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity
Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
"Is it lave gaiety
All to the laity?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"

SHE IS MY LOVE.

In the measure of the original Gaelic love song.

She is my love beyond all thought,
Though she hath wrought my deepest dole;
Yet dearer for the cruel pain
Than one who fain would make me whole.

She is my glittering gem of gems,
Who yet contemns my fortune bright;
Whose cheek but glows with redder scorn
Since mine has worn a stricken white.

She is my sun and moon and star,
Who yet so far and cold doth keep,
She would not even o'er my bier
One tender tear of pity weep.

Into my heart unsought she came,
A wasting flame, a haunting care;
Into my heart of hearts, ah, why?
And left a sigh for ever there.

SINCE WE SHOULD PART.

Founded upon an old Gaelic love song, and sung to an air in the Petrie Collection.

Since we should part, since we should part,
The weariness and lonesome smart
Are going greatly through my heart.
Upon my pillow, ere I sleep,
The full of my two shoes I weep,
And like a ghost all day I creep.

'T is what you said you 'd never change,
Or with another ever range,

Now even the Church is cold and strange.
Together there our seats we took,
Together read from the one book;
But with another now you look.

And when the service it was o'er,
We 'd walk and walk the flowery floor,
As we shall walk and walk no more.
For now beneath the starry glow,
While ye step laughing light and low,
A shade among the shades I go.

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR LOVE OF THEE.

O Woman, shapely as the swan,
Shall I turn wan for looks from thee?
Nay, bend those blue love-darting eyes
On men unwise, they wound not me.
Red lips and ripe and rose soft cheek,
Shall limbs turn weak and color flee?
And languorous grace and foam white form,
Shall still blood storm because of ye?

Thy slender waist, thy cool of gold
In ringlets rolled around thy knee;
Thy scented sighs and looks of flame,
They shall not tame my spirit free.
For, Woman, shapely as the swan,
A wary man hath nurtured me;
White neck and arm, bright lip and eye,
I shall not die for love of ye.

LIKE A STONE IN THE STREET.

I 'm left all alone like a stone at the side of the street,
With no kind "good day" on the way from the many I meet.
Still with looks cold and high they go by, not one brow now unbends,
None hold out his hand of the band of my fair-weather friends.

They helped me to spend to the end all my fine shining store,
They drank to my health and my wealth till both were no more.
And now they are off with a scoff as they leave me behind,
"When you 've ate the rich fruit, underfoot with the bare bitter rind."



THE BLUE, BLUE SMOKE

An Irish Village Scene, from a photograph

Of the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
My thousand welcomes home!

Alfred Perceval Graves.



There's rest deep and still on yon hill by our old Chapel's side;
Where I laid long ago, to my woe, my young one year's bride.
Then Ochone! for relief from my grief into madness I flew:
Would to God ere that day in the clay I 'd been covered with you.

THE BLUE, BLUE SMOKE.

Oh, many and many a time
In the dim old days,
When the chapel's distant chime
Pealed the hour of evening praise,
I 've bowed my head in prayer;
Then shouldered scythe or bill,
And traveled, free of care,
To my home across the hill;
Whilst the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

For oft and oft I 've stood,
Delighted in the dew,
Looking down across the wood,
Where it stole into my view—
Sweet spirit of the sod,
Of our own Irish Earth,
Going gently up to God
From the poor man's hearth.
O, the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing
My thousand welcomes home.

But I hurried swiftly on,
When Herself from the door
Came swimming like a swan
Beside the Shannon shore;
And after her in haste,
On pretty, pattering feet,

Our rosy cherubs raced
Their daddy dear to meet;
Whilst the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

But the times are sorely changed
Since those dim old days,
And far, far I 've ranged
From those dear old ways;
And my colleen's golden hair
To silver all has grown,
And our little cherub pair
Have cherubs of their own;
And the black, black smoke,
Like a heavy funeral plume,
Darkly wreathing,
Fearful breathing,
Crowns the city with its gloom.

But 't is our comfort sweet
Through the long toil of life,
That we 'll turn with tired feet
From the noise and the strife,
And wander slowly back
In the soft western glow,
Hand in hand by the track
That we trod long ago;
Till the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waves our thousand welcomes home.

MRS. J. R. GREEN.

(1848 ——)

Alice Sophia Amelia Green was born at Kells, County Meath, in 1848. She is the daughter of Archdeacon Stopford of Meath. In 1877 she married John Richard Green, the famous historian, who died in 1883.

Mrs. Green has published 'Henry II.' (English Statesmen Series), 'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century,' 'Oxford Studies,' 'Books of Courtesy and Education in the Fifteenth Century.' She has edited her husband's 'Conquest of England' and 'A Short History of England.' Mrs. Green's reputation is a serious one, prepared for by arduous study, and there is no doubt that association with her gifted husband, whose work she shared, helped to develop that power of recreating and picturing the past which is as marked a feature of her work as it was of his.

BOOKS OF COURTESY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

From 'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century.'

But there is another side of the town history which is not less important, and which is far more complicated than the question of its foreign relations and policy—that is, the problem of its own nature, of the spirit by which it was animated and the inherent resources of its corporate life. In the town a new world had grown up, with an organization and a polity of its own wholly different from that of the country. Members who joined its community were compelled to renounce all other allegiance and forego aid and protection from other patrons. The chief magistrate set over its inhabitants must be one of their own fellow-citizens—"not a far dweller" unless in time of special need, such as war, and then only "by the pleasure of the commonalty." Adventurers from the manor-houses of the neighborhood and strangers in search of fortune were equally shut out; and it was only when a county squire was willing to throw in his lot with the burghers, to turn into a good citizen and honest tradesman, and to prove his credit and capacity by serving in a subordinate post, that he could hope to rise to the highest office. It is true that country folk were welcome to pay a double price for hav-

ing a stall in the market, or a store-room in the Common House for their wool; while the impoverished knight might come in search of a renewal of his wasted fortunes through the dowry of some rich mercer's daughter. But otherwise the town carried on its existence apart, in a watchful and jealous independence. Its way of life, its code of manners, its habits, aims, and interests, the condition of the people, the local theories of trade by which its conduct of business was guided, the popular views of citizenship and government under the influence of which the burghers regulated their civic policy—all these things must be kept in view if we could gain a clear idea of the growth of the borough from within.

The way of thinking and acting of the new world of traders and shopkeepers and artisans lives again for us in a wholly new literature which first sprang up in England about the middle of the fifteenth century—in Books of Courtesy and popular rhymes as to the conduct of daily life. The first English manual of etiquette appeared about 1430. Germany had had its book of courtesy more than two hundred years before, a set of rules composed for a distinguished society by equally fastidious writers, one of whom laments that his pen had been made "common" by writing about masters and servants, and explains that it was never happy save in describing knights and ladies. In northern Italy a similar book drawn up in the thirteenth century had taken a very different character. There the merchants and shopkeepers of the towns, impatient of "new ceremonies" brought in from over the mountains which they deemed contrary to all the traditions of the traders of Lucca and Florence, and only fit for the degenerate Neapolitans, framed rules to suit their own needs and aspirations. The French followed rather later, at the end of the fourteenth century; and then last of all came the English experiment.

The very appearance of such a book at this time is most significant. The nobles had already their own literary traditions, handed down from an older world; and in the idea of chivalrous conduct which was enshrined for them in the 'Morte d'Arthur,' the Knights of the Round Table still served as a standard of social virtue and good bearing for the upper classes—a standard with which the burgh-

ers had nothing whatever to do. But the new literature was for the townsfolk themselves, and it bore on every line the impress of its origin. A growing sense of dignity and self-respect in the middle class of traders and artisans wakened aspirations for polite manners, and intercourse with strangers abroad gave fresh stimulus to social ambition.

Englishmen who visited Flanders towards the end of the century were as much impressed by the Flemish manners as by the Flemish wealth: "They can best behave them and most like gentlemen," was their comment. In England the new society, with no heritage of traditions and no recognized array of models in the past, had to create its own standard of behavior, to shape its own social code, to realize for itself the art of life. Compilers worked busily in the service of the middle-class aspirants. One book of courtesy after another was adapted for the vulgar use. The 'Rules of S. Robert,' the good Bishop of Lincoln, whereby "whosoever will keep these rules well will be able to live on his means and keep himself and those belonging to him," were put into English in a brief form, after wearing a more courtly garb of French or Latin for three centuries. A Latin treatise on manners was translated for the unlearned by a writer who prayed for help in his work from Him who formed man after His own image, from Mary the gracious Mother, and from Lady Facetia the Mother of all virtue. Sound codes of morals were put in the form of an A B C. The right conduct of life, especially as it concerned polite behavior, was set out in little songs "made for children young, at the school that bide not long." Plain directions in verse pointed out the duties of girls, of young men, of housewives, of wandering youths looking for service. The rhymes are of the homeliest kind, with trite and prosaic illustrations taken from the common sights of the market-place, the tavern, the work-shop, or the street with its wandering pigs and its swinging signs; it is in their very rudeness and simpleness that their interest lies. Meanwhile political and satirical songs, which had been so common in the foregoing centuries, mostly died out of fashion and were heard no more, as the burghers, quickened into a new self-consciousness, began to be concerned for a time with matters nearer home.

The fragments of old speech and song lead us into the very midst of the lanes and workshops of a medieval town. They recall for us the countless political and social troubles amid which the trader was slowly fighting his way upward, and which left their deep impress on his character and view of life. A pervading suspicion, a distrustful caution, are the ground-note of many a song. Rude proverbs of daily speech, jingling rhymes of wise counsel, all are profoundly marked by the narrow prudence of people set in the midst of pitfalls, to whom danger was ever present, whether at the council-chamber or at the tavern or at a friend's dinner-table, and among whom talk and clatter with the tongue were looked on as an unspeakable indiscretion. They picture a life anxious and difficult, whose recognized condition is one of toil that knows no relaxation and no end, of hardship borne with unquestioning endurance—a life amid whose humble prosperity family affection and the family welfare are best assured by having one roof, one entrance-door, one fire, and one dining-table, and a "back-door" is looked on as an extravagance which would bring any household to ruin.

After a man had lived hard and worked strenuously he still stood in need of the constantly recurring warning against any bitterness of envy at the prosperity of a lucky dealer next door. The limits of his ambition and his duty are bounded by rigid lines; and the standard of conduct is one framed for a laborious middle class, with its plain-spoken seriousness, its sturdy morality, its activity and rectitude and independence, its dulness and vigilance and thrift. It is the duty of good men to set their people well to work, to keep house carefully, to get through any heavy job steadily and swiftly, to pay wages regularly, to give true weight, to remember ever that "Borrowed things must needs go home." They are not to ape their betters in dress, only

> "Be as pure as flour taken from the bran
> In all thy clothing and all thine array."

With one whom "thou knowest of greater state" there should be no easy fellowship, no dining or betting or playing at dice; above all, there must be no show of over-much "meekness" or servility, "for else a fool thou wilt be told." A practical religion adds its simple obligations.

Men ought to pay tithes, to give to the poor, to be strong and stiff against the devil. The prayer on awaking, the daily mass before working hours, the duties of self-control and submission, must ever be kept in mind. For the trader, indeed, the way to virtue was a narrow one and straight. Three deaths ever stand menacingly before him. First comes the common lot, the mere severing of soul and body.

> "The tother death is death of Shame,
> If he die in debt or wicked fame;
> The third death, so saith the clerks,
> If he hath no good works."

But side by side with directions about mercy, truth, and fulfilling the law, come other warnings—warnings about carving meat and cutting bread and dividing cheese, about a formal and dignified bearing, how to walk and stand and kneel, how to enter a house or greet a friend in the street—all carefully and laboriously shaped into rhyme. In the new sense of changing customs, of fashions that came and went with the revolutions of society, training and thought and conscious endeavor were called in to replace the simplicity of the old unvarying forms. Manners became a subject of serious anxiety. Throwing aside the mass of tradition handed down from century to century, where every usage was consecrated by custom, and determined by immemorial laws as to the relations of class to class, the burghers, side by side with the professional and middle classes all over the kingdom, were tending towards the realization of a new social order, in which men were no longer obliged as formerly to pass through the door of the Church to find the way of social advancement, but might attain to it along the common high-road of secular enterprise. The notion of the worth of the individual man was none the less important for the homely and practical form given to it in their rude and untrained expression. No one, they declared simply, need be shame-faced, of whatever lowly position he might come, for

> "In hall or chamber, or where thou gon,
> Nature and good manners maketh man."

In whatever society he might find himself, the humblest citizen should therefore so order his behavior that when

he left the table men would say, "A gentleman was here." The practical divinity of plain people easily drew the graciousness of outward demeanor within the sphere of religion, and "clerks that knew the seven arts" explained

> "That courtesy from heaven came
> When Gabriel our Lady grette,
> And Elizabeth with Mary mette."

Since "all virtues are closed in courtesy and all vices in villainy" or rudeness, the best prayer one could make was to be well-mannered, for the virtues of a fine behavior reached as far as thought could go.

> "In courtesy He make you so expert,
> That through your nature and your governance,
> In lasting bliss He may yourself advance."

The books of courtesy show us one side of the great change that passed over society when the mediæval theory of *status* was broken down by the increase of riches which trade brought with it, and the chances of rising in the world through wealth. The yeoman might become a gentleman by getting into a lord's household, and "spending large and plenty." The squire who would be a knight without the danger of bearing arms need only go to the king's court with his purse full of money. The man of letters, the merchant, the seeker after pleasure, whoever and whatever a man might be, he could win neither degree nor worship "but he have the penny ready to take to." When the acquisition of wealth or the passage from one class to another was practically impossible, poverty and a low estate might still be dignified. But as soon as fortune and position had been brought within the reach of all, the man who remained poor might be looked on as idle or incapable. A new test of superiority was applied, a test of material prosperity, and by this measure the townsman was judged by his neighbors, and naturally judged himself. On all sides we find indications of the excited ambition which had begun to stir in every class.

> "Now every boy will counterfeit a knight,
> Report himself as good as he."

GEORGE ARTHUR GREENE.

(1853 ——)

Mr. Greene is of a distinguished Dublin family. His grandfather was Recorder of the city, and his uncle, Baron Greene, was an ornament of the Irish judicial bench. He was born Feb. 21, 1853, in the house in which Lover wrote 'Charles O'Malley.' Educated first at a French school in Florence, and then at the Istituto di Superiori in that city, he afterward entered Dublin University, and there obtained the highest distinctions in the Romance languages, as well as in English literature. As a boy he translated Dr. Gubernati's 'Mythical Zoölogy,' which helped to qualify him for his later interpretation of 'Italian Lyrists of To-day.' After studying at the University of Leipzig, he was in 1876 appointed professor of English literature in the Alexandra College, Dublin. He has done much very felicitous translation, has collaborated with Mr. Arthur Hillier in a novel, 'The Lost Prima Donna,' and has published school editions of various English classics.

As Vice-Chairman of the committee of the Irish Literary Society of London he has become one of the leaders of the new Irish literary movement, by contributing valuable papers and addresses on Irish history to its proceedings, and has turned his linguistic talent to the study of Irish, throwing himself actively into the work of the newly established Irish Texts Society.

ART'S LOUGH.

GLENMALURE, COUNTY WICKLOW.

Lone lake, half lost amidst encircling hills,
  Beneath the imprisoning mountain-crags concealed,
  Who lies to the wide earth unrevealed,
To whose repose the brief and timorous rills

Bring scarce a murmur—thou whose sight instils
  Despair, o'er whom its dark disdainful shield
  Abrupt Clogherna 'gainst the sun doth wield,
And thy dim face with deepening shadow fills—

O poet soul! companionless and sad,
  Though half the daytime long a death-like shade
    Athwart thy depths with constant horror lies,

Thou art not ever in dejection clad,
  But showest still, as in a glass displayed,
    The limitless, unfathomable skies.

ON GREAT SUGARLOAF.

Where Sugarloaf with bare and ruinous wedge
  Cleaves the gray air to view the darkening sea,
  We stood on high, and heard the north wind flee
Through clouds storm-heavy fallen from ledge to ledge.

Then sudden "Look!" we cried. The far black edge
  Of south horizon oped in sunbright glee,
  And a broad water shone, one moment free,
Ere darkness veiled again the wavering sedge.

Such is the Poet's inspiration, still
  Too evanescent! coming but to go:
Such the great passion showing good in ill,

Quick brightnesses, love-lights too soon burnt low;
  And such man's life, which flashes Heaven's will
Between two glooms a transitory glow.

FROM 'THE RETURN.'

For, now returned from golden lands,
  I see Night lift her misty shroud,
  And through the veil of morning cloud
The sun strikes northern sands;

I hail with joy the early ray
  That gleams o'er valleys thrice more dear,
  My pulse beats quicker as I hear
Up from Killiney Bay

The whisper of familiar rills;
  And sudden tremors veil mine eyes
  As, at a turn, before me rise
Long sought, the Wicklow Hills.

LINES.

Surely a Voice hath called her to the deep—
  The deep of heaven, star calling unto star:
Surely she passed but through the vale of sleep
  That hideth from our hearts the things that are.

LOUGH DAN COUNTY, WICKLOW

From a photograph

. . . sudden tremos veil my eyes,
As at a turn before me rise
Long-sought, the Wicklow hills

—*Geo. J. Cooper*



Surely the ringing music of the spheres
Sounds richlier to-day by one pure voice:
Ah! though we mourn its silence with our tears,
The stars we hear not, hearing it, rejoice.

SPRING-TIME.

The winter fleeteth like a dream,
The rain is past and o'er;
The sea is lit with sunny gleam,
The hills are white no more.
Full-flowered the lilac hedges stand,
The throstle sings all day,
But there 's no spring in all the land
When Eileen is away.

Green are the copses on the hill;
The cuckoo, hid from sight,
Haunts all the ringing valleys still
With echoes of delight;
His name is like a memory
Repeated day by day,
But memories all are sad to me
When Eileen is away.

The yellow cowslips here and there
Shake in the balmy breeze;
There is no perfume in the air,
Far-brought from southern seas;
There is a brooding melody
In forest, hill, and bay,
But in my soul no harmony
When Eileen is away.

The birds remember in their song
Their dwellings o'er the foam;
The cuckoo will not tarry long,
The swift returneth home:
The very wind, so full and free,
Forgets not ocean's spray,
And, Eileen, I forget not thee
When thou art far away.

LADY AUGUSTA GREGORY.

(1856 ——)

Lady Augusta Gregory is the youngest daughter of Dudley Persse of Roxborough, County Galway, and was born about 1856. She married in 1880 Sir William Gregory, who was for many years Member of Parliament for County Galway and was subsequently Governor of Ceylon. He died in 1892. During the last few years Lady Gregory has been closely identified with the new Irish literary movement, and has contributed much to the press in support of the Irish revival generally. She has edited the 'Autobiography' of her husband, and 'Mr. Gregory's Letter-Box,' being the correspondence of Sir William Gregory's grandfather, who was an important Dublin Castle official during a stormy period; but her chief works are her 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne,' a retelling of the old Irish sagas relative to that great figure; 'Poets and Dreamers,' a collection of essays on various phases of the modern Irish literary movement; and 'Gods and Fighting Men' (1904), which recounts the story of the Tuatha de Danaan and of the Fianna of Ireland, in the naïve and beautiful prose which she has chosen as the vehicle for telling them. She has also written a play for the Irish Literary Theater, called 'Twenty-Five,' and has translated several of Dr. Hyde's Irish plays into English.

THE ONLY SON OF AOIFE.

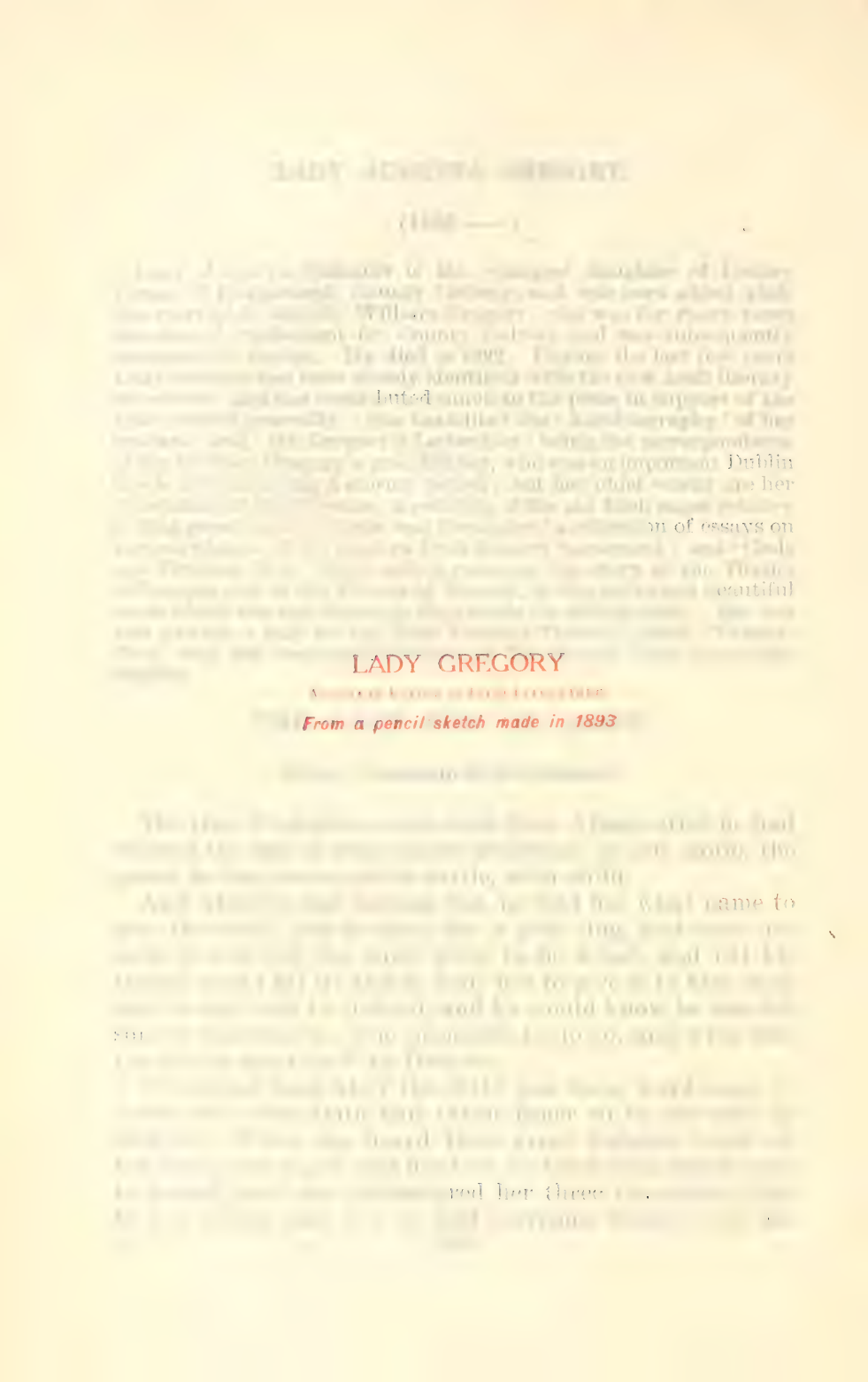
From 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne.'

The time Cuchulain came back from Alban, after he had learned the use of arms under Scathach, he left Aoife, the queen he had overcome in battle, with child.

And when he was leaving her, he told her what name to give the child, and he gave her a gold ring, and bade her keep it safe till the child grew to be a lad, and till his thumb would fill it; and he bade her to give it to him then, and to send him to Ireland, and he would know he was his son by that token. She promised to do so, and with that Cuchulain went back to Ireland.

It was not long after the child was born, word came to Aoife that Cuchulain had taken Emer to be his wife in Ireland. When she heard that, great jealousy came on her, and great anger, and her love for Cuchulain was turned to hatred; and she remembered her three champions that he had killed, and how he had overcome herself, and she





LADY GREGORY

From a pencil sketch made in 1893


Lucy Gaskins
1878

determined in her mind that when her son would come to have the strength of a man, she would get her revenge through him. She told Conlaoch her son nothing of this, but brought him up like any king's son; and when he was come to sensible years, she put him under the teaching of Scathach, to be taught the use of arms and the art of war. He turned out as apt a scholar as his father, and it was not long before he had learnt all Scathach had to teach.

Then Aoife gave him the arms of a champion, and bade him go to Ireland, but first she laid three commands on him: the first never to give way to any living person, but to die sooner than be made turn back; the second, not to refuse a challenge from the greatest champion alive, but to fight him at all risks, even if he was sure to lose his life; the third, not to tell his name on any account, though he might be threatened with death for hiding it. She put him under *geasa*, that is, under bonds, not to do these things.

Then the young man, Conlaoch, set out, and it was not long before his ship brought him to Ireland, and the place he landed at was Baile's Strand, near Dundealgan.

It chanced that at that time Conchubar, the High King, was holding his court there, for it was a convenient gathering-place for his chief men, and they were settling some business that belonged to the government of that district.

When word was brought to Conchubar that there was a ship come to the strand, and a young lad in it armed as if for fighting, and armed men with him, he sent one of the chief men of his household to ask his name, and on what business he was come.

The messenger's name was Cuinaire, and he went down to the strand, and when he saw the young man he said: "A welcome to you, young hero from the east, with the merry face. It is likely, seeing you come armed as if for fighting, you are gone astray on your journey; but as you are come to Ireland, tell me your name and what your deeds have been, and your victories in the eastern bounds of the world."

"As to my name," said Conlaoch, "it is of no great account; but whatever it is, I am under bonds not to tell it to the stoutest man living."

"It is best for you to tell it at the king's desire," said Cuinaire, "before you get your death through refusing it,

as many a champion from Alban and from Britain has done before now." "If that is the order you put on us when we land here, it is I will break it," said Conlaoch, "and no one will obey it any longer from this out."

So Cuinaire went back and told the king what the young lad had said. Then Conchubar said to his people: "Who will go out into the field, and drag the name and the story out of this young man?" "I will go," said Conall, for his hand was never slow in fighting. And he went out, and found the lad angry and destroying, handling his arms, and they attacked one another with a great noise of swords and shouts, and they were gripped together, and fought for a while, and then Conall was overcome, and the great name and the praise that was on Conall, it was on the head of Conlaoch it was now.

Word was sent then to where Cuchulain was, in pleasant, bright-faced Dundealgan. And the messenger told him the whole story, and he said: "Conall is lying humbled, and it is slow the help is in coming; it is a welcome there would be before the Hound."

Cuchulain rose up then and went to where Conlaoch was, and he still handling his arms. And Cuchulain asked him his name and said: "It would be well for you, young hero of unknown name, to loosen yourself from this knot, and not to bring down my hand upon you, for it will be hard for you to escape death." But Conlaoch said: "If I put you down in the fight, the way I put down your comrade, there will be a great name on me; but if I draw back now, there will be mockery on me, and it will be said I was afraid of the fight. I will never give in to any man to tell the name, or to give an account of myself. But if I was not held with a command," he said, "there is no man in the world I would sooner give it to than to yourself, since I saw your face. But do not think, brave champion of Ireland, that I will let you take away the fame I have won, for nothing."

With that they fought together, and it is seldom such a battle was seen, and all wondered that the young lad could stand so well against Cuchulain.

So they fought a long while, neither getting the better of the other, but at last Cuchulain was charged so hotly by the lad that he was forced to give way, and although he

had fought so many good fights, and killed so many great champions, and understood the use of arms better than any man living, he was pressed very hard.

And he called for the Gae Bulg, and his anger came on him, and the flames of the hero-light began to shine about his head, and by that sign Conlaoch knew him to be Cuchulain, his father. And just at that time he was aiming his spear at him, and when he knew it was Cuchulain, he threw his spear crooked that it might pass beside him. But Cuchulain threw his spear, the Gae Bulg, at him with all his might, and it struck the lad in the side and went into his body, so that he fell to the ground.

And Cuchulain said: "Now, boy, tell your name and what you are, for it is short your life will be, for you will not live after that wound."

And Conlaoch showed the ring that was on his hand, and he said: "Come here where I am lying on the field, let my men from the east come round me. I am suffering for revenge. I am Conlaoch, son of the Hound, heir of dear Dundealgan; I was bound to this secret in Dun Scathach, the secret in which I have found my grief."

And Cuchulain said: "It is a pity your mother not to be here to see you brought down. She might have stretched out her hand to stop the spear that wounded you." And Conlaoch said: "My curse be on my mother, for it was she put me under bonds; it was she sent me here to try my strength against yours." And Cuchulain said: "My curse be on your mother, the woman that is full of treachery; it is through her harmful thoughts these tears have been brought on us." And Conlaoch said: "My name was never forced from my mouth till now; I never gave an account of myself to any man under the sun. But, O Cuchulain of the sharp sword, it was a pity you not to know me the time I threw the slanting spear behind you in the fight."

And then the sorrow of death came upon Conlaoch, and Cuchulain took his sword and put it through him, sooner than leave him in the pain and the punishment he was in.

And then great trouble and anguish came on Cuchulain, and he made this complaint:

"It is a pity it is, O son of Aoife, that ever you came into the province of Ulster, that you ever met with the Hound of Cuailgne.

"If I and my fair Conlaoch were doing feats of war on the one side, the men of Ireland from sea to sea would not be equal to us together. It is no wonder I to be under grief when I see the shield and the arms of Conlaoch. A pity it is there is no one at all, a pity there are not hundreds of men on whom I could get satisfaction for his death.

"If it was the king himself had hurt your fair body, it is I would have shortened his days.

"It is well for the House of the Red Branch, and for the heads of its fair army of heroes, it was not they that killed my only son.

"It is well for Laegaire of Victories it is not from him you got your heavy pain.

"It is well for the heroes of Conall they did not join in the killing of you; it is well that traveling across the plain of Macha they did not fall in with me after such a fight.

"It is well for the tall, well-shaped Forbuide; well for Dubthach, your Black Beetle of Ulster.

"It is well for you, Cormac Conloingeas, your share of arms gave no help, that it is not from your weapons he got his wound, the hard-skinned shield or the blade.

"It is a pity it was not one on the plains of Munster, or in Leinster of the sharp blades, or at Cruachan of the rough fighters, that struck down my comely Conlaoch.

"It is a pity it was not in the country of the Cruithne, of the fierce Fians, you fell in a heavy quarrel, or in the country of the Greeks, or in some other place of the world, you died, and I could avenge you.

"Or in Spain, or in Sorcha, or in the country of the Saxons of the free armies; there would not then be this death in my heart.

"It is very well for the men of Alban it was not they that destroyed your fame; and it is well for the men of the Gall.

"Och! It is bad that it happened; my grief! it is on me is the misfortune, O Conlaoch of the Red Spear, I myself to have spilled your blood.

"I to be under defeat, without strength. It is a pity Aoife never taught you to know the power of my strength in the fight.

"It is no wonder I to be blinded after such a fight and such a defeat.

"It is no wonder I to be tired out, and without the sons of Usnach beside me.

"Without a son, without a brother, with none to come after me; without Conlaoch, without a name to keep my strength.

"To be without Naoise, without Ainnle, without Ardan; is it not with me is my fill of trouble?

"I am the father that killed his son, the fine green branch; there is no hand or shelter to help me.

"I am a raven that has no home; I am a boat going from wave to wave; I am a ship that has lost its rudder; I am the apple left on the tree; it is little I thought of falling from it; grief and sorrow will be with me from this time."

Then Cuchulain stood up and faced all the men of Ulster. "There is trouble on Cuchulain," said Conchubar; "he is after killing his own son, and if I and all my men were to go against him, by the end of the day he would destroy every man of us. Go now," he said to Cathbad, the Druid, "and bind him to go down to Baile's Strand, and to give three days fighting against the waves of the sea, rather than to kill us all."

So Cathbad put an enchantment on him, and bound him to go down. And when he came to the strand, there was a great white stone before him, and he took his sword in his right hand, and he said: "If I had the head of the woman that sent her son to his death, I would split it as I split this stone." And he made four quarters of the stone.

Then he fought with the waves three days and three nights, till he fell from hunger and weakness, so that some men said he got his death there. But it was not there he got his death, but on the plain of Muirthemne.

DEATH OF CUCHULAIN.

From 'Cuchulain of Muirthemne.'

Cuchulain went on then to the house of his mother, Dechtire, to bid her farewell. And she came out on the lawn to meet him, for she knew well he was going out to face the men of Ireland, and she brought out wine in a vessel

to him, as her custom was when he passed that way. But when he took the vessel in his hand, it was red blood that was in it. "My grief!" he said, "my mother Dechtire, it is no wonder others to forsake me, when you yourself offer me a drink of blood." Then she filled the vessel a second, and a third time, and each time when she gave it to him, there was nothing in it but blood.

Then anger came on Cuchulain, and he dashed the vessel against a rock, and broke it, and he said: "The fault is not in yourself, my mother Dechtire, but my luck is turned against me, and my life is near its end, and I will not come back alive this time from facing the men of Ireland." Then Dechtire tried hard to persuade him to go back and to wait till he would have the help of Conall. "I will not wait," he said, "for anything you can say; for I would not give up my great name and my courage for all the riches of the world. And from the day I first took arms till this day, I have never drawn back from a fight or a battle. And it is not now I will begin to draw back," he said, "for a great name outlasts life."

Then he went on his way, and Cathbad, that had followed him, went with him. And presently they came to a ford, and there they saw a young girl, thin and white-skinned and having yellow hair, washing and ever washing, and wringing out clothing that was stained crimson red, and she crying and keening all the time. "Little Hound," said Cathbad, "do you see what it is that young girl is doing? It is your red clothes she is washing, and crying as she washes, because she knows you are going to your death against Maeve's great army. And take the warning now and turn back again." "Dear master," said Cuchulain, "you have followed me far enough; for I will not turn back from my vengeance on the men of Ireland that are come to burn and to destroy my house and my country. And what is it to me, the woman of the Sidhe to be washing red clothing for me? It is not long till there will be clothing enough, and armor and arms, lying soaked in pools of blood, by my own sword and my spear. And if you are sorry and loth to let me go into the fight, I am glad and ready enough myself to go into it, though I know as well as you yourself I must fall in it. Do not be hindering me any more, then," he said, "for, if I stay or if I go, death

will meet me all the same. But go now to Emain, to Conchubar and to Emer, and bring them life and health from me, for I will never go back to meet them again. It is my grief and my wound, I to part from them! And O Laeg!" he said, "we are going away under trouble and under darkness from Emer now, as it is often we came back to her with gladness out of strange places and far countries."

Then Cathbad left him, and he went on his way. And after a while he saw three hags, and they blind of the left eye, before him in the road, and they having a venomous hound they were cooking, with charms on rods of the rowan tree. And he was going by them, for he knew it was not for his good they were there.

But one of the hags called to him: "Stop a while with us, Cuchulain." "I will not stop with you," said Cuchulain. "That is because we have nothing better than a dog to give you," said the hag. "If we had a grand, big cooking-hearth, you would stop and visit us; but because it is only a little we have to offer you, you will not stop. But he that will not show respect for the small, though he is great, he will get no respect himself."

Then he went over to her, and she gave him the shoulder-blade of the hound out of her left hand, and he ate it out of his left hand. And he put it down on his left thigh, and the hand that took it was struck down, and the thigh he put it on was struck through and through, so that the strength that was in them before left them.

Then he went down the road of Meadhon-Luachair, by Slieve Fuad, and his enemy, Erc, son of Cairbre, saw him in the chariot, and his sword shining red in his hand, and the light of his courage plain upon him, and his hair spread out like threads of gold that change their color on the edge of the anvil under the smith's hand, and the Crow of Battle in the air over his head.

"Cuchulain is coming at us," said Erc to the men of Ireland, "and let us be ready for him." So they made a fence of shields linked together, and Erc put a couple of the men that were strongest here and there, to let on to be fighting one another, that they might call Cuchulain to them; and he put a Druid with every couple of them, and he bid the Druid to ask Cuchulain's spears of him, for it would be hard for him to refuse a Druid. For it was in the pro-

phecy of the children of Calatin that a king would be killed by each one of those spears in that battle.

And he bid the men of Ireland to give out shouts, and Cuchulain came against them in his chariot, doing his three thunder feats, and he used his spear and his sword in such a way, that their heads, and their hands, and their feet, and their bones, were scattered through the plain of Muirthemne, like the sands on the shore, like the stars in the sky, like the dew in May, like snow-flakes and hailstones, like leaves of the trees, like buttercups in a meadow, like grass under the feet of cattle on a fine summer day. It is red that plain was with the slaughter Cuchulain made when he came crashing over it.

Then he saw one of the men that was put to quarrel with the other, and the Druid called to him to come and hinder them, and Cuchulain leaped towards them. "Your spear to me," cried the Druid. "I swear by the oath of my people," said Cuchulain, "you are not so much in want of it as I am in want of it myself. The men of Ireland are upon me," he said, "and I am upon them." "I will put a bad name on you if you refuse it to me," said the Druid. "There was never a bad name put on me yet, on account of any refusal of mine," said Cuchulain, and with that he threw the spear at him, and it went through his head, and it killed the men that were on the other side of him.

Then Cuchulain drove through the host, and Lugaid, son of Curoi, got the spear. "Who is it will fall by this spear, children of Calatin?" said Lugaid. "A king will fall by it," said they. Then Lugaid threw the spear at Cuchulain's chariot, and it went through and hit the driver, Laeg, son of Riangabra, and he fell back, and his bowels came out on the cushions of the chariot. "My grief!" said Laeg, "it is hard I am wounded." Then Cuchulain drew the spear out, and Laeg said his farewell to him, and Cuchulain said: "To-day I will be a fighter and a chariot-driver as well."

Then he saw the other two men that were put to quarrel with one another, and one of them called out it would be a great shame for him not to give him his help. Then Cuchulain leaped towards them. "Your spear to me, Cuchulain," said the Druid. "I swear by the oath my people

swear by," said he, "you are not in such want of the spear as I am myself, for it is by my courage, and by my arms, that I have to drive out the four provinces of Ireland that are sweeping over Muirthemne to-day." "I will put a bad name upon you," said the Druid. "I am not bound to give more than one gift in the day, and I have paid what is due to my name already," said Cuchulain. Then the Druid said: "I will put a bad name on the province of Ulster, because of your refusal."

"Ulster was never dispraised yet for any refusal of mine," said Cuchulain, "or for anything I did unworthily. Though little of my life should be left to me, Ulster will not be reproached for me to-day." With that he threw his spear at him, and it went through his head, and through the heads of the nine men that were behind him, and Cuchulain went through the host as he did before.

Then Erc, son of Cairbre Niafer, took up his spear. "Who will fall by this?" he asked the children of Calatin. "A king will fall by it," they said. "I heard you say the same thing of the spear that Lugaid threw a while ago," said Erc. "That is true," said they, "and the king of the chariot-drivers of Ireland fell by it, Cuchulain's driver Laeg, son of Riangabra."

With that, Erc threw the spear, and it went through the Grey of Macha. Cuchulain drew the spear out, and they said farewell to one another. And then the Grey went away from him, with half his harness hanging from his neck, and he went into Glas-linn, the gray pool in Slieve Fuad.

Then Cuchulain drove through the host, and he saw the third couple disputing together, and he went between them as he did before. And the Druid asked his spear of him, but he refused him. "I will put a bad name on you," said the Druid. "I have paid what is due to my name to-day," said he; "my honor does not bind me to give more than one request in a day." "I will put a bad name upon Ulster because of your refusal." "I have paid what is due for the honor of Ulster," said Cuchulain. "Then I will put a bad name on your kindred," said the Druid. "The news that I have been given a bad name shall never go back to that place I am never to go back to myself; for it is little of my life that is left to me," said Cuchulain. With that

he threw the spear at him, and it went through him, and through the heads of the men that were along with him.

"You do your kindness unkindly, Cuchulain," said the Druid, as he fell. Then Cuchulain drove for the last time through the host, and Lugaid took the spear, and he said: "Who will fall by this spear, children of Calatin?" "A king will fall by it," said they. "I heard you saying that a king would fall by the spear Erc threw a while ago." "That is true," they said, "and the Grey of Macha fell by it, that was the king of the horses of Ireland."

Then Lugaid threw the spear, and it went through and through Cuchulain's body, and he knew he had got his deadly wound; and his bowels came out on the cushions of the chariot, and his only horse went away from him, the Black Sainglain, with half the harness hanging from his neck, and left his master, the king of the heroes of Ireland, to die upon the plain of Muirthemne.

Then Cuchulain said: "There is great desire on me to go to that lake beyond, and to get a drink from it."

"We will give you leave to do that," they said, "if you will come back to us after."

"I will bid you come for me if I am not able to come back myself," said Cuchulain.

Then he gathered up his bowels into his body, and he went down to the lake. He drank a drink, and he washed himself, and he turned back again to his death, and he called to his enemies to come and meet him.

There was a pillar-stone west of the lake, and his eye lit on it, and he went to the pillar-stone, and he tied himself to it with his breast-belt, the way he would not meet his death lying down, but would meet it standing up. Then his enemies came round about him, but they were in dread of going close to him, for they were not sure but he might be still alive.

"It is a great shame for you," said Erc, son of Cairbre, "not to strike the head off that man, in revenge for his striking the head off my father."

Then the Grey of Macha came back to defend Cuchulain as long as there was life in him, and the hero-light was shining above him. And the Grey of Macha made three attacks against them, and he killed fifty men with his teeth, and

thirty with each of his hoofs. So there is a saying: "It is not sharper work than this was done by the Grey of Macha, the time of Cuchulain's death."

Then a bird came and settled on his shoulder. "It is not on that pillar birds were used to settle," said Erc.

Then Lugaid came and lifted up Cuchulain's hair from his shoulders, and struck his head off, and the men of Ireland gave three great heavy shouts, and the sword fell from Cuchulain's hand, and as it fell, it struck off Lugaid's right hand, so that it fell to the ground. Then they cut off Cuchulain's hand, in satisfaction for it, and then the light faded away from about Cuchulain's head, and left it as pale as the snow of a single night. Then all the men of Ireland said that as it was Maeve had gathered the army, it would be right for her to bring away the head to Cruachan. "I will not bring it with me; it is for Lugaid that struck it off to bring it with him," said Maeve. And then Lugaid and his men went away, and they brought away Cuchulain's head and his right hand with them, and they went south, towards the Life river.

At that time the army of Ulster was gathering to attack its enemies, and Conall was out before them, and he met the Grey of Macha, and his share of blood dripping from him. And then he knew that Cuchulain was dead, and himself and the Grey of Macha went looking for Cuchulain's body. And when they saw his body at the pillar-stone, the Grey of Macha went and laid his head in Cuchulain's breast: "That body is a heavy care to the Grey of Macha," said Conall.

Then Conall went after the army, thinking in his own mind what way he could get satisfaction for Cuchulain's death. For it was a promise between himself and Cuchulain that whichever of them would be killed the first, the other would get satisfaction for his death.

"And if I am the first that is killed," said Cuchulain at that time, "how long will it be before you get satisfaction for me?"

"Before the evening of the same day," said Conall, "I will have got satisfaction for you. And if it is I that will die before you," he said, "how long will it be before you get satisfaction for me?"

"Your share of blood will not be cold on the ground,"

said Cuchulain, "when I will have got satisfaction for you."

So Conall followed after Lugaid to the river Lifé.

Lugaid was going down to bathe in the water, but he said to his chariot-driver: "Look out there over the plain, for fear would any one come at us unknown."

The chariot-driver looked around him. "There is a man coming on us," he said, "and it is in a great hurry he is coming; and you would think he has all the ravens in Ireland flying over his head, and there are flakes of snow speckling the ground before him."

"It is not in friendship the man comes that is coming like that," said Lugaid. "It is Conall Cearnach it is, with Dub-dearg, and the birds that you see after him, they are the sods the horse has scattered in the air from his hoofs, and the flakes of snow that are speckling the ground before him, they are the froth that he scatters from his mouth and from the bit of his bridle. Look again," said Lugaid, "and see what way is he coming." "It is to the ford he is coming, the same way the army passed over," said the chariot-driver. "Let him pass by us," said Lugaid, "for I have no mind to fight with him."

But when Conall came to the middle of the ford, he saw Lugaid and his chariot-driver, and he went over to them. "Welcome is the sight of a debtor's face," said Conall. "The man you owe a debt to is asking payment of you now, and I myself am that man," he said, "for the sake of my comrade, Cuchulain, that you killed. And I am standing here now, to get that debt paid."

They agreed then to fight it out on the plain of Magh Argetnas, and in the fight Conall wounded Lugaid with his spear. From that they went to a place called Ferta Lugdae. "I would like that you would give me fair play," said Lugaid. "What fair play?" said Conall Cearnach.

"That you and I should fight with one hand," said he, "for I have the use of but one hand."

"I will do that," said Conall. Then Conall's hand was bound to his side with a cord, and then they fought for a long time, and one did not get the better of the other. And when Conall was not gaining on him, his horse, Dub-dearg, that was near by, came up to Lugaid, and took a bite out of his side.

"Misfortune on me," said Lugaid, "it is not right or fair that is of you, Conall."

"It was for myself I promised to do what is right and fair," said Conall. "I made no promise for a beast, that is without training and without sense."

"It is well I know you will not leave me till you take my head, as I took Cuchulain's head from him," said Lugaid. "Take it, then, along with your own head. Put my kingdom with your kingdom, and my courage with your courage; for I would like that you would be the best champion in Ireland."

Then Conall made an end of him, and he went back, bringing Cuchulain's head along with him to the pillar-stone where his body was.

And by that time Emer had got word of all that had happened, and that her husband had got his death by the men of Ireland, and by the powers of the children of Calatin. And it was Levarcham brought her the story, for Conall Cearnach had met her on his way, and had bade her go and bring the news to Emain Macha; and there she found Emer, and she sitting in her upper room, looking over the plain for some word from the battle.

And all the women came out to meet Levarcham, and when they heard her story, they made an outcry of grief and sharp cries, with loud weeping and burning tears; and there were long dismal sounds going through Emain, and the whole country round was filled with crying. And Emer and her women went to the place where Cuchulain's body was, and they gathered round it there, and gave themselves to crying and keening.

And when Conall came back to the place, he laid the head with the body of Cuchulain, and he began to lament along with them, and it is what he said: "It is Cuchulain had prosperity on him, a root of valor from the time he was but a soft child; there never fell a better hero than the hero that fell by Lugaid of the Lands. And there are many are in want of you," he said, "and until all the chief men of Ireland have fallen by me, it is not fitting there should ever be peace.

"It is grief to me, he to have gone into the battle without Conall being at his side; it was a pity for him to go there without my body beside his body. Och! it is he was my

foster-son, and now the ravens are drinking his blood; there will not be either laughter or mirth, since the Hound has gone astray from us."

"Let us bury Cuchulain now," said Emer. "It is not right to do that," said Conall, "until I have avenged him on the men of Ireland. And it is a great shouting I hear about the plain of Muirthemne, and it is full the country is of crying after Cuchulain; and it is good at keeping the country and watching the boundaries the man was that is here before me, a cross-hacked body in a pool of blood. And it is well it pleased Lugaid, son of Curoi, to be at the killing of Cuchulain, for it was Cuchulain killed the chiefs and the children of Deaguid round Famain, son of Foraoi, and round Curoi, son of Daire himself. And this shouting has taken away my wits and my memory from me," he said, "and it is hard for me, Cuchulain not to answer these cries, and I to be without him now; for there is not a champion in Ireland that was not in dread of the sword in his hand. And it is broken in halves my heart is for my brother, and I will bring my revenge through Ireland now, and I will not leave a tribe without wounding, or true blood without spilling, and the whole world will be told of my rout to the end of life and time, until the men of Munster and Connaught and Leinster will be crying for the rising they made against him. And without the spells of the children of Calatin, the whole of them would not have been able to do him to death."

After that complaint, rage and madness came on Conall, and he went forward in his chariot to follow after the rest of the men of Ireland, the same way as he had followed after Lugaid.

And Emer took the head of Cuchulain in her hands, and she washed it clean, and put a silk cloth about it, and she held it to her breast; and she began to cry heavily over it, and it is what she said:

"Ochone!" said she, "it is good the beauty of this head was, though it is low this day, and it is many of the kings and princes of the world would be keening it if they knew the way it is now, and the poets and the Druids of Ireland and of Alban; and many were the goods and the jewels and the rents and the tributes that you brought home to

me from the countries of the world, with the courage and the strength of your hands!"

And she made this complaint:

"Och, head! Ochone, O head! you gave death to great heroes, to many hundreds; my head will lie in the same grave, the one stone will be made for both of us.

"Och, hand! Ochone, hand that was once gentle. It is often it was put under my head; it is dear that hand was to me!

"Dear mouth! Ochone, kind mouth that was sweet-voiced telling stories; since the time love first came on your face, you never refused either weak or strong!

"Dear the man, dear the man, that would kill the whole of a great host; dear his cold bright hair, and dear his bright cheeks!

"Dear the king, dear the king, that never gave a refusal to any; thirty days it is to-night since my body lay beside your body.

"Och, two spears! Ochone, two spears! Och, shield! Och, deadly sword! Let them be given to Conall of the battles; there was never any wage given like that.

"I am glad, I am glad, Cuchulain of Muirthemne, I never brought red shame on your face, for any unfaithfulness against you.

"Happy are they, happy are they, who will never hear the cuckoo again for ever, now that the Hound has died from us.

"I am carried away like a branch on the stream; I will not bind up my hair to-day. From this day I have nothing to say that is better than Ochone!"

And then she said: "It is long that it was showed to me in a vision of the night, that Cuchulain would fall by the men of Ireland, and it appeared to me Dundealgan to be falling to the ground, and his shield to be split from lip to border, and his sword and his spears broken in the middle, and I saw Conall doing deeds of death before me, and myself and yourself in the one death. And oh! my love," she said, "we were often in one another's company, and it was happy for us; for if the world had been searched from the rising of the sun to sunset, the like would never have been found in one place, of the Black Sainglain and the Grey of Macha, and Laeg the chariot-driver, and myself

and Cuchulain. And it is breaking my heart is in my body, to be listening to the pity and the sorrowing of women and men, and the harsh crying of the young men of Ulster keening Cuchulain, and Ulster to be in its weakness, and without strength to revenge itself upon the men of Ireland."

And after she had made that complaint, she brought Cuchulain's body to Dundealgan; and they all cried and keened about him until such time as Conall Cearnach came back from making his red rout through the army of the men of Ireland.

For he was not satisfied to make a slaughter of the men of Munster and Connaught, without reddening his hand in the blood of the men of Leinster as well.

And when he had done that, he came to Dundealgan, and his men along with him, but they made no rejoicing when they went back that time. And he brought the heads of the men of Ireland along with him in a gad, and he laid them out on the green lawn, and the people of the house gave three great shouts when they saw the heads.

And Emer came out, and when she saw Conall Cearnach, she said: "My great esteem and my welcome before you, king of heroes, and may your many wounds not be your death; for you have avenged the treachery done on Ulster, and now what you have to do is to make our grave, and to lay us together in the grave, for I will not live after Cuchulain.

"And tell me, Conall," she said, "whose are those heads all around on the lawn, and which of the great men of Ireland did they belong to?"

And she was asking, and Conall was answering, and it is what she said:

"Tell me, Conall, whose are those heads, for surely you have reddened your arms with them. Tell me the names of the men whose heads are there upon the ground."

And Conall said: "Daughter of Forgall of the Horses, young Emer of the sweet words, it is in revenge for the Hound of Feats I brought these heads here from the south."

"Whose is the great black head, with the smooth cheek redder than a rose; it is at the far end, on the left side, the head that has not changed its color?"

"It is the head of the king of Meath, Erc, son of Cairbre of Swift Horses; I brought his head with me from far off, in revenge for my own foster-son."

"Whose is that head there before me, with soft hair, with smooth eyebrows, its eyes like ice, its teeth like blossoms; that head is more beautiful in shape than the others?"

"A son of Maeve; a destroyer of harbors, yellow-haired Maine, man of horses; I left his body without a head; all his people fell by my hand."

"O great Conall, who did not fail us, whose head is this you hold in your hand? Since the Hound of Feats is not living, what do you bring in satisfaction for his head?"

"The head of the son of Fergus of the Horses, a destroyer in every battle-field, my sister's son of the narrow tower; I have struck his head from his body."

"Whose is that head to the west, with fair hair, the head that is spoiled with grief? I used to know his voice; I was for a while his friend."

"That is he that struck down the Hound, Lugaid, son of Curoi of the Rhymes. His body was laid out straight and fair, I struck his head off afterwards."

"Whose are those two heads farther out, great Conall of good judgment? For the sake of your friendship, do not hide the names of the men put down by your arms."

"The heads of Laigaire and Clar Cuilt, two men that fell by my wounds. It was they wounded faithful Cuchulain; I made my weapons red in their blood."

"Whose are those heads farther to the east, great Conall of bright deeds? The hair of the two is of one color; their cheeks are redder than a calf's blood."

"Brave Cullain and hardy Cunlaid, two that were used to overcome in their anger. There to the east, Emer, are their heads; I left their bodies in a red pool."

"Whose are those three heads with evil looks I see before me to the north? Their faces blue, their hair black; even hard Conall's eye turns from them."

"Three of the enemies of the Hound, daughters of Calatin, wise in enchantments; they are the three witches killed by me, their weapons in their hands."

"O great Conall, father of kings, whose is that head that

would overcome in the battle? His bushy hair is gold-yellow; his head-dress is smooth and white like silver."

"It is the head of the son of Red-Haired Ross, son of Necht Min, that died by my strength. This, Emer, is his head; the high king of Leinster of Speckled Swords."

"O great Conall, change the story. How many of the men that harmed him fell by your hand that does not fail, in satisfaction for the head of Cuchulain?"

"It is what I say, ten and seven scores of hundreds is the number that fell, back to back, by the anger of my hard sword and of my people."

"O Conall, what way are they, the women of Ireland, after the Hound? Are they mourning the son of Sualtim? are they showing respect through their grief?"

"O Emer, what shall I do without my Cuchulain, my fine nurseling, going in and out from me, to-night?"

"O Conall, lift me to the grave. Raise my stone over the grave of the Hound; since it is through grief for him I go to death, lay my mouth to the mouth of Cuchulain.

"I am Emer of the Fair Form; there is no more vengeance for me to find; I have no love for any man. It is sorrowful my stay is after the Hound."

And after that Emer bade Conall to make a wide, very deep grave for Cuchulain; and she laid herself down beside her gentle comrade, and she put her mouth to his mouth and she said: "Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of the men of the earth, many is the woman, wed or unwed, envied me till to-day: and now I will not stay living after you."

And her life went out from her, and she herself and Cuchulain were laid in the one grave by Conall. And he raised the one stone over them, and he wrote their names in Ogham, and he himself and all the men of Ulster keened them.

But the three times fifty queens that loved Cuchulain saw him appear in his Druid chariot, going through Emain Macha; and they could hear him singing the music of the Sidhe.

CAEL AND CREDHE.

From 'Gods and Fighting Men.'

They went on over every hilly place and every stony place till they came to Loch Cuire in the west; and they came to the door of the hill of the Sidhe and knocked at it with the shafts of their long gold-socketed spears. And there came young girls having yellow hair to the windows of the sunny houses; and Credhe herself, having three times fifty women with her, came out to speak with them. "It is to ask you in marriage we are come," said Finn. "Who is it is asking for me?" said she. "It is Cael, the hundred-killer, grandson of Nemhnain, son of the King of Leinster in the east." "I have heard talk of him, but I have never seen him," said Credhe. "And has he any poem for me?" she said. "I have that," said Cael, and he rose up then and sang his poem:

"A journey I have to make, and it is no easy journey, to the house of Credhe against the breast of the mountain, at the Paps of Dana; it is there I must be going through hardships for the length of seven days. It is pleasant her house is, with men and boys and women, with Druids and musicians, with cup-bearer and door-keeper, with horse-boy that does not leave his work, with distributer to share food; and Credhe of the Fair Hair having command over them all.

"It would be delightful to me in her dun, with coverings and with down, if she has but a mind to listen to me.

"A bowl she has with juice of berries in it to make her eyebrows black; crystal vats of fermenting grain; beautiful cups and vessels. Her house is of the color of lime; there are rushes for beds, and many silken coverings and blue cloaks; red gold is there, and bright drinking-horns. Her sunny house is beside Loch Cuire, made of silver and yellow gold; its ridge is thatched without any fault, with the crimson wings of birds. The doorposts are green, the lintel is of silver taken in battle. Credhe's chair on the left is the delight of delights, covered with gold of Elga; at the foot of the pleasant bed it is, the bed that was made of precious stones by Tuile in the east. Another bed there is on the right, of gold and silver, it is made without any

fault, curtains it has of the color of the foxglove, hanging on rods of copper.

"The people of her house, it is they have delight, their cloaks are not faded white, they are not worn smooth; their hair is fair and curling. Wounded men in their blood would sleep hearing the birds of the Sidhe singing in the eaves of the sunny house.

"If I have any thanks to give to Credhe, for whom the cuckoo calls, she will get better praise than this; if this love-service I have done is pleasing to her, let her not delay, let her say, 'Your coming is welcome to me.'

"A hundred feet there are in her house, from one corner to another; twenty feet fully measured is the width of her great door; her roof has its thatch of the wings of blue and yellow birds, the border of her well is of crystals and carbuncles.

"There is a vat there of royal bronze; the juice of pleasant malt is running from it; over the vat is an apple-tree with its heavy fruit; when Credhe's horn is filled from the vat, four apples fall into it together.

"She that owns all these things both at low water and at flood, Credhe from the Hill of the Three Peaks, she is beyond all the women of Ireland by the length of a spear-cast.

"Here is this song for her, it is no sudden bride-gift it is, no hurried asking; I bring it to Credhe of the beautiful shape, that my coming may be very bright to her."

Then Credhe took him for her husband, and the wedding-feast was made, and the whole of the Fianna stopped there through seven days, at drinking and pleasure, and having every good thing.

THE COMING OF FINN.

From 'Gods and Fighting Men.'

At the time Finn was born his father Cumhal, of the sons of Baiscne, Head of the Fianna of Ireland, had been killed in battle by the sons of Morna that were fighting with him for the leadership. And his mother, that was beautiful long-haired Muirne, daughter of Tadg, son of Nuada of the Tuatha de Danaan and of Ethlinn, mother of Lugh of the Long Hand, did not dare to keep him with her; and two women, Bodhmall, the woman Druid, and Liath Luachra, came and brought him away to care him.

It was to the woods of Slieve Bladhma they brought him, and they nursed him secretly, because of his father's enemies, the sons of Morna, and they kept him there a long time.

And Muirne, his mother, took another husband that was king of Carriaghe; but at the end of six years she came to see Finn, going through every lonely place till she came to the wood, and there she found the little hunting cabin, and the boy asleep in it, and she lifted him up in her arms and kissed him, and she sang a little sleepy song to him; and then she said farewell to the women, and she went away again.

And the two women went on caring him till he came to sensible years; and one day when he went out he saw a wild duck on the lake with her clutch, and he made a cast at her that cut the wings off her that she could not fly, and he brought her back to the cabin, and that was his first hunt.

And they gave him good training in running and leaping and swimming. One of them would run round a tree, and she having a thorn switch, and Finn after her with another switch, and each one trying to hit at the other; and they would leave him in a field, and hares along with him, and would bid him not to let the hares quit the field, but to keep before them whichever way they would go; and to teach him swimming they would throw him into the water and let him make his way out.

But after a while he went away with a troop of poets, to hide from the sons of Morna, and they hid him in the

mountain of Crotta Cliach; but there was a robber in Leinster at that time, Fiacuil, son of Codhna, and he came where the poets were in Fidh Gaible and killed them all. But he spared the child and brought him to his own house, that was in a cold marsh. But the two women, Bodhmall and Liath, came looking for him after a while, and Fiacuil gave him up to them, and they brought him back to the same place he was before.

He grew up there, straight and strong and fair-haired and beautiful. And one day he was out in Slieve Bladhma, and the two women along with him, and they saw before them a herd of the wild deer of the mountain. "It is a pity," said the old woman, "we not to be able to get a deer of those deer." "I will get one for you," said Finn; and with that he followed after them, and caught two stags of them and brought them home to the hunting cabin. And after that he used to be hunting for them every day. But at last they said to him: "It is best for you to leave us now, for the sons of Morna are watching again to kill you."

So he went away then by himself, and never stopped till he came to Magh Lifé, and there he saw young lads swimming in a lake, and they called to him to swim against them. So he went into the lake, and he beat them at swimming. "Fair he is and well shaped," they said when they saw him swimming, and it was from that time he got the name of Finn, that is, Fair. But they got to be jealous of his strength, and he went away and left them.

He went on then till he came to Loch Lein, and he took service there with the King of Finntraigh; and there was no hunter like him, and the king said: "If Cumhal had left a son, you would be that son."

He went from that king after, and he went into Carraighe, and there he took service with the king, that had taken his mother Muirne for his wife. And one day they were playing chess together, and he won seven games one after another. "Who are you at all?" said the king then. "I am a son of a countryman of the Luigne of Teamhair," said Finn. "That is not so," said the king, "but you are the son that Muirne my wife bore to Cumhal. And do not stop here any longer," he said, "that you may not be killed under my protection."

From that he went into Connacht looking for his father's

brother, Crimall, son of Trenmor; and as he was going on his way he heard the crying of a lone woman. He went to her, and looked at her, and tears of blood were on her face. "Your face is red with blood, woman," he said. "I have reason for it," said she, "for my only son is after being killed by a great fighting man that came on us." And Finn followed after the big champion and fought with him and killed him. And the man he killed was the same man that had given Cumhal his first wound in the battle where he got his death, and had brought away his treasure-bag with him.

Now as to that treasure-bag, it is of a crane skin it was made, that was one time the skin of Aoife, the beautiful sweetheart of Ilbrec, son of Manannan, that was put into the shape of a crane through jealousy. And it was in Manannan's house it used to be, and there were treasures kept in it, Manannan's shirt and his knife, and the belt and the smith's hook of Goibniu, and the shears of the King of Alban, and the helmet of the King of Lochlann, and a belt of the skin of a great fish, and the bones of Asal's pig that had been brought to Ireland by the sons of Tuireann. And the bag went from Manannan to Lugh, son of Ethlinn, and after that to Cumhal, that was husband to Muirne, Ethlinn's daughter.

And Finn took the treasure-bag and brought it with him till he found Crimall, that was now an old man, living in a lonely place, and some of the old men of the Fianna were with him, and used to go hunting for him. And Finn gave him the treasure-bag, and told him his whole story.

And then he said farewell to Crimall, and went on to learn poetry from Finegas, a poet that was living at the Boinn, for the poets thought it was always on the brink of water poetry was revealed to them. And he did not give him his own name, but he took the name of Deimne. Seven years, now, Finegas had stopped at the Boinn, watching the salmon, for it was in the prophecy that he would eat the salmon of knowledge that would come there, and that he would have all knowledge after. And when at the last the salmon of knowledge came, he brought it to where Finn was, and bade him to roast it, but he bade him not to eat any of it. And when Finn brought him the salmon after a while he said: "Did you eat any of it at

all, boy?" "I did not," said Finn; "but I burned my thumb putting down a blister that rose on the skin, and after doing that, I put my thumb in my mouth." "What is your name, boy?" said Finegas. "Deimne," said he. "It is not, but it is Finn your name is, and it is to you and not to myself the salmon was given in the prophecy." With that he gave Finn the whole of the salmon, and from that time Finn had the knowledge that came from the nuts of the nine hazels of wisdom that grow beside the well that is below the sea.

And besides the wisdom he got then, there was a second wisdom came to him another time, and this is the way it happened. There was a well of the moon belonging to Beag, son of Buan, of the Tuatha de Danaan, and whoever would drink out of it would get wisdom, and after a second drink he would get the gift of foretelling. And the three daughters of Beag, son of Buan, had charge of the well, and they would not part with a vessel of it for anything less than red gold. And one day Finn chanced to be hunting in the rushes near the well, and the three women ran out to hinder him from coming to it, and one of them that had a vessel of the water in her hand, threw it at him to stop him, and a share of the water went into his mouth. And from that out he had all the knowledge that the water of that well could give.

And he learned the three ways of poetry; and this is the poem he made to show he had got his learning well:—

"It is the month of May is the pleasant time; its face is beautiful; the blackbird sings his full song, the living wood is his holding, the cuckoos are singing and ever singing; there is a welcome before the brightness of the summer.

"Summer is lessening the rivers, the swift horses are looking for the pool; the heath spreads out its long hair, the weak white bog-down grows. A wildness comes on the heart of the deer; the sad restless sea is asleep.

"Bees with their little strength carry a load reaped from the flowers; the cattle go up muddy to the mountains; the ant has a good full feast.

"The harp of the woods is playing music; there is color on the hills, and a haze on the full lakes, and entire peace upon every sail.

"The corncrake is speaking, a loud-voiced poet; the high lonely waterfall is singing a welcome to the warm pool, the talking of the rushes has begun.

"The light swallows are darting; the loudness of music is around the hill; the fat soft mast is budding; there is grass on the trembling bogs.

"The bog is as dark as the feathers of the raven; the cuckoo makes a loud welcome; the speckled salmon is leaping; as strong is the leaping of the swift fighting man.

"The man is gaining; the girl is in her comely growing power; every wood is without fault from the top to the ground, and every wide good plain.

"It is pleasant is the color of the time; rough winter is gone; every plentiful wood is white; summer is a joyful peace.

"A flock of birds pitches in the meadow; there are sounds in the green fields, there is in them a clear rushing stream.

"There is a hot desire on you for the racing of horses; twisted holly makes a leash for the hound; a bright spear has been shot into the earth, and the flag-flower is golden under it.

"A weak lasting little bird is singing at the top of his voice; the lark is singing clear tidings; without fault, of beautiful colors.

"I have another story for you; the ox is lowing, the winter is creeping in, the summer is gone. High and cold the wind, low the sun, cries are about us; the sea is quarreling.

"The ferns are reddened and their shape is hidden; the cry of the wild goose is heard; the cold has caught the wings of the birds; it is the time of ice-frost, hard, unhappy."

And after that, Finn, being but a young lad yet, made himself ready and went up at Samhain time to the gathering of the High King at Teamhair. And it was the law at that gathering, no one to raise a quarrel or bring out any grudge against another through the whole of the time it lasted. And the king and his chief men, and Goll, son of Morna, that was now Head of the Fianna, and Caoilte, son of Ronan, and Conan, son of Morna, of the sharp

words, were sitting at a feast in the great house of the Middle Court; and the young lad came in and took his place among them, and none of them knew who he was.

The High King looked at him then, and the horn of meetings was brought to him, and he put it into the boy's hand, and asked him who he was.

"I am Finn, son of Cumhal," he said, "son of the man that used to be head over the Fianna, and King of Ireland; and I am come now to get your friendship, and to give you my service."

"You are son of a friend, boy," said the king, "and son of a man I trusted."

Then Finn rose up and made his agreement of service and of faithfulness to the king; and the king took him by the hand and put him sitting beside his own son, and they gave themselves to drinking and to pleasure for a while.

Every year, now, at Samhain time, for nine years, there had come a man of the Tuatha de Danaan out of Sidhe Finnachaidh in the north, and had burned up Teamhair. Aillen, son of Midhna, his name was, and it is the way he used to come, playing music of the Sidhe, and all the people that heard it would fall asleep. And when they were all in their sleep, he would let a flame of fire out of his mouth, and would blow the flame till all Teamhair was burned.

The king rose up at the feast after a while, and his smooth horn in his hand, and it is what he said: "If I could find among you, men of Ireland, any man that would keep Teamhair till the break of day to-morrow without being burned by Aillen, son of Midhna, I would give him whatever inheritance is right for him to have, whether it be much or little."

But the men of Ireland made no answer, for they knew well that at the sound of the sweet pitiful music made by that comely man of the Sidhe, even women in their pains and men that were wounded would fall asleep.

It is then Finn rose up and spoke to the King of Ireland. "Who will be your sureties that you will fulfill this?" he said. "The kings of the provinces of Ireland," said the king, "and Cithruadh with his Druids." So they gave their pledges, and Finn took in hand to keep Teamhair safe till the breaking of day on the morrow.

Now there was a fighting man among the followers of the King of Ireland, Fiacha, son of Conga, that Cumhal, Finn's father, used to have a great liking for, and he said to Finn: "Well, boy," he said, "what reward would you give me if I would bring you a deadly spear, that no false cast was ever made with?" "What reward are you asking of me?" said Finn. "Whatever your right hand wins at any time, the third of it to be mine," said Fiacha, "and a third of your trust and your friendship to be mine." "I will give you that," said Finn. Then Fiacha brought him the spear, unknown to the sons of Morna or to any other person, and he said: "When you will hear the music of the Sidhe, let you strip the covering off the head of the spear and put it to your forehead, and the power of the spear will not let sleep come upon you."

Then Finn rose up before all the men of Ireland, and he made a round of the whole of Teamhair. And it was not long till he heard the sorrowful music, and he stripped the covering from the head of the spear, and he held the power of it to his forehead. And Aillen went on playing his little harp, till he had put every one in their sleep as he was used; and then he let a flame of fire out from his mouth to burn Teamhair. And Finn held up his fringed crimson cloak against the flame, and it fell down through the air and went into the ground, bringing the four-folded cloak with it deep into the earth.

And when Aillen saw his spells were destroyed, he went back to Sidhe Finnachaidh on the top of Slieve Fuad; but Finn followed after him there, and as Aillen was going in at the door he made a cast of the spear that went through his heart. And he struck his head off then, and brought it back to Teamhair and fixed it on a crooked pole and left it there till the rising of the sun over the heights and invers of the country.

And Aillen's mother came to where his body was lying, and there was great grief on her, and she made this complaint:—

"Ochone! Aillen is fallen, chief of the Sidhe of Beinn Boirche; the slow clouds of death are come on him. Och! he was pleasant, Och! he was kind. Aillen, son of Midhna of Slieve Fuad.

"Nine times he burned Teamhair. It is a great name he was always looking for, Ochone, Ochone, Ailleu!"

And at the breaking of day, the king and all the men of Ireland came out upon the lawn at Teamhair where Finn was. "King," said Finn, "there is the head of the man that burned Teamhair, and the pipe and the harp that made his music. And it is what I think," he said, "that Teamhair and all that is in it is saved."

Then they all came together into the place of counsel and it is what they agreed, the headship of the Fianna of Ireland to be given to Finn. And the king said to Goll, son of Morna: "Well, Goll," he said, "is it your choice to quit Ireland or to put your hand in Finn's hand?" "By my word, I will give Finn my hand," said Goll.

And when the charms that used to bring good luck had done their work, the chief men of the Fianna rose up and struck their hands in Finn's hand, and Goll, son of Morna, was the first to give him his hand the way there would be less shame on the rest for doing it.

And Finn kept the headship of the Fianna until the end; and the place he lived in was Almhuin of Leinster, where the white dun was made by Nuada of the Tuatha de Danaan, that was as white as if all the lime in Ireland was put on it, and that got its name from the great herd of cattle that died fighting one time around the well, and that left their horns there, speckled horns and white.

And as to Finn himself, he was a king and a seer and a poet; a Druid and a knowledgeable man; and everything he said was sweet-sounding to his people. And a better fighting man than Finn never struck his hand into a king's hand, and whatever any one ever said of him, he was three times better. And of his justice it used to be said, that if his enemy and his own son had come before him to be judged, it is a fair judgment he would have given between them. And as to his generosity it used to be said, he never denied any man as long as he had a mouth to eat with, and legs to bring away what he gave him; and he left no woman without her bride-price, and no man without his pay; and he never promised at night what he would not fulfill on the morrow, and he never promised in the day what he would not fulfill at night, and he never forsook his right-hand friend. And if he was quiet in peace he was angry in

battle, and Oisin his son and Osgar his son's son, followed him in that. There was a young man of Ulster came and claimed kinship with them one time, saying they were of the one blood. "If that is so," said Oisin, "it is from the men of Ulster we took the madness and the angry heart we have in battle." "That is so indeed," said Finn.

MOUNTAIN THEOLOGY.

From 'Poets and Dreamers.'

Mary Glyn lives under Slieve-nan-Or, the Golden Mountain, where the last battle will be fought in the last great war of the world; so that the sides of Gortaveha, a lesser mountain, will stream with blood. But she and her friends are not afraid of this; for an old weaver from the north, who knew all things, told them long ago that there is a place near Turloughmore where war will never come, because St. Columcill used to live there. So they will make use of this knowledge, and seek a refuge there, if, indeed, there is room enough for them all. There is a river by her house that marks the boundary between Galway and Clare; and there are stepping-stones in the river, so that she can cross from Connaught to Munster when she has a mind. But she cannot do her marketing when she has a mind; for the nearest town, Gort, is ten miles away. The roof of her little cabin is thatched with rushes, and a garden of weeds grows on it, and the rain comes through. But she is soon to have a new thatch; for she thinks she won't live long, and she wouldn't like the rain to be coming down on her when she is dead and laid out. There is heather in blow on the hills about her home, and foxglove reddens the clay banks, and loosestrife the marshy hollows; and rush-cotton waves its little white flags over the bogs. Mary Glyn's neighbors come to see her sometimes, when the sun is going down, and the hurry of the day is over. Old Mr. Saggarton is one of them; he had his learning from a hedge-schoolmaster in the old times; and he looks down on the narrow teaching of the National Schools; and he was once in jail for nine months, having

been taken in the very act of making *poteen*. And Mrs. Casey comes and looks at the stepping-stones now and again, for she is a Clare woman; and though she has lived fifty years in Connaught, she is not yet quite reconciled to it, and would never have made it her home if she could have seen it before she came. And some who do not live among the bogs and the heather, but among the green pastures and the gray stones of Aidne, come to Slieve Echtge and learn unwritten truths from the lips of Mary and her friends.

The duty of giving is taught as well as practiced by these poor hill-people. "For," says Mary Glyn, "the best road to heaven is to be charitable to the poor." And old Mrs. Casey agrees, and says: "There was a poor girl walking the road one night with no place to stop; and the Saviour met her on the road, and He said: 'Go up to the house you see a light in; there 's a woman dead there, and they 'll let you in.' So she went and she found the woman laid out, and the husband and other people; but she worked harder than they all, and she stopped in the house after; and after two quarters the man married her. And one day she was sitting outside the door, picking over a bag of wheat, and the Saviour came again, with the appearance of a poor man, and He asked her for a few grains of the wheat. And she said: 'Wouldn't potatoes be good enough for you?' and she called to the girl within to bring out a few potatoes. But He took nine grains of the wheat in His hand and went away; and there wasn't a grain of wheat left in the bag, but all gone. So she ran after Him then to ask Him to forgive her; and she overtook Him on the road, and she asked forgiveness. And He said: 'Don't you remember the time you had no house to go to, and I met you on the road, and sent you to a house where you 'd live in plenty? and now you wouldn't give Me a few grains of wheat.' And she said: 'But why didn't You give me a heart that would like to divide it?' That is how she came round on Him. And He said: 'From this out, whenever you have plenty in your hands, divide it freely for My sake.'"

And this is a marvel that might occur again at any time; for Mary Glyn says further:—

"There was a woman I knew was very charitable to the

poor; and she 'd give them the full of her apron of bread, or of potatoes or anything she had. And she was only lately married; and one day, a poor woman came to the door with her children and she brought them to the fire, and warmed them, and gave them a drink of milk; and she sent out to the barn for a bag of potatoes for them. And the husband came in, and he said: 'Kitty, if you go on this way, you won't leave much for ourselves.' And she said: 'He that gave us what we have, can give us more.' And the next day when they went out to the barn, it was full of potatoes—more than were ever in it before. And when she was dying, and her children about her, the priest said to her: 'Mrs. Gallagher, it 's in heaven you 'll be at twelve o'clock to-morrow.'"

But when death comes, it is not enough to have been charitable; and it is not right to touch the body or lay it out for a couple of hours; for the soul should be given time to fight for itself, and to go up to judgment. And sometimes it is not willing to go; for Mrs. Casey says:—

"The Saviour, one time, told St. Patrick to go and prepare a man that was going to die. And St. Patrick said: 'I 'd sooner not go; for I never yet saw the soul depart from the body.' But then he went, and he prepared the man. And when he was lying there dead, he saw the soul go from the body; and three times it went to the door, and three times it came back and kissed the body. And St. Patrick asked the Saviour why it did that; and He said: 'That soul was sorry to part from the body, because it had held it so clean and so honest.'"

When the hill-people talk of "the time of the war," it is the war that once took place in heaven that is understood. And when "*Those*" are spoken of, the fallen angels are understood, the cloud of witnesses, the whirling invisible host; and it is only to a stranger that an explanation need be given.

"They were in heaven once," Mary Glyn says, "and heaven is the first place there was war; and they were all to be done away with; and it was St. Peter asked the Saviour to help them, when he saw Him going to empty the heavens. So He turned His hand like this; and the earth and the sky and the sea were full of them, and they are in every place, and you know that better than I do, be-

cause you read books. Resting they do be in the daytime, and going about at night. And their music is the finest you ever heard, like all the fifers, and all the instruments, and all the tunes of the world. I heard it sometimes myself, and there is no music in the world like it; but not all can hear it. Round the hill it comes, and you going in at the door. And they are quiet neighbors if you treat them well. God bless them, and bring them all to heaven."

And then, having mentioned Monday (a spell against unseen listeners), and said, "God bless the hearers, and the place it is told in"—and her niece, Mary Irwin, having said, "God bless all we see, and those we don't see," they tell—first one speaking and then the other—that: "One night there were *banabhs* in the house; and there was a man coming to dig the potato garden in the morning—and so late at night, Mary Glyn was making stirabout, and a cake to have ready for the breakfast of the *banabhs* and the man; and Mary's brother Micky was asleep within on the bed. And there came the sound of the grandest music you ever heard from beyond the stream, and it stopped there. And Micky awoke in the bed, and was afraid, and said: 'Shut up the door and quench the light,' and so we did." "It 's likely," Mary says, "they wanted to come into the house, and they wouldn't when they saw me up and the lights about." But one time when there were potatoes in the loft, Mary and her brothers were pelted with the potatoes when they sat down to supper. And Mary Irwin got a blow on the side of the face, from one of them, one night in the bed. "And they have the hope of heaven, and God grant it to them." And one day, there was a priest and his servant riding along the road, and there was a hurling of them going on in the field. And a man of them came out and stood in the road and said to the priest: "Tell me this, for you know it, have we a chance of heaven?" "You have not," said the priest. ("God forgive him," says Mary Irwin, "a priest to say that!") And the man that was of them said: "Put your fingers in your ears, till you have traveled two miles of the road; for when I go back and tell what you are after telling me to the rest, the crying and the bawling and the roaring will be so great that, if you hear it, you 'll never hear a noise again in this world." So they put their fingers then in their ears; but after a

while the servant said to the priest: "Let me take out my fingers now." And the priest said: "Do not." And then the servant said again: "I think I might take one finger out." And the priest said: "Since you are so persevering, you may take it out." So he did, and the noise of the crying and the roaring and the bawling was so great, that he never had the use of that ear again.

Old Mr. Saggarton confirms the story of the fall of the angels and their presence about us, but goes deeper into theology. "The soul," he says, "was the breath of God, breathed into Adam, and it is the possession of God ever since. And I could never have believed there was so much power in the shadow of a soul, till I saw *them* one night hurling. They tempt us sometimes in dreams—may God forgive me for saying He would allow power to any to tempt to evil. And they would destroy the world but for the hope they have of being saved. Every Monday morning they think the day of judgment may be coming, and that they will see heaven.

"Half the world is with them. And when you see a blast of wind, and it comes sudden and carries the dust with it, you should say, 'God bless them,' and throw something after them. For how do you know but one of our own may be in it?

"There never was a funeral they were not at, walking after the other people. And you can see them if you know the way—that is, to take a green rush and to twist it into a ring, and to look through it. But if you do, you 'll never have a stim of sight in the eye again."

A SORROWFUL LAMENT FOR IRELAND.

From 'Poets and Dreamers.'

The Irish poem I give this translation of was printed in the *Revue Celtique* some years ago, and lately in *An Fior Clairseach na h-Eireann*, where a note tells us it was taken from a manuscript in the Göttingen Library, and was written by an Irish priest, Shemus Cartan, who had taken orders in France; but its date is not given. I like it for its own beauty, and because its writer does not, as so many Irish writers have done, attribute the many griefs of Ireland only to "the horsemen of the Gall," but also to the faults and short-

comings to which the people of a country broken up by conquests are perhaps more liable than the people of a country that has kept its own settled rule.

My thoughts, alas! are without strength;
My spirit is journeying towards death;
My eyes are as a frozen sea;
My tears my daily food;
There is nothing in my life but only misery;
My poor heart is torn,
And my thoughts are sharp wounds within me,
Mourning the miserable state of Ireland,
Without ease, without mirth for any person
That is born on the plains of Emer.
And here I give you the heavy story,
And the tale of all the remnant of her deeds.

She lost her pomp and her strength together
When her strong men were banished across the sea;
Her churches are as holds of pain,
Without altars, without Mass, without bowing of knees;
Stables for horses—this story is pitiful—
Or without a stone of their stones together.

Since the children of Israel were in Egypt
Under bondage, and scarcity along with that,
There was never written in a book or never seen
Hardship like the hardships in Ireland.
They parted from us the shepherds of the flock.
That is the flock that is astray and is wounded,
Left to be torn by wild dogs,
And no healing for it from the hand of any one.
Unless God will look down on our distress
Ireland will indeed be lost for ever!
Every old man, every strong man, every child,
Our young men and our well-dressed women,
Keening, complaining, and reproaching;
Going under the power of the Gall or going across the sea.
Our dear country without any ears of corn,
Without store, without cattle, but only the green grass;
Our fatherless children are wasted and weak,
Famine and sickness traveling over Ireland,
And every other scourge that was ever known,
And the rest of her pain has not yet been told.

Nevertheless, my sharp woe! I see with my eyes
That the High King has a bow ready in His hand,

And His quiver is full of arrows with sharp points,
And every arrow of them for our sore wounding,
From the sole of our feet to the top of our head,
To bruise our hearts and to tear our sinews;
There is no spot of our limbs but is scarred;
Misfortune has come upon us all together—
The poor and the rich, the weak and the strong;
The great lord by whom hundreds were maintained;
The powerful strong man, and the man that holds the plow;
And the cross laid on the bare shoulders of every man.

I do not know of anything under the sky
That is friendly or favorable to the Gael,
But only the sea that our need brings us to,
Or the wind that blows to the harbor
The ship that is bearing us away from Ireland;
And there is reason that these are reconciled with us,
For we increase the sea with our tears,
And the wandering wind with our sighs.

We do not see heaven look kindly upon us;
We do not see our complaint being listened to;
Even the earth refuses us shelter
And the wood that gives protection to the birds;
Every cliff, every cave, every mountain-top,
Every hill, every lough, and every meadow.

Our feasts are without any voice of priests,
And none at them but women lamenting,
Tearing their hair, with troubled minds,
Keening pitifully after the Fenians.
The pipes of our organs are broken;
Our harps have lost their strings that were tuned
That might have made the great lamentations of Ireland;
Until the strong men come back across the sea,
There is no help for us but bitter crying,
Screams, and beating of hands, and calling out.

It is not strength of host, not loss of food,
Not the horsemen of the Gall coming from Britain,
Nor want of power, nor want of calling to war,
That has put defeat upon the armies of Ireland,
And has filled the cities with a sad multitude,
Alas! alas! but the greatness of our sins.

See, we are now put in the crucible
In which every worthless metal is tried,
In which gold is cleansed from every tarnish;
The Scripture is true in everything it says:
It says we must suffer before we can be cured;
It is through repentance we shall find forgiveness,
And the restoring of all that we have lost.

Let us put down the sum of our sins;
Oppression of the poor, thieving, robbery,
Great vows held in light esteem;
Giving our soul to the man that is the worst;
The strength of our pride was greater than our life,
The strength of our debts was more than we could pay.

It was with treachery Ireland was lost,
And the ill-will of men one to another.
There was no judge that would give a hearing
To the oppressed people whose life was under hardship.
Outcasts and widows crying aloud
Without right judgment to be had or punishment.

We were never agreed together,
But as one ox bound and one free from the yoke;
No right humility to be found.
All trying for the headship of Ireland
At the time when her enemies were doing their work.
No settlement to be made of any quarrel,
The share of the wheat-ear for the man that was strongest;
It is long that this has been the hurt of Ireland;
It is thus that the battle ended with the Gael.

Let us turn now and change our manners,
Let us make repentance of our sins together—
It is thus that the Israelites came out of Egypt;
Nineveh was given pardon for all its sins,
And even Peter for denying Christ.

O saints of Ireland, arise now together;
O Patrick, who has care of us, bless this flock:
We who are exiled, we who are forsaken,
This sod is gone out unless thou blow upon it;
Is thy sleep heavy or is thy hearing slow
That thou dost not give an answer to us?
Awake quickly; let it not be as a tale with thee
That there is no help for the fate of the Gael.

This, Patrick, is my own quarrel with thee
That every enemy of thy flock is saying
That thy ears are not ears that listen,
That thou art not troubled by the sight of thy people,
That if they did trouble thee thou wouldst not deny them.
Be with us nevertheless with thy strong power.
Make our enemies to quit Ireland for ever.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

(1803—1840.)

Gerald Griffin was born in Limerick, Dec. 12, 1803. His mother was a woman of a refined and sensitive nature, which he largely inherited.

Of his first schoolmaster an anecdote is related. Mrs. Griffin went to school with her boys on the first day of their entrance. "Mr. McEliot," said she, "you will oblige me very much by paying particular attention to the boys' pronunciation and making them perfect in their reading." He looked at her with astonishment. "Madam," he abruptly exclaimed, "you had better take your children home; I can have nothing to do with them." She expressed some surprise. "Perhaps, Mrs. Griffin," said he, after a pause, "you are not aware that there are only *three* persons in Ireland who know how to read." "Three!" said she. "Yes, madam, there are only three—the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare, and your humble servant. Reading, madam, is a natural gift, not an acquirement. If you choose to expect impossibilities, you had better take your children home." Mrs. Griffin found much difficulty in keeping her countenance; but, confessing her ignorance of this important fact, she gave the able but vain and eccentric pedagogue to understand that she would not look for a degree of perfection so rarely attainable, and the matter was made up.

When Griffin was seven years old his parents removed to Fairylawn on the banks of the Shannon, about twenty-eight miles from Limerick. The scenery, the monuments, and the memories of the place especially appealed to the boy's mind, and his writings abound in evidence of their influence upon him. Poetry was his first inspiration and delight. He had a scrap-book into which he carefully copied many of Moore's "Melodies." He also had "a secret drawer in which he kept papers, and it was whispered that he wrote scraps and put them there." All this in the sweet days of boyhood—

> "The shining days when life is new,
> And all is bright as morning dew."

Youth came, and with it higher thoughts, higher aspirations, and loftier schemes. It was while drifting along in his boat on the Shannon that he planned his 'Tragedy of Aguire.'

Like Carleton and the Banims, his education was a haphazard and imperfect one. In his novel 'The Rivals' he has pictured some phases of his school career. His parents emigrated to the United States while he was yet young, and left him to the care of his brother and sister.

He had some thought of educating himself for the medical profession, but drifted into newspaper work instead. Through this he made the acquaintance of John Banim, and, having finished 'The Tragedy of Aguire,' he determined to seek his fortune in London. He arrived there in the autumn of 1823, before he had completed



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his twentieth year, and after some weary searching found his friend.

Writing in the early part of 1824, he says : "What would I have done if I had not found Banim ? I should never be tired of talking and thinking of Banim. Mark me! he is a man—the only one I have met since I left Ireland. We walked over Hyde Park together on St. Patrick's day, renewed our home recollections by gathering shamrocks and placing them in our hats, even under the eye of John Bull."

He very soon set about disposing of the tragedy on which he had built his hopes. The public taste of the time demanded the sensational drama in its fullest sense, and although approved and corrected by Banim, himself an able dramatist, poor Griffin's play was rejected. Discouraged but not dismayed, he set about the preparation of another, entitled 'Gisippus,' writing it in coffee-houses and on little slips of paper, for at this period he was hard put to it to keep body and soul together. Although performed in Drury Lane with some success after the author's death, this tragedy during his lifetime met the same fate that befel the unfortunate 'Aguire.' It still survives, however, in spite of its classical form.

He now abandoned dramatic authorship, and began to contribute short poems to the magazines ; but the method of payment, we are told, was so unsatisfactory that he gave this up in disgust. He next turned to writing for the newspapers, and for a time was correspondent and reporter. At length his brilliant articles attracted such attention as to procure for him the offer of one pound ($5.00) per page for his contributions to *The Fashion News*. Encouraged by this, he determined to venture on a work descriptive of the manners and customs of his countrymen, and the result was the production in 1827 of his first novel, 'Hollandtide,' which at once brought him into public notice. In February, 1827, he returned to Limerick ; his sister died the evening before his arrival. He felt the stroke severely, and the beautiful lines beginning "Oh ! not for ever lost" were written by him in her memory. After a short interval he produced his 'Tales of the Munster Festivals,' in the incredibly short space of four months. These consisted of 'Card-Drawing,' 'The Half-Sir,' and 'Suil Dhuv the Coiner,' and were highly praised by the critics. In the later part of 1827 he returned to London, and soon afterward wrote the most successful of his works, 'The Collegians,' which was dramatized by Dion Boucicault as 'The Colleen Bawn.' It appeared in the winter of 1828, and has been pronounced to be the best Irish novel by such men as Aubrey De Vere, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and Justin McCarthy.

He entered at the London University as a law student and for a short time attended a course of lectures; but this he soon gave up and turned to the study of Irish history. One outcome of this was the appearance of his novel 'The Invasion.' This work was received with commendation by the reviewers ; to the students of ancient manners it was acceptable, but with the reading public its success was limited. For a year or two after the publication of 'The Invasion' we know little of Griffin, except that he spent his

time partly in London and partly with his brother in Ireland. He has given us an amusing account of his visit to Moore at Sloperton in 1832, as one of a deputation who sought unsuccessfully to prevail on the poet to offer himself for the representation of Limerick in Parliament. In 1830 he published his 'Christian Physiologist, or Tales of the Five Senses'; and in 1835 appeared in succession 'The Rivals,' 'The Duke of Monmouth,' and 'Tales of my Neighborhood.' A tour through the Highlands of Scotland, a country which he loved to visit, furnished material for a series of letters full of buoyant and sportive gayety blended with admiration for the wild scenery through which he passed.

"It should be counted to him," says Dr. George Sigerson in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "that he was the first to present several of our folk customs, tales, and ancient legends in English prose. In poetry his longer pieces fail in freshness, vigor, and local color; they are conventional compositions, carefully worded, with pleasing imagery and pensive reflections. In his lyrics, however, where his native genius is free, he is at his best, impassioned at times (though never passionate), tender, delicate, yet strong with a certain dramatic grasp of his subject. There is a curious prudence, somewhat Edgeworthian, in certain of his verses, which controls passion and may be due to the influence of a Quaker lady whose friend he was."

On his return a great change was visible upon him. For some years he had feared his works had not conduced to the benefit of mankind, and that all his dreams of fame, now that they were being realized, were but "vanity of vanities." From his earliest youth, also, the idea had haunted him that his life would be cut short—that he would never live to be an old man. All these thoughts and feelings combined led to the resolution which he now announced, of retiring to a monastery. He collected all his unpublished manuscripts, the tragedy of 'Aguire' among the rest, and committed them to the flames; he divided his property among his brothers, and on the 8th of September, 1838, he was enrolled in the monastery of the Christian Brothers in Dublin under the name of Brother Joseph. In the summer of 1839 he removed to the North Monastery, Cork, where he died, June 12, 1840, aged thirty-seven years. He was interred in the cemetery of the convent, and a stone with the inscription "Brother Gerald Griffin" marks the spot.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SHEEP.

In the days of our ancestors it was the custom, when a "strong farmer" had arrived at a certain degree of independence by his agricultural pursuits, to confer upon him a title in the Irish language, which is literally translated "the Knight of the Sheep." Though not commonly of noble origin, those persons often exercised a kind of patriarchal sway, scarce less extensive than that of many a feudal descendant of the Butlers or the Geraldines.

In one of the most fertile townlands in one of our inland counties lived a person of this class, bearing the name of Bryan Taafe. No less than three spacious tenements acknowledged his sway, by the culture of which he had acquired, in the course of a long life, a quantity of wealth more than sufficient for any purpose to which he might wish to apply it.

Mr. Taafe had three sons, on whose education he had lavished all the care and expense which could have been expected from the most affectionate father in his walk of life. He had a great opinion of learning, and had frequently in his mouth, for the instruction of his children, such snatches of old wisdom as "learning is better than houses or land," and

> "A man without learning, and wearing fine clothes,
> Is like a pig with a gold ring in his nose."

Accordingly, the best teachers that Kerry and Limerick could afford were employed to teach them the classics, mathematics, and such other branches of science and letters as were current in those parts. The two elder sons showed a remarkable quickness in all their studies; but the youngest, though his favorite, disappointed both him and his instructors. So heavy was he at his book that neither threats nor caresses could have any effect in making him arrive at anything like proficiency. However, as it did not proceed from absolute indolence or obstinacy, his father was content to bear with his backwardness in this respect, although it in some degree diminished the especial affection with which he once regarded him.

One day as Mr. Taafe was walking in his garden, taking the air before breakfast in the morning, he called Jerry Fogarty, his steward, and told him he wanted to speak with him.

"Jerry," says Mr. Taafe, after they had taken two or three turns on the walk together, "I don't know in the world what I 'll do with Garret."

"Why so, masther?"

"Ah, I 'm kilt from him. You know yourself what a great opinion I always had o' the learning. A man, in fact, isn't conshidered worth spakin' to in these times that hasn't it. 'T is for the same raison I went to so much cost

and trouble to get schoolin' for them three boys; and to be sure, as for Shamus and Guillaum, I haven't any cause to complain, but the world wouldn't get good o' Garret. It was only the other mornin' I asked him who was it discovered America, and the answer he made me was that he believed it was Nebuchodonezzar."

"A' no?"

"'T is as thrue as you 're standin' there. What 's to be done with a man o' that kind? Sure, as I often represented to himself, it would be a disgrace to me if he was ever to go abroad in foreign parts, or any place o' the kind, and to make such an answer as that to any gentleman or lady, afther all I lost by him. 'T isn't so with Shamus and Guillaum. There isn't many goin' that could thrace histhory with them boys. I 'd give a dale, out o' regard for the poor woman that 's gone, if Garret could come any way near 'em."

"I 'll tell you what it is, masther," said Jerry; "there 's a dale that 's not over bright at the book, an' that would be very 'cute for all in their own minds. Maybe Master Garret would be one o' them, an' we not to know it. I remember myself one Motry Hierlohee, that not one ha'p'orth o' good could be got out of him goin' to school, an' he turned out one of the greatest janiuses in the parish afther. There isn't his aiquals in Munsther now at a lamentation or the likes. Them raal janiuses does be always so full of their own thoughts, they can't bring themselves, as it were, to take notice of those of other people."

"Maybe you 're right, Jerry," answered Mr. Taafe; "I 'll take an opportunity of trying."

He said no more, but in a few days after he gave a great entertainment to all his acquaintances, rich and poor, that were within a morning's ride of his own house, taking particular care to have every one present that had any name at all for "the learning." Mr. Taafe was so rich and so popular amongst his neighbors, that his house was crowded on the day appointed with all the scholars in the country, and they had no reason to complain of the entertainment they received from Mr. Taafe. Every thing good and wholesome that his sheep-walk, his paddock, his orchard, his kitchen-garden, his pantry, and his cellar, could afford, was placed before them in abundance; and seldom did a

merrier company assemble together to enjoy the hospitality of an Irish farmer.

When the dinner was over, and the guests busily occupied in conversation, the Knight of the Sheep, who sat at the head of the table, stood up with a grave air, as if he were about to address something of importance to the company. His venerable appearance, as he remained standing, a courteous smile shedding its light over his aged countenance, and his snowy hair descending almost to his shoulders, occasioned a respectful silence amongst the guests, while he addressed them in the following words:

"In the first place, gentlemen, I have to return you all thanks for giving me the pleasure of your company here today, which I do with all my heart. And I feel the more honored and gratified because I take it for granted you have come here, not so much from any personal feeling towards myself, but because you know that I have always endeavored, so far as my poor means would enable me, to show my respect for men of parts and learning. Well, then, here you are all met, grammarians, geometricians, arithmeticians, geographers, astronomers, philosophers, Latinists, Grecians, and men of more sciences than perhaps I ever heard the names of. Now there 's no doubt learning is a fine thing, but what good is all the learning in the world, without what they call mother-wit to make use of it? An ounce o' mother-wit would buy an' sell a stone-weight of learning at any fair in Munsther. Now there are you all scholars, an' here am I a poor country farmer that hardly ever got more teaching than to read and write, and maybe a course of Voster, and yet I 'll be bound I 'll lay down a problem that maybe some of ye wouldn't find it easy to make out."

At this preamble, the curiosity of the company was raised to the highest degree, and the Knight of the Sheep resumed, after a brief pause.

"At a farm of mine, about a dozen miles from this, I have four fields of precisely the same soil; one square, another oblong, another partly round, and another triangular. Now, what is the reason that, while I have an excellent crop of white eyes this year out of the square, the oblong, and the round field, not a single stalk would grow in the triangular one?"

This problem produced a dead silence amongst the guests, and all exerted their understandings to discover the solution, but without avail, although many of their conjectures showed the deepest ingenuity. Some traced out a mysterious connection between the triangular boundary and the lines of the celestial hemisphere; others said, probably from the shape of the field an equal portion of nutrition did not flow on all sides to the seed so as to favor its growth. Others attributed the failure to the effect of the angular hedges upon the atmosphere, which, collecting the wind, as it were, into corners, caused such an obstruction to the warmth necessary to vegetation, that the seed perished in the earth. But all their theories were beside the mark.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Taafe, "ye 're all too clever—"that 's the only fault I have to find with yer answers. Shamus," he continued, addressing his eldest son, "can you tell the raison?"

"Why, then, father," said Shamus, "they didn't grow there, I suppose, because you didn't plant them there."

"You have it, Shamus," said the knight; "I declare you took the ball from all the philosophers. Well, gentlemen, can any o' ye tell me, now, if you wished to travel all over the world, from whom would you ask a passport?"

This question seemed as puzzling as the former. Some said the Great Mogul, others the Grand Seignior, others the Pope, others the Lord Lieutenant, and some the Emperor of Austria; but all were wrong.

"What do you say, Guillaum?" asked the knight, addressing his second son.

"From Civility, father," answered Guillaum; "for that 's a gentleman that has acquaintances everywhere."

"You 're right, Guillaum," replied the knight. "Well, I have one more question for the company. Can any one tell me in what country the women are the best housekeepers?"

Again the company exhausted all their efforts in conjecture, and the geographers showed their learning by naming all the countries in the world, one after another, but to no purpose. The knight now turned with a fond look towards his youngest son.

"Garret," said he, "can you tell where the women are good housekeepers?"

Garret rubbed his forehead for a while, and smiled, and shook his head, but could get nothing out of it.

"I declare to my heart, father," said he, "I can't tell from Adam. Where the women are good housekeepers?—Stay a minute. Maybe," said he, with a knowing wink, "maybe 't is in America?"

"Shamus, do you answer," said the knight in a disappointed tone.

"In the grave, father," answered Shamus; "for there they never gad abroad."

Mr. Taafe acknowledged that his eldest son had once more judged right; and the entertainments of the night proceeded without further interruption, until, wearied with feasting and music, such of the company as could not be accommodated with beds, took their departure, each in the direction of his own home.

On the following morning, in the presence of his household, Mr. Taafe made a present to his two eldest sons of one hundred pounds each, and was induced to bestow the same sum on Garret, although he by no means thought he deserved it after disgracing him as he had done before his guests. He signified to the young men at the same time that he gave them the money as a free gift, to lay out in any way they pleased, and that he never should ask them to repay it.

After breakfast, the old knight, as usual, went to take a few turns in the garden.

"Well, Jerry," said he, when the steward had joined him according to his orders; "well, Jerry, Garret is no genius."

A groan from Jerry seemed to announce his acquiescence in this decision. He did not, however, resign all hope.

"With a submission to your honor," said he, "I wouldn't call that a fair thrial of a man's parts. A man mightn't be able to answer a little *cran* o' that kind, an' to have more sense for all than those that would. Wait a while until you 'll see what use he 'll make o' the hundred pounds, an' that 'll show his sinse betther than all the riddles in Europe."

Mr. Taafe acknowledged that Jerry's proposition was but reasonable: and, accordingly, at the end of a twelvemonth, he called his three sons before him, and examined them one after another.

"Well, Shamus," said he, "what did you do with your hundred pounds?"

"I bought stock with it, father."

"Very good. And you, Guillaum?"

"I laid it out, father, in the intherest of a little farm westwards."

"Very well managed again. Well, Garret, let us hear what you did with the hundred pounds."

"I spent it, father," said Garret.

"Spent it! Is it the whole hundred pounds?"

"Sure, I thought you told us we might lay it out as we liked, sir?"

"Is that the raison you should be such a prodigal as to waste the whole of it in a year? Well, hear to me, now, the three o' ye, and listen to the raison why I put ye to these trials. I 'm an ould man, my children; my hair is white on my head, an' it 's time for me to think of turning the few days that are left me to the best account. I wish to separate myself from the world before the world separates itself from me. For this cause I had resolved, these six months back, to give up all my property to ye three that are young an' hearty, an' to keep nothing for myself but a bed under my old roof, an' a sate at the table and by the fireplace, an' so to end my ould days in peace an' quiet. To you, Shamus, I mean to give the dairy-farm up in the mountains; the Corcasses and all the meadowing to you, Guillaum; and for you, Garret, I had the best of the whole,— that is, the house we 're living in, and the farm belonging to it.

"But for what would I give it to you, after what you just tould me? Is it to make ducks and drakes of it, as you did o' the hundhred pounds? Here Garret," said he, going to a corner of the room and bringing out a small bag and a long hazel stick; "here 's the legacy I have to leave you— that an' the king's high road, an' my liberty to go wherever it best plases you. Hard enough I airned that hundhred pounds that you spent so aisily. And as for the farm I meant to give you, I give it to these two boys, an' my

blessing along with it since 't is they that know how to take care of it."

At this speech the two elder sons cast themselves at their father's feet with tears of gratitude.

"Yes," said he, "my dear boys, I 'm rewarded for all the pains I ever took with ye, to make ye industrious, and thrifty, and everything that way. I 'm satisfied, under Heaven, that all will go right with ye; but as for this boy, I have nothing to say to him. Betther for me I never saw his face."

Poor Garret turned aside his head, but he made no attempt to excuse himself, nor to obtain any favor from his rigid father. After wishing them all a timid farewell, which was but slightly returned, he took the bag and staff and went about his business.

His departure seemed to give little pain to his relatives. They lived merrily and prosperously, and even the old knight himself showed no anxiety to know what had become of Garret. In the meantime the two eldest sons got married, and Mr. Taafe, in the course of a few years, had the satisfaction to see his grandchildren seated on his knee.

We are often widely mistaken in our estimate of generosity. It may appear a very noble thing to bestow largely, but, before we give it the praise of generosity, we must be sure that the motive is as good as the deed. Mr. Taafe began, in the course of time, to show that his views in bestowing his property on his two sons were not wholly free from selfishness. They found it harder to please him, now that they were masters of all, than when they were wholly dependent on his will. His jealousies and murmurs were interminable. There was no providing against them beforehand, nor any allaying them when they did arise.

The consequence was, that the young men, who never really felt anything like the gratitude they had professed, began to consider the task of pleasing him altogether burdensome. In this feeling they were encouraged by their wives, who never ceased murmuring at the cost and trouble of entertaining him.

Accordingly, one night, while the aged knight was murmuring at some inattention which was shown him at table,

Shamus and Guillaum Taafe walked into the room, determined to put an end forever to his complaints.

"I 'd like to know what would plaise you!" exclaimed Shamus. "I suppose you won't stop until you 'll take house and all from us, an' turn us out, as you did Garret, to beg from doore to doore?"

"If I did itself, Shamus," said the knight, looking at him for some moments with surprise, "I 'd get no more than I gave."

"What good was your giving it," cried Guillaum, "when you won't let us enjoy it with a moment's comfort?"

"Do you talk that way to me, too, Guillaum? If it was poor Garret I had, he wouldn't use me so."

"Great thanks he got from you for any good that was in him," cried one of the women.

"Let him take his stick and pack out to look for Garret," said the second woman, "since he is so fond of him."

The old knight turned and looked at the women.

"I don't wondher," said he, "at anything I 'd hear *ye* say. You never yet heard of anything great or good, or for the public advantage, that a woman would have a hand in—only mischief always. If you ask who made such a road, or who built such a bridge, or wrote such a great histhory, or did any other good action o' the kind, I 'll engage 't is seldom you 'll hear that it is a woman done it; but if you ask who it is that set such and such a pair fightin', or who it is that caused such a *jewel*, or who it is that let out such a sacret, or ran down such a man's character, or occasioned such a war, or brought such a man to the gallows, or caused diversion in such a family, or anything o' that kind, then, I 'll engage, you 'll hear that a woman had some call to it. We needn't have recoorse to histhory to know yer doin's. 'T is undher our eyes. 'T was the likes of ye two that burned Throy, an' made the King of Leinsther rebel again' Brian Boru."

At this the two women pulled the caps off their heads, and set up such a screaming and shrieking as might be heard from thence to Cork.

"Oh, murther! murther!" says one of them, "was it for this I married you, to be compared to people o' that kind?"

"What raison has he to me," cried the other, "that he 'd

compare me to them that would rebel again' Brian Boru? Would I rebel again' Brian Boru, Shamus, a regal?"

"Don't heed him, a-vourneen; he 's an ould man."

"Oh, vo, vo! if ever I thought the likes o' that would be said to me, that I 'd rebel again' Brian Boru!"

"There 's no use in talking, Guillaum," cried the second, who probably took the allusion to the fate of Troy as a slight on her own personal attractions; "there 's no use in talkin,' but I never 'll stay a day undher your roof with anybody that would say I 'd burn Throy. Does he forget that ever he had a mother himself? Ah, 't is a bad apple, that 's what it is, that despises the three it sprung from."

"Well, I 'll tell you what it is, now," said the eldest son, "since 't is come to that with you, that you won't let the women alone, I won't put up with any more from you. I believe, if I didn't show you the outside o' the doore, you'd show it to me before long. There, now, the world is free to you to look out for people that 'll plaise you better, since you say we can't do it."

"A', Shamus, agra," said the old knight, looking at his son with astonishment; "is that my thanks afther all?"

"Your thanks for what?" cried Guillaum; "is it for plaisin' your own fancy or for making our lives miserable ever since, an' to give crossness to the women?"

"Let him go look for Garret, now," cried one of the women, "an' see whether they 'll agree betther than they did before."

"Ah—Shamus—Guillaum—a chree," said the poor old man, trembling with terror at sight of the open door, "let ye have it as ye will; I am sorry for what I said, a'ra gal! Don't turn me out on the high road in my ould days! I 'll engage I never 'll open my mouth again' one o' ye again the longest day I live. A', Shamus a-vich, it isn't long I have to stay wid ye. Your own hair will be as white as mine yet, praise God, an' 't wouldn't be wishin' to you then for a dale that you showed any disrespect to mine."

His entreaties, however, were all to no purpose. They turned him out, and made fast the door behind him.

Imagine an old man of sixty and upwards turned out on the high road on a cold and rainy night, the north wind beating on his feeble breast, and without the prospect of

relief before him. For a time he could not believe that the occurrence was real, and it was only when he felt the rain already penetrating through his thin dress that he became convinced it was but too true.

"Well," said the old man, lifting up his hands as he crept out on the high road, "is this what all the teaching come to? Is this the cleverness an' the learning! Well, if it was to do again! No matther. They say there 's two bad pays in the world—the man that pays beforehand an' the man that doesn't pay at all. In a like manner, there 's two kinds of people that wrong their lawful heirs—those that give them their inheritance before death, and those that will it away from them afther. What 'll I do now at all, or where 'll I turn to—a poor old man o' my kind that isn't able to do a sthroke o' work if I was ever so fain? An' the night gettin' worse an' worse! Easy!—isn't that a light I see westwards? There 's no one, surely, except an unnatural son or daughter, that would refuse to give an old man shelter on such a night as this. I 'll see if all men's hearts are as hard as my two sons'."

He went to the house, which was situated at the distance of a quarter of a mile from that which he so lately looked on as his own. As he tottered along the dark and miry *borheen* which led to the cottage door, the barking of a dog inside aroused the attention of the inmates. Being already in bed, however, before he had arrived there, none of them were very willing to give admission to a stranger.

"Who 's there?" cried the man of the house, as the old knight knocked timidly at the door. "Do you think we have nothing else to do at this very time o' night but to be gettin' up an' openin' the doore to every sthroller that goes the road?"

"Ah! if you knew who it was you had there," said the knight, "you wouldn't be so slow of openin' the doore."

"Who is it I have there, then?"

"The Knight of the Sheep."

"The Knight of the Sheep! Oh, you born villyan! 'T was your son Shamus that chated me out o' thirty good pounds by a horse he sould me at the fair o' Killedy—an animal that wasn't worth five! Go along this minute with you; or if you make me get up, 't is to give you something that you wouldn't bargain for."

The poor old man hurried away from the door, fearing that the farmer would be but too ready to put his threat into execution. The night was growing worse and worse. He knocked at another door; but the proprietor of this in like manner had suffered by the extreme cleverness of Guillaum Taafe, and refused to give him shelter. The whole night was spent in going from door to door, and finding in every place where he applied that the great ability of his two sons had been beforehand with him in getting a bad name for the whole family. At last, as the morning began to dawn, he found himself unable to proceed farther, and was obliged to lie down in a little paddock close to a very handsome farmhouse. Here the coldness of the morning air and the keenness of his grief at the recollection of his children's ingratitude had such an effect upon him that he swooned away, and lay for a long time insensible upon the grass. In this condition he was found by the people of the house, who soon after came out to look after the bounds and do their usual farming work. They had the humanity to take him into the house, and to put him into a warm bed, where they used all proper means for his recovery.

When he had come to himself, they asked him who he was, and how he had fallen into so unhappy a condition. For a time the old knight was afraid to answer, lest these charitable people, like so many others, might have been at one time sufferers by the roguery of his two eldest sons, and thus be tempted to repent of their kindness the instant they had heard on whom it had been bestowed. However, fearing lest they should accuse him of duplicity in case they might afterwards learn the truth, he at length confessed his name.

"The Knight of the Sheep!" exclaimed the woman of the house, with a look of the utmost surprise and joy.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she continued, calling out to her husband, who was in another room. "A', come here, asthore, until you see Misther Taafe, the father o' young Masther Garret, the darlin' that saved us all from ruin."

The man of the house came in as fast as he could run.

"Are you Garret Taafe's father?" said he, looking surprised at the old knight.

"I had a son of that name," said Mr. Taafe, "though all

I know of him now is, that I used him worse than I would if it was to happen again."

"Well, then," said the farmer, "my blessing on that day that ever you set foot within these doores. The rose in May was never half so welcome, an' I 'm betther plaised than I 'll tell you, that I have you undher my roof."

"I 'm obliged to you," said the knight; "but what 's the raison o' that?"

"Your son Garret," replied the man, "of a day when every whole ha'p'orth we had in the world was going to be canted for the rent, put a hand in his pocket an' lent us thirty pounds till we 'd be able to pay him again, an' we not knowin' who in the world he was, nor he us, I 'm sure. It was only a long time afther that we found it out by others in various parts that he had served in like manner, and they told us who he was. We never seen him since; but I 'm sure it would be the joyful day to us that we 'd see him coming back to get his thirty pounds."

When the old knight heard this, he felt as if somebody was running him through with a sword.

"And this," said he, "was the way poor Garret spent the hundhred pounds! Oh, murther! murther! my poor boy, what had I to do at all, to go turn you adhrift as I done, for no raison! I took the wrong for the right, an' the right for the wrong. No matther! That 's the way the whole world is blinded. That 's the way death will show us the differ of many a thing. Oh, murther! Garret! Garret! What 'll I do at all with the thoughts of it! An' them two villyans that I gave it all to, an' that turned me out afther in my ould days, as I done by you! No matther."

He turned into the wall for fear the people would hear him groaning; but the remorse, added to all his other sufferings, had almost killed him.

In a little time the old knight began to recover something of his former strength under the care of his new acquaintances, who continued to show him the most devoted attention. One morning the farmer came into his room with a large purse full of gold in his hand, and said:

"I told you, sir, I owed your son thirty pounds; an' since he 's not comin' to ax for it, you 're heartily welcome

to the use of it until he does, an' I 'm sure he wouldn't wish to see it better employed."

"No, no," replied Mr. Taafe, "I 'll not take the money from you, but I 'll borrow the whole purse for a week, an' at the end o' that time I 'll return it safe to you."

The farmer lent him the purse, and the knight waited for a fine day, when he set off again in the morning, and took the road leading to the dwelling from which he had been expelled. It was noon, and the sun was shining bright, when he arrived upon the little lawn before the door. Sitting down in the sunshine by the kitchen-garden wall, he began counting the gold, and arranging it in a number of little heaps, so that it had a most imposing effect. While he was thus occupied, one of his young daughters-in-law—the same whose beauty had drawn upon her the unhappy allusion to the mischief-making spouse of Menelaus—happened to make her appearance at the front door, and, looking around, saw the old knight in the act of counting his gold in the sunshine. Overwhelmed with astonishment, she ran to her husband, and told him what she had seen.

"Nonsense, woman!" said Shamus; "you don't mean to persuade me to a thing o' that kind."

"Very well," replied the woman, "I 'm sure if you don't believe me, 't is asy for ye all to go an' see for ye'rselves."

So they all went, and peeping through the little window one after another, were dazzled by the sight of so much gold.

"You done very wrong, Shamus," said Guillaum, "ever to turn out the ould father as you done. See, now, what we all lost by it. That 's part o' the money he laid by from year to year, an' we never 'll see a penny of it."

At this they all felt the greatest remorse for the manner in which they had acted to the old man. However, they were not so much discouraged but that some of them ventured to approach and salute him. On seeing them draw nigh, he hastily concealed the gold and returned their greeting with an appearance of displeasure. It was by much persuasion, and after many assurances of their regret for what had passed, that he consented once more to come and take up his abode beneath their roof, desiring at

the same time that an ass and cart might be sent to the farmer's for a strong box which he had left there.

At the mention of a *strong box*, it may easily be imagined what were the sensations of his hearers. The ass and cart were procured without delay, and, before evening, those grateful children had the satisfaction to behold a heavy box, of very promising dimensions, deposited in a corner of the small chamber which was to be reserved for the future use of their aged parent.

In the meanwhile, nothing could exceed the attention which he now received from the young people. They seemed only unhappy when not occupied in contributing in some way to his comfort, and perceiving his remorse for the manner in which Garret had been treated, used all the means in their power to discover whither he had gone. But it is not always in this life that one false step can be retraced. The old knight was not destined to see his son again, and his grief at this disappointment had no slight effect in aggravating the infirmities of his old age.

At length, perceiving that he was near his end, he called his sons and daughters to his bedside, and addressed them in the following words:

"Whatever cause I had once to complain of ye, Shamus and Guillaum, that 's all past and gone now, and it 's right that I should leave you some little remembrance for all the trouble I gave you since my coming home. Do you see that chest over there?"

"Ah, father! what chest?" cried the sons. "Don't be talking of it for a chest."

"Well, my good boys," said the knight, "my will is in that chest, so I need tell ye no more."

"Don't speak of it, father," said Shamus, "for, as the Latin poet says:

"'Non possidentem
Recte beatum.'

Only as you 're talkin' of it at all for a chest, where 's the key, father?"

"Ah, Shamus," said the knight, "you were always great at the Latin. The key is in my waistcoat pocket."

Soon after he expired. The two sons, impatient to inspect their treasure, could hardly wait until the old man

had ceased to breathe. While Shamus unlocked the box, Guillaum remained to keep the door fast.

"Well, Shamus," said his brother, "what do you find there?"

"A parcel of stones, Guillaum!"

"Nonsense, man! try what's undher 'em."

Shamus complied, and found at the bottom of the box a rope with a running noose at the end, and a scroll of paper, from which Shamus read the following sentence aloud, for the information of his brother:

"THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF BRYAN TAAFE, COMMONLY CALLED THE KNIGHT OF THE SHEEP.

"*Imprimis.* To my two sons, Shamus and Guillaum, I bequeath the whole of the limestones contained in this box, in return for their disinterested love and care of me ever since the day when they saw me counting the gold near the kitchen-garden.

"Item. *I bequeath the rope herein contained for any father to hang himself, who is so foolish as to give away his property to his heirs before his death.*"

"Well, Shamus," said Guillaum, "the poor father laid out a deal on our education, but I declare all the taichin' he ever gave us was nothing to that."

AN OLD CUSTOM.

From 'The Collegians.'

A familiar incident of Irish pastoral life occasioned an interruption in this part of the legend. Two blooming country girls, their hair confined with a simple black ribbon, their cotton gowns pinned up in front, so as to disclose the greater portion of the blue stuff petticoat underneath, and their countenances bright with health and laughter, ran out from a cottage door, and intercepted the progress of the travelers. The prettier of the two skipped across the road, holding between her fingers a worsted thread, while the other retained between her hands the large ball

from which it had been unwound. Kyrle paused, too well acquainted with the country customs to break through the slender impediment.

"Pay your *footing*, now, Master Kyrle Daly, before you go farther," said one.

"Don't overlook the wheel, sir," added the girl who remained next the door.

Kyrle searched his pocket for a shilling, while Lowry, with a half smiling, half censuring face, murmured—

"Why, then, Heaven send ye sense, as it is it ye want this mornin'."

"And you manners, Mr. Looby. Single your freedom, and double your distance, I beg o' you. Sure your purse, if you have one, is safe in your pocket. Long life an' a good wife to you, Master Kyrle, an' I wisht I had a better hould than this o' you. I wisht you were in *looze*, an' that I had the finding o' you this mornin'."

So saying, while she smiled merrily on Kyrle, and darting a scornful glance at Lowry Looby, she returned to her woolen wheel, singing, as she twirled it round:—

"I want no lectures from a learned master;
He may bestow 'em on his silly train—
I 'd sooner walk through my blooming garden,
An' hear the whistle of my jolly swain."

To which Lowry, who received the lines, as they were probably intended, in a satirical sense, replied, as he trotted forwards, in the same strain:—

"Those dressy an' smooth-faced young maidens,
Who now looks at present so gay,
Has borrowed some words o' good English,
An' knows not one half what they say.
No female is fit to be married,
Nor fancied by no man at all,
But those who can sport a drab mantle,
An' likewise a cassimere shawl.

Hoop-whishk! Why, then, she 's a clean made little girl for all, isn't she, Master Kyrle?"

HOW MYLES MURPHY GOT HIS PONIES OUT OF THE POUND.

From 'The Collegians.'

Pat Falvey, supposing that he had remained a sufficient time without to prevent the suspicion of any private understanding between him and Mr. Daly, now made his appearance with luncheon. A collared head, cream-cheese, honey, a decanter of gooseberry wine, and some garden fruit, were speedily arranged on the table, and the visitors, no way loath, were pressed to make a liberal use of the little banquet; for the time had not yet gone by when people imagined that they could not display their regard for a friend more effectually than by cramming him up to the throat with food and strong drink. Kyrle Daly was in the act of taking wine with Mrs. Chute, when he observed Falvey stoop to his young mistress' ear, and whisper something with a face of much seriousness.

"A boy wanting to speak to me?" said Miss Chute. "Has he got letters? let him send up his message."

"He says he must see yourself, miss. 'T is in regard of some ponies of his that were impounded be Mr. Dawley for trespassing above here, last night. He hasn't the mains of releasin' 'em, poor craythur, an' he 's far from home. I 'm sure he 's an honest boy. He says he 'd have a good friend in Mr. Cregan, if he knew he was below."

"Me?" said Mr. Cregan, "why, what 's the fellow's name?"

"Myles Murphy, sir, from Killarney, westwards."

"O Myles-na-Coppaleen? Poor fellow, is he in tribulation? We must have his ponies out by all means."

"It requires more courage than I can always command," said Miss Chute, "to revoke any command of Dawley's. He is an old man, and whether that he was crossed in love, or from a natural peevishness of disposition, he is such a morose creature that I am quite afraid of him. But I will hear this Myles at all events."

She was moving to the door when her uncle's voice made her turn.

"Stay, Anne," said Mr. Cregan; "let him come up. 'T will be as good as a play to hear him and the steward

pro and *con*. Kyrle Daly, here, who is intended for the bar, will be our assessor, to decide on the points of law. I can tell you, Kyrle, that Myles will give you a lesson in the art of pleading, that may be of use to you on circuit at one time or another."

Anne laughed, and looked to Mrs. Chute, who, with a smile of tolerating condescension, said, while she cleared with a silken kerchief the glasses of her spectacles: "If your uncle desires it, my love, I can see no objection. Those mountaineers are amusing creatures."

Anne returned to her seat, and the conversation proceeded, while Falvey, with an air of great and perplexed importance, went to summon Myles upstairs.

"Mountaineers!" exclaimed Captain Gibson. "You call every upland a mountain here in Ireland, and every one that lives out of sight of the sea a mountaineer."

"But this fellow is a genuine mountaineer," cried Mr. Cregan, "with a cabin two thousand feet above the level of the sea. If you are in the country next week, and will come down and see us at the Lakes, along with our friends here, I promise to show you as sturdy a race of mountaineers as any in Europe. Doctor Leake can give you a history of 'em up to Noah's flood, and some time when you 're alone together—when the country was first peopled by one Parable, or Sparable."

"Paralon," said Dr. Leake; "Paralon, or Migdonia, as the Psalter sings:—

> "'On the fourteenth day, being Tuesday,
> They brought their bold ships to anchor,
> In the blue fair port with beauteous shore,
> Of well-defended Inver Sceine.'

In the rest of Munster, where—"

"Yes—well, you 'll see 'em all, as the Doctor says, if you come to Killarney," resumed Mr. Cregan, interrupting the latter, to whose discourse a country residence, a national turn of character, and a limited course of reading had given a tinge of pedantry; and who was, moreover, a firm believer in all the ancient Shanachus, from the yellow book of Moling to the black book of Molega. "And if you like to listen to him, he 'll explain to you every action that ever befell, on land or water, from Ross Castle up to Carrigaline."

A MOUNTAIN COTTAGE IN KILLARNEY

From a photograph



Kyrle, who felt both surprise and concern at learning that Miss Chute was leaving home so soon, and without having thought it worth her while to make him aware of her intention, was about to address her on the subject, when the clatter of a pair of heavy and well-paved brogues on the small flight of stairs in the lobby, produced a sudden hush of expectation amongst the company. They heard Pat Falvey urging some instructions, in a low and smothered tone, to which a strong and not unmusical voice replied, in that complaining accent which distinguishes the dialect of the more western descendants of Heber: "Ah, lay me alone, you foolish boy; do you think did I never speak to *quollity* in my life before?"

The door opened, and the uncommissioned master of horse made his appearance. His appearance was at once strikingly majestic and prepossessing, and the natural ease and dignity with which he entered the room might almost have become a peer of the realm coming to solicit the *interest* of the family for an electioneering candidate. A broad and sunny forehead, light and wavy hair, a blue cheerful eye, a nose that in Persia might have won him a throne, healthful cheeks, a mouth that was full of character, and a well-knit and almost gigantic person, constituted his external claims to attention, of which his lofty and confident, although most unassuming carriage, showed him to be in some degree conscious. He wore a complete suit of brown frieze, with a gay-colored cotton handkerchief around his neck, blue worsted stockings, and brogues carefully greased, while he held in his right hand an immaculate felt hat, the purchase of the preceding day's fair. In the left he held a straight-handled whip and a wooden rattle, which he used for the purpose of collecting his ponies when they happened to straggle. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran amongst the guests at his entrance. Doctor Leake was heard to pronounce him a true Gadelian, and Captain Gibson thought he would cut a splendid figure in a helmet and cuirass, under one of the arches in the Horse-guards.

Before he had spoken, and while the door yet remained open, Hyland Creagh roused Pincher with a chirping noise, and gave him the well-known countersign of "Baithershin!"

Pincher waddled towards the door, raised himself on his hind legs, closed it fast, and then trotted back to his master's feet, followed by the staring and bewildered gaze of the mountaineer.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "that flogs cock-fighting! I never thought I 'd live to have a dog taich me manners, any way. '*Baithershin*,' says he, and sets the doore like a Christian."

The mountaineer now commenced a series of most profound obeisances to every individual of the company, beginning with the ladies, and ending with the officer; after which he remained glancing from one to another with a smile of mingled sadness and courtesy, as if waiting, like an evoked spirit, the spell-word of the enchantress who had called him up. "'T isn't manners to speak first before quollity," was the answer he would have been prepared to render, in case any one had inquired the motive of his conduct.

"Well, Myles, what wind has brought you to this part of the country?" said Mr. Barney Cregan.

"The ould wind always then, Mr. Cregan," said Myles, with another deep obeisance, "seeing would I get a *feow* o' the ponies off. Long life to you, sir; I was proud to hear you wor above stairs, for it isn't the first time you stood my friend in trouble. My father (the heavens be his bed this day!) was a fosterer o' your uncle Mick's, an' a first an' second cousin, be the mother's side, to ould Mrs. O'Leary, your honor's aunt, westward. So 't is kind for your honor to have a leanin' towards uz."

"A clear case, Myles; but what have you to say to Mrs. Chute about the trespass?"

"What have I to say to her? why, then, a deal. It 's a long while since I see her now, an' she wears finely, the Lord bless her! Ah, Miss Anne!—Oyeh, murther! murther! Sure I 'd know that face all over the world—your own livin' image, ma'am (turnin' to Mrs. Chute), an' a little dawney touch o' the master (heaven rest his soul!) about the chin, you 'd think. My grandmother an' himself wor third cousins. Oh, yo! yo!" [1]

"He has made out three relations in the company

[1] *Yo!* equivalent to the French *Helas!* the Italian *Oimé!* and the Spanish *Ay de mi!* etc.

already," said Anne to Kyrle; "could any courtier make interest more skillfully?"

"Well, Myles, about the ponies."

"Poor craturs, true for you, sir. There 's Mr. Creagh there, long life to him, knows how well I airn 'em for ponies. You seen what trouble I had with 'em, Mr. Creagh, the day you fought the *jewel* with young M'Farlane from the north. They went skelping like mad over the hills down to Glena when they heerd the shot. Ah, indeed, Mr. Creagh, you *cowed* the north countryman that morning fairly. 'My honor is satisfied,' says he, 'if Mr. Creagh will apologize.' 'I didn't come to the ground to apologize,' says Mr. Creagh; 'it 's what I never done to any man,' says he, 'and it 'll be long from me to do it to you.' 'Well, my honor is satisfied any way,' says the other, when he heerd the pistols cocking for a second shot. I thought I 'd split laughing."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense, man," said Creagh, endeavoring to hide a smile of gratified vanity. "Your unfortunate ponies will starve while you stay inventing wild stories."

"He has gained another friend since," whispered Miss Chute.

"Invent!" echoed the mountaineer. "There 's Docthor Leake was on the spot, an' he knows if I invent. An' *you* did a good job too that time, Docthor," he continued, turning to the latter; "Old Keys, the piper, gives it up to you, of all the docthors going, for curing his eyesight. An' he has a great leaning to you, moreover, you 're such a fine *Irishian*." [1]

"Another," said Miss Chute, apart.

"Yourself an' ould Mr. Daly," he continued. "I hope the master is well in his health, sir?" (turning to Kyrle with another profound *congé*), "may the Lord fasten the life in you an' him. That 's a gentleman that wouldn't see a poor boy in want of his supper or a bed to sleep in, an' he far from his own people, nor persecute him in regard of a little trespass that was done *unknown*."

"This fellow is irresistible," said Kyrle. "A perfect Ulysses."

[1] *Irishian*, one skilled in Irish antiquities, language, etc.

"And have you nothing to say to the Captain, Myles? Is he no relation of yours?"

"The Captain, Mr. Cregan? Except in so far as we are all servants of the Almighty and children of Adam, I know of none. But I have a *feeling* for the red coat, for all. I have three brothers in the army, serving in America; one of 'em was made a corporal, or an admiral, or some *ral* or another, for behavin' well at Quaybec, the time of Woulf's death. The English showed themselves a great people that day, surely."

Having thus secured to himself what lawyers call "the ear of the court," the mountaineer proceeded to plead the cause of his ponies with much force and pathos, dwelling on their distance from home, their wild habits of life, which left them ignorant of the common rules of boundaries, inclosures, and field-gates, setting forth with equal emphasis the length of road they had traveled, their hungry condition, and the barrenness of the common on which they had been turned out; and, finally, urged in mitigation of penalty, the circumstance of this being a first offense, and the improbability of its being ever renewed in future.

The surly old steward, Dan Dawley, was accordingly summoned for the purpose of ordering the discharge of the prisoners, a commission which he received with a face as black as winter. Miss Anne might "folly her liking," he said, "but it was the last time he 'd ever trouble himself about damage or trespass any more. What affair was it of his if all the horses in the barony were turned loose into the kitchen-garden itself?"

"*Horses* do you call 'em?" exclaimed Myles, bending on the old man a frown of dark remonstrance—"a parcel of little ponies not the height o' that chair."

"What signify is it?" snarled the steward—"they 'd eat as much, an' more than a racer."

"Is it they, the craturs? They 'd hardly injure a plate of stirabout if it was put before 'em."

"Ayeh! hugh!"

"An' 't isn't what I 'd expect from you, Mr. Dawley, to be going again a relation o' your own in this manner."

"A relation o' mine!" growled Dawley, scarcely deign-

ing to cast a glance back over his shoulder as he hobbled out of the room.

"Yes, then, o' yours."

Dawley paused at the door and looked back.

"Will you deny it o' me if you can," continued Myles, fixing his eye on him, "that Biddy Nale, your own gossip, an' Larry Foley wor second cousins? Deny that o' me, if you can."

"For what would I deny it?"

"Well, why! An' Larry Foley was uncle to my father's first wife—(the angels spread her bed this night!) An' I tell you another thing, the Dawleys would cut a poor figure in many a fair westwards if they hadn't the Murphys to back 'em, so they would; but what hurt? Sure you can folly your own pleasure."

The old steward muttered something which nobody could hear, and left the room. Myles of the Ponies, after many profound bows to all his relations, and a profusion of thanks to the ladies, followed him.

THE DEATH OF THE HUNTSMAN.

From 'The Collegians.'

Feeling no inclination to join the revelers, Hardress ordered candles in the drawing-room, and prepared to spend a quiet evening by himself. He had scarcely, however, taken his seat on the straight-backed sofa, when his retirement was invaded by old Nancy, the kitchen-maid, who came to tell him that poor Dalton, the huntsman, was "a'most off," in the little green room, and that when he heard Mr. Hardress had arrived, he begged of all things to see him before he 'd go. "He never was himself rightly, a'ra gal,"[1] said old Nancy wiping a tear from the corner of her eye, "since the masther sold the hounds and took to the cock-fighting."

Hardress started up and followed her. "Poor fellow!" he exclaimed as he went along, "Poor Dalton! And is that breath, that wound so many merry blasts upon the

[1] *A'ra gal*, the dear.

mountain, so soon to be extinguished? I remember the time when I thought a monarch on his throne a less enviable being than our stout huntsman, seated on his keen-eyed steed, in his scarlet frock and cap, with his hounds, like painted courtiers, thronging and baying round his horse's hoofs, and his horn hanging silent at his waist. Poor fellow! Every beagle in the pack was his familiar acquaintance, and was as jealous of his chirp or his whistle, as my cousin Anne's admirers might be of a smile or secret whisper. How often has he carried me before him on his saddle-bow, and taught me the true fox-hunting cry! How often at evening has he held me between his knees, and excited my young ambition with tales of hunts hard run, and neck-or-nothing leaps; of double ditches, cleared by an almost miraculous dexterity; of drawing, yearning, challenging, hunting mute, hunting change, and hunting counter! And now the poor fellow must wind his last recheat, and carry his own old bones to earth at length! never again to awaken the echoes of the mountain lakes—never again beneath the shadow of those immemorial woods that clothe their lofty shores—

"'Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu!'

The fox may come from kennel, and the red-deer slumber on his layer, for their mighty enemy is now himself at bay."

While these reflections passed through the mind of Hardress, old Nancy conducted him as far as the door of the huntsman's room, where he paused for a moment on hearing the voice of one singing inside. It was that of the worn-out huntsman himself, who was humming over a few verses of a favorite ballad. The lines which caught the ear of Hardress were the following:

"Ah, huntsman dear, I 'll be your friend,
If you let me go till morning;
Don't call your hounds for one half hour,
Nor neither sound your horn;
For indeed I 'm tired from yesterday's hunt,
I can neither run nor walk well,
Till I go to Rock-hill amongst my friends,
Where I was bred and born.
Tally ho the fox!
Tally ho the fox!

Tally ho the fox, a collauneen,[1]
Tally ho the fox!
Over hills and rocks,
And chase him on till morning."

"He cannot be so very ill," said Hardress, looking at the old woman, "when his spirits will permit him to sing so merrily."

"Oyeh, Heaven help you, agra!" replied Nancy: "I believe if he was at death's doore this moment, he 'd have that song on his tongue still."

"Hush! hush!" said Hardress, raising his hand, "he is beginning again."

The ballad was taken up, after a heavy fit of coughing, in the same strain.

"I locked him up an' I fed him well,
An' I gave him victuals of all kinds;
But I declare to you, sir, when he got loose,
He ate a fat goose in the morning.
So now kneel down an' say your prayers,
For you 'll surely die this morning.
'Ah, sir,' says the fox, 'I never pray,
For my father he bred me a quaker.'
Tally ho the fox!
Tally ho the——"

Hardress here opened the door and cut short the *refrain*. The huntsman turned his face to the door as he heard the handle turn. It was that of a middle-aged man in the very last stage of pulmonary consumption. A red night-cap was pushed back from his wasted and sunken temples, and a flush like the bloom of a withered pippin played in the hollow of his fleshless cheek.

"Céad millia fealtha! My heart warms to see you, my own Masther Hardress," exclaimed the huntsman, reaching him a skeleton hand from beneath the brown quilt. "I can die in peace now, as I see you again in health. These ten days back they 're telling me you 're coming an' coming, until I began to think at least that you wouldn't come until I was gone."

"I am sorry to see you in this condition, Dalton. How did you get the attack?"

"Out of a could I think I got it first, sir. When the masther sold the hounds—(Ah, Masther Hardress! to think of his parting them dogs, an' giving up that fine, manly

[1] *Collauneen*, cub.

exercise, for a paltry parcel o' cocks an' hens!) but when he sold them an' took to the cock-fighting, my heart felt as low an' as lonesome as if I lost all belonging to me! To please the masther, I turned my hand to the cocks, an' used to go every morning to the hounds' kennel, where the birds were kept, to give 'em food an' water; but I could *never warm* to the birds. Ah, what is a cock-fight, Masther Hardress, in comparison of a well-rode hunt among the mountains, with your horse flying under you like a fairy, and the cry o' the hounds like an organ out before you, an' the ground fleeting like a dream on all sides o' you, an'—ah! what 's the use o' talking!" Here he lay back on his pillow with a look of sudden pain and sorrow that cut Hardress to the heart.

After a few moments, he again turned a ghastly eye on Hardress, and said in a faint voice: "I used to go down by the lake in the evening to hear the stags belling in the wood; an' in the morning I 'd be up with the first light to blow a call on the top o' the hill, as I used to do to comfort the dogs; an' then I 'd miss their cry, an' I 'd stop listenin' to the aychoes o' the horn among the mountains, till my heart would sink as low as my ould boots. An' bad boots they wor, too; signs on, I got wet in 'em; an' themselves an' the could morning air, an' the want o' the horse exercise, I believe, an' everything, brought on this fit. Is the mistress at home, sir?" he added, after struggling through a severe fit of oppression.

"No, she is at a ball with Miss Chute."

"Good *luck* to them both, wherever they are. That 's the way o' the world. Some in health, an' some in sickness; some dancing, and more dying."

Here he raised himself on his elbow, and after casting a haggard glance around, as if to be assured that what he had to say could not be overheard, he leaned forward towards Hardress, and whispered: "I know one in this house, Master Hardress, that loves you well."

The young gentleman looked a little surprised.

"Indeed I do," continued the dying huntsman, "one, too, that deserves a better fortune than to love any one without a return. One that was kind to me in my sickness, and that I 'd like to see happy before I 'd leave the world, if it was Heaven's will."

During this conversation, both speakers had been frequently rendered inaudible by occasional bursts of laughter and shouts of bacchanalian mirth from the dining-room. At this moment, and before the young gentleman could select any mode of inquiry into the particulars of the singular communication above mentioned, the door was opened, and the face of old Nancy appeared, bearing on its smoke-dried features a mingled expression of perplexity and sorrow.

"Dalton, a'ra gal!" she exclaimed, "don't blame me for what I 'm going to say to you, for it is my tongue, an' not my wish nor my heart, that speaks it. The master and the gentlemen sent me in to you, an' bid me tell you, for the sake of old times, to give them one fox-huntin' screech before you go."

The old huntsman fixed his brilliant but sickly eyes on the messenger, while a flush that might have been the indication of anger or of grief, flickered like a decaying light upon his brow. At length he said: "An' did the masther send that message by you, Nancy?"

"He did, Dalton, indeed. Ayeh, the gentlemen must be excused."

"True for you, Nancy," said the huntsman after a long pause; then, raising his head, with a smile of seeming pleasure, he continued: "Why, then, I 'm glad to see the masther hasn't forgot the dogs entirely. Go to him, Nancy, an' tell him that I 'm glad to hear that he has so much o' the sport left in him still. And that it is kind father for him to have a feeling for his huntsman, an' I thank him. Tell him, Nancy, to send me in one good glass o' parliament punch, an' I 'll give him such a cry as he never heard in a cock-pit, any way."

The punch was brought, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Hardress, drained to the bottom. The old huntsman than sat erect in the bed, and letting his head back, indulged in one prolong "hoicks!" that made the phials jingle on the table, and frightened the sparrows from their roosts beneath the thatch. It was echoed by the jolly company in the dining-parlor, chorused by a howling from all the dogs in the yard, and answered by a general clamor from the fowl-house. "Another! Another! Hoicks!" resounded through the house. But the poor consumptive

was not in a condition to gratify the revelers. When Hardress looked down upon him next, the pillow appeared dark with blood and the cheek of the sufferer had lost even the unhealthy bloom, that had so long masked the miner Death in his work of snug destruction. A singular brilliancy fixed itself upon his eye-balls, his lips were dragged backward, blue and cold, and with an expression of dull and general pain—his teeth——but wherefore linger on such a picture?—it is better let the curtain fall.

PARTNERS IN CRIME.

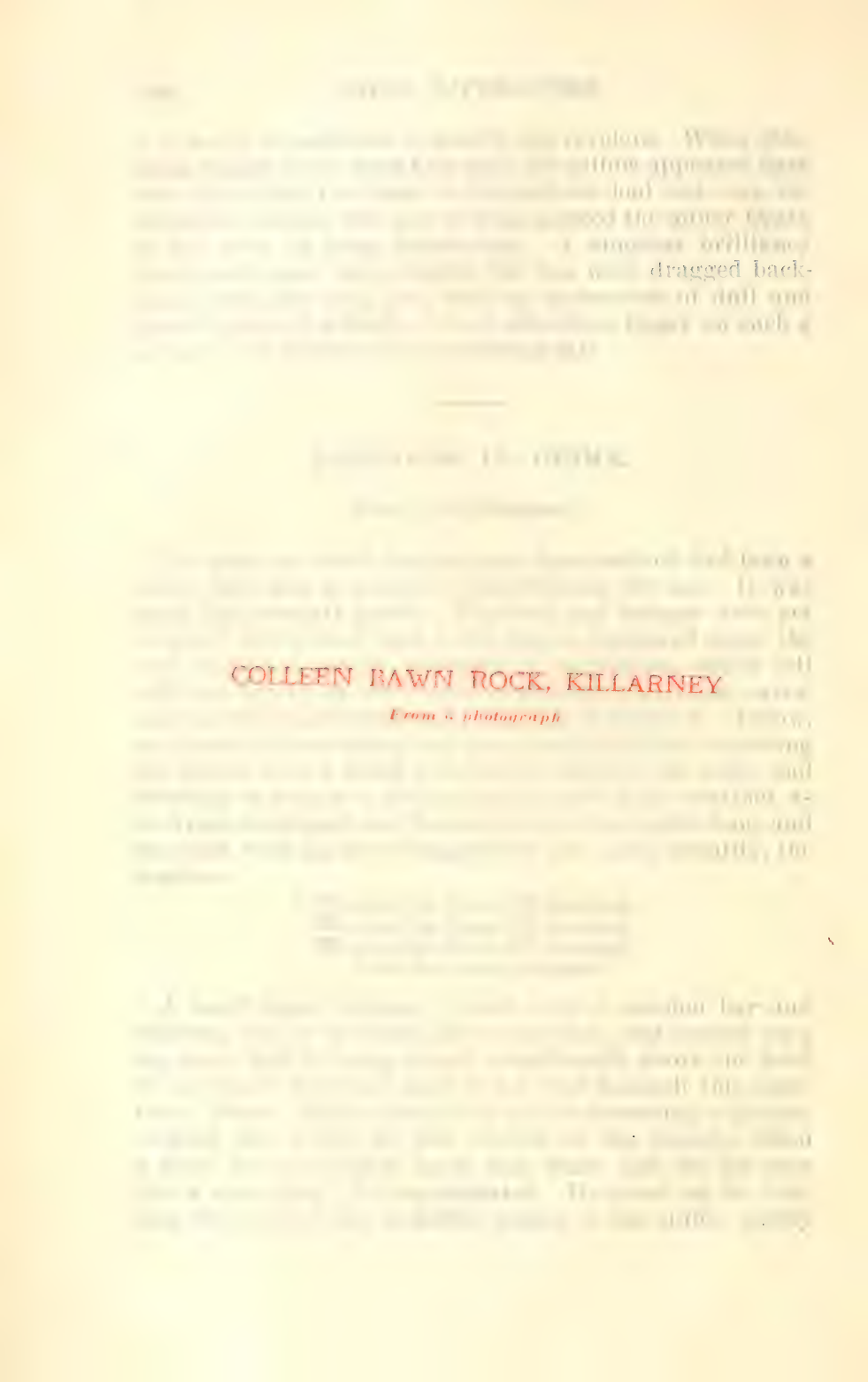
From 'The Collegians.'

The place in which his boatman was confined had been a stable, but was now become too ruinous for use. It was small and roughly paved. The rack and manger were yet attached to the wall, and a few slates, displaced upon the roof, admitted certain glimpses of moonshine, which fell cold and lonely on the rough, unplastered wall and eaves, making the house illustrious, like that of Sixtus V. Below, on a heap of loose straw, sat the squalid prisoner, warming his fingers over a small fire, heaped against the wall; and listening in silence to the unsteady tread of the sentinel, as he strode backward and forward before the stable door, and hummed, with an air of suppressed and timid joviality, the words—

"We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Until the dawn appears!"

A small spare window, closed with a wooden bar and shutters, was to be found above the rack, and opened on a hay-yard, which, being raised considerably above the level of the stable-floor, lay only a few feet beneath this aperture. Danny Mann was in the act of devouring a potato, reeking hot, which he had cooked in the embers, when a noise at the window made him start, and set his ears like a watch-dog. It was repeated. He stood on his feet, and crept softly into a darker corner of the stable, partly





COLLEEN BAWN ROCK, KILLARNEY

From a photograph



in superstitious apprehension, and partly in obedience to an impulse of natural caution. In a few minutes one of the shutters was gently put back, and a flood of mild light was poured into the prison. The shadow of a hand and head was thrown with great distinctness of outline on the opposite wall; the other shutter was put back with the same caution, and in a few moments nearly the whole aperture was again obscured, as if by the body of some person entering. Such, in fact, was the case; and the evident substantiality of the figure did not remove the superstitious terrors of the prisoner, when he beheld a form wrapt in white descending by the bars of the rack, after having made the window close again, and the apartment, in appearance, as gloomy as ever.

The intruder stood at length upon the floor, and the face, which was revealed in the brown firelight, was that of Hardress Cregan. The ghastliness of his mouth and teeth, the wildness of his eyes, and the strangeness of his attire (for he had only wrapped the counterpane around his person), might, in the eyes of a stranger, have confirmed the idea of a supernatural appearance. But these circumstances only tended to arouse the sympathy and old attachment of his servant. Danny Mann advanced towards him slowly, his hands wreathed together, and extended as far as the sling which held the wounded arm would allow; his jaw dropped—half in pity and half in fear, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Masther Hardress," he said at length, "is it you I see dat way?"

Hardress remained for some time motionless as a statue, as if endeavoring to summon up all his corporeal energies to support him in the investigation which he was about to make.

"Won't you speak to me, masther?" continued the boatman; "won't you speak a word itself? 'T was all my endeavor since I came hether to thry an' get 'em to let me speak to you. Say a word, masther, if it is only to tell me 't is yourself dat 's dere!"

"Where is Eily?" murmured Hardress, still without moving, and in a tone that seemed to come from the recesses of his breast, like a sound from a sepulcher. The boatman shrank aside, as if from the eye of Justice it-

self. So sudden had the question struck upon his conscience, that the inquirer was obliged to repeat it before he could collect his breath for an answer.

"Masther Hardress, I tought, after I parted you dat time—"

"Where is Eily?" muttered Hardress, interrupting him.

"Only listen to me, sir, one moment—"

"Where is Eily?"

"Oh, yo! yo!"

Hardress drew the counterpane around his head, and remained for several minutes silent in the same attitude. During that time the drapery was scarcely seen to move, and yet Hell raged beneath it. A few moans of deep but smothered agony were all that might be heard from time to time. So exquisite was the sense of suffering which these sounds conveyed, that Danny sank trembling on his knees, and responded to them with a flood of tears and sobbings.

"Masther Hardress," he said, "if dere 's anything dat I can do to make your mind aisy, say de word. I know dis is my own business, an' no one else's. An' if dey find me out itself, dey 'll never be one straw de wiser of who advised me to it. If you tink I 'd tell, you don't know me. Dey may hang me as high as dey like; dey may flake de life out o' me, if dey plase; but dey never 'll get a word outside my lips of what it was dat made me do it. Didn't dey try me to-day, an' didn't I give 'em a sign o' what I 'd do?"

"Peace, hypocrite!" said Hardress, disgusted at a show of feeling to which he gave no credit. "Be still, and hear me. For many years, it has been my study to heap kindnesses upon you. For which of those was it that you came to the determination of involving me in ruin, danger, and remorse, for all my future life—a little all it may be, certainly?"

It would seem from the manner in which Danny gaped and gazed on his master while he said these words, that a reproach was one of the last things he had expected to receive from Hardress. Astonishment, blended with something like indignation, took place of the compassion which before was visible upon his countenance.

"I don't know how it is, Masther Hardress," he said.

"Dere are some people dat it is hard to plase. Do you remember saying anything to me at all of a time in de room at de masther's, at Killarney, Masther Hardress? Do you remember givin' me a glove at all? I had my token surely for what I done."

So saying, he drew the glove from his waistcoat, and handed it to his master; but the latter rejected it with a revulsion of strong dislike.

"I tought I had ears to hear at dat time, and brains to understand," said Danny, as he replaced the fatal token in his bosom, "an' I 'm sure it was no benefit to me dat dere should be a hue-and-cry over de mountains after a lost lady, an' a chance of a hempen cravat, for my trouble. But I had my warrant—dat was your very word, Masther Hardress—*warrant*, wasn't it? '*Well, when you go*,' says you, '*here is your warrant*,' an' you ga' me de glove. Worn't dem your words?"

"But not for death," said Hardress. "I did not say for death."

"I own you didn't," returned Danny, who was aroused by what he considered a shuffling attempt to escape out of the transaction. "I own you didn't; I felt for you, an' I wouldn't wait for you to say it. But did you mane it?"

"No!" Hardress exclaimed with a burst of sudden energy. "As I shall answer it in that bright Heaven, I did not. If you crowd in among my accusers at the judgment-seat, and charge me with that crime, to you, and to all, I shall utter the same disclaimer that I do at present. I did *not* mean to practice on her life. As I shall meet with her before that judge, I did not. I even bade you to avoid it. Did I not warn you not to touch her?"

"You did," said Danny Mann, with a scorn which made him eloquent beyond himself, "an' your eye looked murder while you said it. After dis, I never more will look in any man's face to know what he manes. After dis, I won't believe my senses. If you 'll persuade me to it, I 'll own dat dere is noting as I see it. You may tell me I don't stand here, nor you dere, nor dat de moon is shining trough dat roof above us, nor de fire burning at my back, an' I 'll not gainsay you after dis. But listen to me, Masther Hardress. As sure as dat moon is shining, an' dat fire burning, an' as

sure as I 'm here an' you dere, so sure de sign of death was on your face dat time, whatever way your words went."

"From what could you gather it?" said Hardress, with a deprecating accent.

"From what? From everything. Listen hether. Didn't you remind me den of my own offer on de Purple Mountain a while before, an' tell me dat, if I was to make dat offer again, you 'd tink different? An' didn't you give me de token dat you refused me den? Ah, dis is what makes me sick, after I putting my neck into de halter for a man. Well, it 's all one. An' now to call me out o' my name, an' to tell me I done it for harm! Dear knows, it wasn't for any good I hoped for it, here or hereafter, or for any pleasure I took in it, dat it was done. And talkin' of hereafter, Masther Hardress, listen to me. Eily O'Connor is in Heaven, an' she has told her story. Dere are two books kept dere, dey tell us, of all our doings, good an' bad. Her story is wrote in one o' dem books an' my name (I 'm sore afeerd) is wrote after it; an' take my word for dis, in whichever o' dem books my name is wrote, your own is not far from it."

As he spoke these words, with an energy beyond what he had ever shown, the fire fell in, and caused a sudden light to fill the place. It shone, ruddy brown, upon the excited face and uplifted arm of the deformed, and gave him the appearance of the fiend denouncing on the head of the affrighted Hardress the sentence of eternal woe. It glared likewise upon the white drapery of the latter, and gave to his distorted and terrified features a look of ghastliness and fear that might have suited such an occasion well. The dreadful picture continued but for a second, yet it remained engraved upon the mind of Hardress, and, like the yelling of the hounds, haunted him, awake and dreaming, to his death. The fire again sunk low, the light grew dim. It came like a dismal vision, and like a vision faded.

A COUNTRY DISPENSARY.

From 'The Rivals.'

"Docthor, darling."

"Docthor, I 'm here since mornin'!"

"Docthor, let me go, an' the heavens bless you. I 'm as wake as a piece of wet paper."

"Glory to your soul, docthor, asthore, an' gi' me something for this thremblin' I have. I do be thremblin' always, like a straw upon the water."

"Docthor, I *hear* a great pain in my foot, sir. I declare I cried that bottle full to-day morning, with it."

"That was a fine physic you ga' me last night, long life to your honor. It walked me all over. It sarched me finely, long life to your honor."

"There isn't a bit I ate, docthor, this time back, but what I get a *conceit* again' it the minute after."

"Docthor, I can't make no hand o' my head at all, these days."

"Oh, docthor, what 'll I do at all with these ears o' mine? I 'm partly deaf always, an' whenever I do be, I hear great sounds and noises, waves dashin' again' the bank, and birds whistlin', an'—boo! an' candlesticks; an' when I 'm deaf entirely, it 's then I hear all the bells in Ireland ringin' in my ears."

"Docthor, I have a great *express* upon my heart."

"That girl, sir, that you saw yesterday evening was bad entirely after you goin'. Oh, she began schreechin' in a manner, that if the priest was at the doore, you 'd think he wouldn't overtake her; an' every bit of her so hot that you 'd imagine the clothes would light about her, an' her face the whole time as red as if you threw a bowl o' blood in it."

"Docthor, a'ra gal! Docthor, darlin', Docthor, asthore! Oh, magra hu! Ma grienchree hu,[1] docthor! an' let me go!"

Such were a few of the eloquent instances addressed by the throng of patients without the rails to Doctor Jarvis, one of the attending physicians to a dispensary in a district of Ireland. Accustomed to the din, he remained with

[1] *Oh . . . hu*, "My love, thou art my heart's pity, thou art."

an undisturbed countenance, looking alternately into the haggard, robust, blooming, pale, fair, young, and ancient faces that were thrust forward through the wooden rails, and soliciting his sympathy. Two or three young disciples were hammering away at their mortars in different corners, compounding, like so many Cyclops, the thunderbolts of this great dispenser of health or of its opposite. The scene around him was one which might have waked uneasy sympathies in the heart of a novice. On one side was a stout man roaring aloud in the agonies of tooth-drawing; on another, a victim to the same "queen of a' diseases," sat woefully, with hand to jaw, contemplating the torture of the sufferer, and inly ruminating his own approaching sorrow; here lay a stripling with a bandaged arm and cadaverous cheek, just recovering with a sigh from the fit of syncope which had been induced by the operation of phlebotomy; and there knelt, with sleeve upturned, a young Esculapius, wounding, with ruthless lancet, the blue vein in the pretty foot of a girl as fresh as a garland. In one corner was an infant squalling and plunging on its mother's lap, in another the leader of a faction discomfited and headbroken, lamenting over the recollection of his broil, and groaning for the priest.

But these sounds of woe and suffering saluted the ear of the medical adept with a mere mechanical effect, and he continued to prescribe with a countenance unmoved, amid the twang of iron pestles, the squalling of children, the vociferations of the old women, and the moans of the young, sent out from beneath their hoods, calling each in order to his side, and attending to their wants in turn.

At a door in the railing was placed an able-bodied man, whose duty it was to admit the patients one by one, to see that no more should pass at a time, and to prevent them from loitering on their return.

"Mary Mulcahy!" cried the physician, reading from a ticket which had just been handed in.

An old woman hobbled on crutches to the door. Jerry Duhig (the able-bodied man before mentioned) opened it to admit her. A rush was made by the mob of patients outside. The woman was flung into the Doctor's arms, and Jerry himself was staggered from his balance. But, like a second Horatius Cocles, he rose in his anger, and con-

fronted the invaders in the breach of which they had almost possessed themselves. The physician gave himself up for a lost man when he saw the counterscarp thus furiously stormed. But Jerry stood his ground. He thrust right and left with his clenched fists, until he sent the crowd screaming and jostling back again without the door, with more cause of complaint than they had brought from home. As the old woman returned, Jerry, vexed at the outrage of which she had been the innocent occasion, caught her by the back of the neck, and sent her out at the door, crutches and all, at a rate more rapid than she had traveled since she was a young woman. She stumbled and fell among the crowd, exclaiming, in a tone between surprise and terror, "Oh, heaven forgive you your sins, you conthrairy man! Here 's usage! Here 's thratement!"

The Doctor proceeded.

"What 's the matter with your head, my good man?"

"A little defference I had, sir, with a neighbor, and, he—"

"Broke it?"

"No, sir, only he hit up to me about my brother that was transported for night-walken; and out o' that—"

"He broke your head?"

"No, sir, only I retorted on him, in regard of his own father that was hanged for cow stealin', an'—"

"He broke your head?"

"No, sir, only then you see, he made up to me and call't me a liar, an' with that I sthruck him, and with that he—"

"Broke your head?"

"Broke my head across."

"Aye, that 's the point. One would think I was a justice of peace. What is it to me what you fought about? The broken head is all I want."

"Faix, then, I could spare it to your honor now, an' welcome."

"Here, take that prescription to the young gentleman in the blue coat that 's rolling the pills in the corner. Well, my young girl, what 's the matter with you? Jerry, mind the door!"

A sudden roar from without proved that Jerry took the hint.

The young patient just addressed was a timid and pretty

creature of sixteen, who hesitated for a considerable time, and glanced shyly on each side, as if afraid of being overheard. Pitying her embarrassment, and interested by her figure, the Doctor took her into an inner room.

"Well, my dear," he said, in a kind tone, "what 's the matter? Come, don't be afraid of me, now. I 'm your friend, you know." And he patted her on the shoulder.

The girl only sighed, and looked down.

"Well, my dear, what have you to tell me?"

"Something that 's come over me, sir. I 'm in dread."

"How is that?"

"A great pain I have on my heart, sir. There 's a boy livin' over near the Seven Churches, an' I 'm afeerd he isn't actin' well."

"How so?"

"I don't know, sir. But ever since I met him I feel quite altered some way. I 'm always lonesome, an' with a pain mostly at my heart, an' what makes me think 't is he that done it to me is, because when I go to his mother's, an' I find him at home, from that minute the pain leaves me, an' I feel nothin' at all until I come away again."

"Oh, ho!" said the Doctor, "well, my dear, I 'll order you something; but how is it you suppose that this lad isn't acting well, as you say?"

The girl lifted the corner of her check apron to her eyes, and began to cry a little.

"Come now, my dear, don't keep me here all day. I can't cure you, if you won't tell, you know."

"To dance with him, I did, of a night, sir," she replied in a timid voice, and with a trembling lip, "an' when he was sittin' next me he gave me an apple, an' they tell me now that—"

Here she lifted her apron to her eyes and cried afresh.

"Well, well," said the Doctor, soothingly, "what then? Don't be afraid of *me*."

"They told me he put something in the apple, sir, to—to —make a fool of a person."

And, so saying, she hung her head, and drew the hood of her cloak around her face.

"Pooh! pooh!" said the Doctor, "is that all? Then you might be quite at peace. Is this boy comfortable?"

"'T is Harry Lenigan, sir, that keeps the Latin school

near the Seven Churches, an' holds his place from Mr. Damer, of Glendearg."

"And have you any fortune yourself, my dear?"

"Fifteen pounds, my uncle left me, sir."

"A very nice thing. Well, my dear, take one of these pills every second night; and I would advise you generally, since you find it relieves your pain so much, to get into company with Harry, to be near him as much as you can conveniently; and come to me again when those pills are out. If Harry should call at your house any time between this and Shrovetide, I would advise you not to be out of the way. Do you hear?"

"I do, sir, long life to your honor."

"But, above all things, be sure you take the pills."

The girl promised to be careful, dropped a courtesy, and, heaving a gentle sigh, departed.

A loud knocking at the door now startled the physician.

"You 're wantin' over, sir, in all haste," cried the harsh and stormy voice of Jerry Duhig; "here 's Aaron Shepherd come to call you to see Mrs. Wilderming that 's taken suddenly ill."

This startling announcement occasioned an instantaneous bustle. The Doctor's horse was ordered to the door, and he hurried out of the house, leaving the crowd of patients storming at Jerry, and Jerry roaring at them like Dante's Cerberus,

> "——who, thundering, stuns
> The spirits, that they for deafness wish in vain."

THE LOQUACIOUS BARBER.

From 'The Collegians.'

He had scarcely taken his seat before the toilet, when a soft tap at the door, and the sound of a small squeaking voice, announced the arrival of the hair-cutter. On looking round him, Hardress beheld a small, thin-faced, red-haired little man, with a tailor's shears dangling from his finger, bowing and smiling with a timid and conciliating air. In

an evil hour for his patience, Hardress consented that he should commence operations.

"The piatez were very airly this year, sir," he modestly began, after he had wrapped a check apron about the neck of Hardress, and made the other necessary arrangements.

"Very early, indeed. You needn't cut so fast."

"Very airly, sir—the white-eyes especially. Them white-eyes are fine piatez. For the first four months I wouldn't ax a better piatie than a white-eye, with a bit o' bacon, if one had it; but after that the meal goes out of 'em, and they gets wet and bad. The cups arn't so good in the beginnin' o' the saison, but they hould better. Turn your head more to the light, sir, if you please. The cups, indeed, are a fine substantial, lasting piatie. There 's great nutriment in 'em for poor people, that would have nothin' else with them but themselves, or a grain o' salt. There 's no piatie that eats better, when you have nothin' but a bit o' the little one (as they say) to eat with a bit o' the big. No piatie that eats so sweet with point."

"With point?" Hardress repeated, a little amused by this fluent discussion of the poor hair-cutter upon the varieties of a dish which, from his childhood, had formed almost his only article of nutriment, and on which he expatiated with as much cognoscence and satisfaction as a fashionable gourmand might do on the culinary productions of Eustache Udé. "What is point?"

"Don't you know what that is, sir? I 'll tell you in a minute. A joke that them that has nothin' to do, an' plenty to eat, make upon the poor people that has nothin' to eat, and plenty to do. That is, when there 's dry piatez on the table, and enough of hungry people about it, and the family would have, maybe, only one bit o' bacon hanging up above their heads, they 'd peel a piatie first, and then they 'd *point* it up at the bacon, and they 'd fancy that it would have the taste o' the mait when they 'd be aitin' it after. That 's what they call point, sir. A cheap sort o' diet it is (Lord help us!) that 's plenty enough among the poor people in this country. A great plan for making a small bit o' pork go a long way in a large family."

"Indeed it is but a slender sort of food. Those scissors you have are dreadful ones."

"Terrible, sir. I sent my own over to the forge before

I left home, to have an eye put in it; only for that, I 'd be smarter a deal. Slender food it is, indeed. There 's a deal o' poor people here in Ireland, sir, that are run so hard at times, that the wind of a bit o' mait is as good to 'em as the mait itself to them that would be used to it. The piatez are everythin'; the *kitchen* [1] little or nothin'. But there 's a sort o' piatez (I don't know did your honor ever taste 'em) that 's gettin' greatly in vogue now among 'em, an' is killin' half the country,—the white piatez, a piatie that has great produce, an' requires but little manure, and will grow in very poor land; but has no more strength nor nourishment in it than if you had boiled a handful o' sawdust and made gruel of it, or put a bit of deal board between your teeth and thought to make a breakfast of it. The black bulls themselves are better; indeed, the black bulls are a deal a better piatie than they 're thought. When you 'd peel 'em, they look as black as indigo, an' you 'd have no mind to 'em at all; but I declare they 're very sweet in the mouth, an' very strengthenin'. The English reds are a nate piatie, too; and the apple piatie (I don't know what made 'em be given up), an' the kidney (though delicate o' rearing); but give me the cups for all, that will hould the meal in 'em to the last, and won't require any inthricket tillage. Let a man have a middling-sized pit o' cups again the winter, a small *caish* [2] to pay his rent, an' a handful o' turf behind the doore, an' he can defy the world."

"You know as much, I think," said Hardress, "of farming as of hair-cutting."

"Oyeh, if I had nothin' to depend upon but what heads comes across me this way, sir, I 'd be in a poor way enough. But I have a little spot o' ground besides."

"And a good taste for the produce."

"'T was kind father for me to have that same. Did you ever hear tell, sir, of what they call limestone broth?"

"Never."

"'T was my father first made it. I 'll tell you the story, sir, if you 'll turn your head this way a minute."

Hardress had no choice but to listen.

"My father went once upon a time about the country, in the idle season, seeing would he make a penny at all by

[1] *Kitchen*, anything eaten with potatoes. [2] *Caish*, a pig.

cutting hair, or setting razhurs and penknives, or any other job that would fall in his way. Well an' good—he was one day walking alone in the mountains of Kerry, without a hai'p'ny in his pocket (for though he traveled a-foot, it cost him more than he earned), an' knowing there was but little love for a County Limerick man in the place where he was, on being half perished with the hunger, an' evening drawing nigh, he didn't know well what to do with himself till morning. Very good—he went along the wild road; an' if he did, he soon sees a farmhouse at a little distance o' one side—a snug-looking place, with the smoke curling up out of the chimney, an' all tokens of good living inside. Well, some people would live where a fox would starve. What do you think did my father do? He wouldn't beg (a thing one of our people never done yet, thank heaven!) an' he hadn't the money to buy a thing, so what does he do? He takes up a couple o' the big limestones that were lying on the road in his two hands, an' away with him to the house. 'Lord save all here!' says he, walkin' in the doore. 'And you kindly,' says they. 'I 'm come to you,' says he, this way, looking at the two limestones, 'to know would you let me make a little limestone broth over your fire, until I 'll make my dinner?' 'Limestone broth!' says they to him again; 'what 's that, *arroo?*' 'Broth made o' limestone,' says he; 'what else?' 'We never heard of such a thing,' says they. 'Why, then, you may hear it now,' says he, 'an' see it also, if you 'll gi' me a pot an' a couple o' quarts o' soft water.' 'You can have it an' welcome,' says they. So they put down the pot an' the water, an' my father went over an' tuk a chair hard by the pleasant fire for himself, an' put down his two limestones to boil, an' kep stirrin' them round like stir-about. Very good—well, by-an'-by, when the wather began to boil—''T is thickening finely,' says my father; 'now if it had a grain o' salt at all, 't would be a great improvement to it.' 'Raich down the salt-box, Nell,' says the man o' the house to his wife. So she did. 'Oh, that 's the very thing, just,' says my father, shaking some of it into the pot. So he stirred it again awhile, looking as sober as a minister. By-an'-by, he takes the spoon he had stirring it, an' tastes it. 'It is very good now,' says he, 'although it wants something yet.' 'What is it?' says they. 'Oyeh,

wisha nothin', says he; 'maybe 't is only fancy o' me.' 'If it 's anything we can give you,' says they, 'you 're welcome to it.' ''T is very good as it is,' says he; 'but when I 'm at home, I find it gives it a fine flavor just to boil a little knuckle o' bacon, or mutton trotters, or anything that way along with it.' 'Raich hether that bone o' sheep's head we had at dinner yesterday, Nell,' says the man o' the house. 'Oych, don't mind it,' says my father; 'let it be as it is.' 'Sure if it improves it, you may as well,' says they. '*Baithershin!*' says my father, putting it down. So after boiling it a good piece longer, ''T is fine limestone broth,' says he, 'as ever was tasted; an' if a man had a few piatez,' says he, looking at a pot of 'em that was smokin' in the chimney-corner, 'he couldn't desire a better dinner.' They gave him the piatez, and he made a good dinner of themselves an' the broth, not forgetting the bone, which he polished equal to chaney before he let it go. The people themselves tasted it, an' thought it as good as any mutton broth in the world."[1]

GILE MACHREE.

Gile Machree,
Sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth 's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever!

When I was poor,
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said, "To other lands I 'd roam,
Where fate may smile on me, love;"
I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"
And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"
Sing, *Gile machree*, &c.

[1] This folk tale has been dramatized by Mr. W. B. Yeats under the title of 'The Pot of Broth.' See the special article by Mr. Stephen Gwynn entitled 'The Irish Drama.'

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover—
I know a spot,
A silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover,
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only;
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely!
Sing, *Gile machree,* &c.

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse
With tyrant force
That have been blest in heaven.
But then I said, "In after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her,
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends thus left behind her."
Sing, *Gile machree,* &c.

Oh no, I said,
My own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn, for ever
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never.
From home and thee, though wandering far,
A dreary fate be mine, love;
I'd rather live in endless war
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing, *Gile machree,* &c.

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure;
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love.

Sing, *Gile machree,*
Sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth 's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever!

EILEEN AROON.[1]

When, like the early rose,
Eileen aroon!
Beauty in childhood blows,
Eileen aroon!
When, like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
Eileen aroon!

Is it the laughing eye?
Eileen aroon!
Is it the timid sigh?
Eileen aroon!
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed heart's moan?
Oh! it is Truth alone,
Eileen aroon!

When, like the rising day,
Eileen aroon!
Love sends his early ray,
Eileen aroon!
What makes his dawning glow
Changeless through joy or woe?—
Only the constant know,
Eileen aroon!

I know a valley fair,
Eileen aroon!
I knew a cottage there,
Eileen aroon!
Far in that valley's shade

[1] *Eibhlín a rúin*, Eileen, my treasure.

I knew a gentle maid,
Flower of a hazel glade,
Eileen aroon!

Who in the song so sweet?
Eileen aroon!
Who in the dance so fleet?
Eileen aroon!
Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Eileen aroon!

Youth must with time decay,
Eileen aroon!
Beauty must fade away,
Eileen aroon!
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixèd star,
Eileen aroon!

HY-BRASAIL: THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it *Hy-Brasail,* the isle of the blest.
From year unto year on the ocean's blue rim,
The beautiful specter showed lovely and dim;
The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away!

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail;
From Ara, the holy, he turned to the west,
For though Ara was holy, *Hy-Brasail* was blest.
He heard not the voices that called from the shore—
He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar;
Home, kindred, and safety, he left on that day,
And he sped to *Hy-Brasail,* away, far away!

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,
O'er the faint rim of distance, reflected its smile;
Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore
Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before;

Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,
And to Ara again he looked timidly back;
Oh! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away!

Rash dreamer, return! O, ye winds of the main,
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again.
Rash fool! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
To barter thy calm life of labor and peace.
The warning of reason was spoke in vain;
He never revisited Ara again!
Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
And he died on the waters away, far away!

STEPHEN GWYNN.

(1865 ——)

Stephen Gwynn was born in 1865 in the County Donegal. He is the eldest son of the Rev. John Gwynn, regius professor of divinity in the University of Dublin, by his marriage with Lucy, eldest daughter of William Smith O'Brien. He was educated at St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham, and at Oxford. In 1896 he took up the profession of literature in London, where his work is well known in the reviews and magazines. He is the Secretary of the Irish Literary Society. He has published : 'Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Portrait Painter,' 'Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim,' 'The Repentance of a Private Secretary,' 'The Old Knowledge,' and 'The Decay of Sensibility, and other Essays,' as well as a volume of poems, a collection of stories, of fishing experiences in Ireland, and 'Masters of English Literature' (1904).

AN HEROIC DECEPTION.

SPLENDIDE MENDAX.

"D' ye mind ould Nancy Lafferty?" said Maria to me, as we were talking over the changes of ten years in that remote Donegal parish. "Nancy, the ould woman with the wee donkey and creels, that used to bring fish to the door to sell. Did ye see her in Ramelton then? It 's a wonder ye knowed her, for she 's quarely failed. Ould John Lafferty, that was her husband, was a fisherman some place down thonder by Dunfanaghy, and she used to take his fish round and sell them to all the quality as far as Letterkenny. But some time after yees all left the big house —I don't mind rightly when it was, but maybe seven or eight years ago—ould John died.

"The boys was all out in America, and she had just the one daughter with her—Mary Jane they called her. Well, when ould John died, they was greatly straitened, and Mary Jane she be to go into service. There was a lady at Dunfanaghy that was willing to take her for nursemaid, but the boys wrote for her to come out to them to America, for she 'd get grand wages. Nancy was for not letting her go, but Mary Jane she said she 'd never be asy in a place like thon, and her own home only that wee piece



STEPHEN GWYNN

From a photograph by Beaker and Sullivan, of London, England



off; so Nancy be to let her go. It 's a quare journey thon for a girl to be taking her lones, but there 's them that does it every day now; and Mary Jane knew she was going to the boys, and they was doing well.

"Nancy had the ass yet, and she used to gather dilsk[1] and mussels and cockles and the like of that, and you 'd see her selling them every fairday. Well, one day she came up here, maybe a month after Mary Jane sailed, and she had a letter with her; for Nancy she could neither read nor write, but Mary Jane was a grand scholar; and Nancy was looking Johnny to answer the letter for her. She had always a great notion of Johnny since he was a wee boy, for them Ramelton fellows had no decency, and they would be stoning the donkey; but Johnny had always a good word for her, and many 's the handful of dilsk she gave him. So Johnny read the letter out to her and me—the priest it was read it for her first, but she couldn't trouble him to be writing—and Mary Jane said she was there safe, and living with Pat till she 'd get a place, and she 'd surely get one soon. So nothing would do Nancy but Johnny must sit down and write a letter to Mary Jane, for she was terrible taken up with thon girl.

"Well, that way she 'd come onest a month, for Mary Jane she wrote regular on the first of every month, and very soon she had a place, and every month she 'd be sending money from herself and the boys. Mick was doing no good and drinking all he got, and Pat he was no scholar and couldn't write for himself, but he was quare and good to Mary Jane, and Nancy wanted for nothing. Well, you 'd think she might have got some one near hand; but nobody but Johnny would do her, and every month she 'd come all the way from Creeslough round by here—it would mostly be the day afore the fairday in Ramelton she 'd come—and you 'd laugh to hear the things she 'd make Johnny write.

"Pat died about a year after Mary Jane went out, and she took on greatly about that; but her whole talk was of Mary Jane. One morning she came up the bit of lane, and when I saw her coming I was wondering what could be the matter with her, for she was laughing to herself like. 'Och Maria,' says she, 'Mary Jane 's going to be married;

[1] *Dilsk, dulse,* a sweet-tasting kind of sea-weed.

and she 's after sending me a picture of her and her man.' An' a fine young man he was, with a grand collar on him. He was a tram driver in New York, Mary Jane said; and they were to be married the next month. Well, such a letter as Johnny had to write that day! And Mary Jane's man was getting good wages, and they used to send four dollars regular every month, and Nancy was quarely pleased. One day she came up fair crying, for Mary Jane had a son, and it was: 'Och Maria, if I could get a sight of the wean. Do you think now would I be too old to go out thonder?' Well, it wasn't long after that that she came again; and she had a kind of look like a person that 's not right in the head. So I sent for Johnny, and she gave him the letter. 'Read thon,' says she. There was the four dollars in it, in one of them orders, and it was as kind a letter as ever you heard, and all about the baby in it; but at the end she says, 'You mustn't be vexed if I can't be always sending you the money regular now, for George thinks bad this good while of parting so much money, and when I came to him for it this month, he gave me all sorts; but Mary Cassidy lent it me for the onest, and I 'll maybe make it up every month unbeknownst to him.'

"'Isn't it a shame of him?' says I, thinking to pleasure her, for ould Nancy was sitting there by the fire, and never a word out of her.

"Well, Master Stephen, she turned on me as sharp as if I 'd struck her.

"'It 's no shame,' says she, 'but it 's shame on you that says the like. Sure, what call has a man that has a wife and child to keep, to be sending money to a useless ould crathur that he never seen?'

"'Sure, why wouldn't he let his wife help her mother?' says I, — 'isn't that nature?—for Pat 's dead, and Mick 's all one to you as if he were dead. It 's Mary Jane that 'll have the sore heart,' says I; 'and shouldn't a husband content his wife in reason?'

"'An' do you think,' says she, 'that I 'm for makin' trouble betwixt Mary Jane and her husband? Now, Johnny,' says she turning round to him, 'this is the last time I 'll be troubling you.'

"Well, Master Stephen, nothing would do her but Johnny must write to Mary Jane and tell her—what do

you think now?—that ould Nancy was dead. Johnny and me we joined on her, and Johnny he said he wouldn't put his hand to the like of that.

"'Sure it would be a lie,' says he, 'and a black lie.'

"'By the will of God it might be true soon enough,' says she—an' there was an awful look on the face of her—'an' if I can't be dead, sure I 'd better be all as one as if I were dead than hurting Mary Jane. And, if you won't do it for me, and me after coming a day's journey from Creeslough, there 's them that 'll do it for money, if there 's none 'll do it for kindness.'

"I was for stopping Johnny, but he told me afterwards that he was afeard some bad person might write and get the money sent to them, and neither Mary Jane nor Nancy be the better for their sorrow. For, Master Stephen, there 's no telling the wickedness that 's in the world. So Johnny he wrote the letter, and then, says I to her, 'How are you going to live now, anyway, without the money? You surely aren't going into the poor-house?'

"'If I must,' says she, 'I must just thole; but isn't there the gleanings that God puts by the sea thonder for the ould cripples to gather for them that has better things to do?' And from that day to this she never crossed the door.

"Johnny he got a terrible letter from Mary Jane, for the poor thing was quarely vexed, and Johnny was crying over it the length of a day. An' he took the letter with him, and he traveled the whole way to Creeslough to show it to Nancy. At the first she wouldn't listen to him, but at the last he made her; and she greeted quarely too, and then says she:

"'Sure that had to come to her soon or late, and now it 's over and there 'll be no ill will with her husband. Ay, and you 'll see,' says she, 'now the ould woman 's gone, she 'll be thinking long no more.' For in all her letters Mary Jane would be saying how it was a grand town she was in, but she would rather have yellow-meal brochans[1] in Creeslough nor ham and wine in New York. Ay, Mary Jane was quare and fond of her mother too. But, mind you, Master Stephen, that 's two years ago and more, and Nancy 's living yet. She sold the ass, for she be to, and

[1] *Brochans*, gruel.

she 'll hardly speak to a body now; and whiles Johnny goes up to her in the fair, but the most he ever says to her is just buying a couple of pennorth of dilsk. There 's no one dares name Mary Jane to her; and she sits there, all dazed like, and the wee boys steal the dilsk off her stall, and half the time she never minds them. But an odd time she 'll rise and scream and curse at them, that it would frighten you; and they say the doctor was talking about putting her in the asylum. But Johnny says the heart 's dead in her this two years, and it 's her grave would fit her better nor a madhouse."

I saw Johnny that afternoon. "Why didn't you write to some one else, and get word of Mary Jane, and give it her?" I asked him.

"To tell you the truth, Master Stephen, I was afraid," he said. "By that I judged of Mary Jane's man you couldn't tell how he 'd turn out on her; and I was afraid to hear I had that lie on me for nothing, if Mary Jane wasn't happy for all Nancy did. And whatever I knew that I had to tell; for there 's no man, knowing what I knew, could have gone to that old woman with a lie on his lips."

NOTE.—This story belongs really to Mr. Manning, a well-known Dublin journalist, who prefers telling stories to writing them. I heard it at second-hand from a friend, and after some months wrote my version. But in the meantime Mr. Edmund Downey had also heard the tale and told it in print. If any one likes to compare 'Silver Sand,' in Mr. Downey's book 'Pinches of Salt,' with my story, he will find a pretty illustration of the game they call Russian Scandal.—S. G.

THE YOUNG FISHER.

There is no variety of sportsman who gets so much joy for so little slaughter as the juvenile angler. I have seen a small boy, at the end of six weeks' pertinacious fishing, exultant over his total of a hundred trout. But of these at least two-thirds went back to the stream, for he had been properly educated, and scorned to take undersized fish. Nothing under two ounces would satisfy his standard. But whether he kept them or not, the capture of each individual pinkeen was a triumph, and he would come in deploring, with a fine mastery of technicalities, that the

salmon fry were rising very short. Doubtless in a few years he will be deploring, with equal earnestness, the same perverse behavior in the adult salmon, and doubtless, in the light of pure reason, he is no more ridiculous now than he will be then.

Yet, although it will not then be quite so exhilarating to command the terms of art, to call flies by their proper names, and know the virtues of an orange-grouse or a blue-bottle, still the spirit of the thing will be the same, for love of detailed discussion is one of the angler's chief characteristics. In the juvenile sportsman it figures with that touch of extravagance which makes the essence of caricature. Scales are already his delight, and, if the cook permits, he will weigh meticulously every single fish in a basket of two dozen, and will strain his arithmetic to construct averages—sometimes with surprising results; but, after all, how little unlike his instructors!

Naturally, the pursuit is fertile in material for those questions which form the staple of boys' conversation with their elders. There is no limit to the series of interrogations and hypothetical cases. "Which do you think would pull hardest, a white trout of four ounces, or a brown trout of six?" If only on this account—but indeed by no means only on this account—it must be allowed that the young fisher tends to be a nuisance. But if he were not a nuisance in that way, he undoubtedly would be in some other; and in the meanwhile he is acquiring the great virtue of patience, and some little dexterity of hand, constantly needed to disentangle his own casting lines—which every young fisher should be not only encouraged but constrained to do. Moreover, he hardens his constitution by defying wind and weather, and learns a fine disdain for mere meals, contemning even tea and cake while fish are rising, and frequently when they are not.

Those who cannot sympathize with such delights are not merely the uninitiated; they are the invincibly ignorant. But nearly every angler can look back on these hours of easily earned excitement; and one may be sorry for those who do not begin young, and consequently never know them. They may become just as expert; the best fisherman I know never fished till after he was married, but he

has missed something that all his big days can never make up for.

I remember well the first fish I ever caught, partly because of the emotion, partly for the chastisement that followed. We were exploring along the rocks near the mouth of Lough Swilly, when in a cleft between them we espied certain small dark creatures—young pollack, or, as the local name is, *sheein*. Whether we had a rod, or whether a line was tied to the end of a walking-stick, I forget; but I was set to fish in the clear water, and presently a *sheein* took the bait—a small piece of mussel—and I hauled it into mid-air. But it dangled out of reach, for in my excitement I could not think how to hold my rod so that the line would fall beside me; and in stretching after it I toppled over, and, having been lugged out ignominiously, was soundly cuffed for my clumsiness.

I caught other *sheeins* there, and in later holidays captured dozens at Portstewart, fishing from the house in which, I believe, the defender of Ladysmith was born. About the same time began my days of fly-fishing, also under the tutelage of uncles; they continued unaided, and by the time I was sixteen or so I must have been tolerably expert, as I remember twice getting over four dozen fair-sized fish in the river which I will call the Owenmore. My first salmon dates, I think, from about that age, and I know there was trouble when I got him, for I had no license, and this was the second fish killed on trout flies from our house within the week. One of my schoolmasters, a very old friend and an expert salmon angler, assisted at the performance, and between us we walked the fish up on to a shallow, shoving it with our feet. It was a great moment, perhaps the greater since it came to a boy; but I have often heard boatmen and gillies tell me how gold has been heaped on them by elderly men whose first salmon they have gaffed.

It will be seen that I began fairly early, but my chances were poor compared with those of a boy of my acquaintance whose father lives beside the best pool on that same river, and is perhaps the best fisherman who ever fished it. One day in spring the father was out on this pool, fishing it from a boat, and the rod lay in the stern with the line shortened. The youngster with him picked it up and be-

gan to cast; then came a small, deep rise, and the fly was taken—apparently by a trout. But in a moment there was a big rush and the reel screamed. The boatmen implored the father to take the rod, but he insisted that as the boy had hooked the fish he should kill him—if he could. And so the infant angler, about ten years old, was landed on the bank, and with the butt of the big rod stuck well in his stomach, proceeded to fight the fish and finally to beat him. The salmon weighed seventeen pounds.

A boy so entered on the sport naturally sticks to it, and this year, when I went to fish the pool in question, I found this young gentleman just returned for his summer holidays. He had not yet had his chance there; but at Easter he had killed five salmon in a week, one on the free water; and probably, with a trout rod at least, he is as good as most of us. There is no sport in which complete proficiency can be attained earlier. I once went to fish at Ballina, and to my disgust found the river yellow with mud; big flies were of no avail, and I was driven to try the spoon, of which I had no experience. After half-an-hour's unprofitable loss of time and temper, I asked Jim Hearne's gossoon, who was poling the cot, if he understood the business. He modestly said he thought so; and in a minute this youngster, whose head would hardly reach my belt, was casting the spoon in a way that I could not manage under six weeks' practice.

But the young fishermen with whose experiences I am most recently familiar have not aspired to salmon, nor did I see them catch their first fish, which were mackerel and pollack, at Looe. I saw plenty, however, of their early efforts and the awful rivalries engendered, and I shall never to my dying hour forget the last of that fishing.

We were departing next day, and a final carnival of fishing was promised. It was ascertained by this time that the most profitable sport was not trolling for mackerel and pollack, but fishing about sundown from an anchored boat for the tiny bream, which are there called chad—with the off chance of a small conger to make a fearful joy.

Three little boys were rowed out by an old man in his punt, and I followed in a skiff, sculling two little girls (one hardly more than a baby) and their nursery governess. The evening was dead calm, but it had blown strong,

and off the river mouth we ran into a swell that made me wish devoutly that we were in a less crank vessel. However, we moored safely to one of the pilchard boats that lay at anchor, and began fishing. That is to say, I began to chop a pilchard into small but disgusting pieces for bait.

I had realized by this that chad were much more easily caught with trout hooks and small baits than with the larger tackle used by the local fishers; and I put two hooks on each of those lines, for there was competition between the boats. Almost immediately fish began to take, sometimes one, sometimes two at a time; sometimes also the fishers would feel bites and haul in the line, only to find the bait gone. The smallest girl was barely able to pull in her own line, and none of the three fishers was able to keep the line, when hauled, from tangling; and I promise you their boatman was kept busy, slashing venomously at the bait, disentangling lines, unhooking the fish, which had back fins sharp as a perch's, and generally keeping an eye that no one went overboard. It was brisk sport, and the boat began to fill with the short, deep little fish, olive-brown, olive-green, olive-silver; but, where she lay riding by the painter, the swell took her, and she pitched more than a little, and in a few moments the governess leaned over the side. I was for putting her ashore at once, but the little girls protested, more particularly the youngest, her special nursling, and the devoted woman stayed on. Yet it was not all self-sacrifice; the sporting spirit was strong in her, and she continued simultaneously to catch fish and be seasick, till at last night fell dark, the fish stopped biting, and we pulled in gingerly over the smooth, heavy swell where the river met the tide, and past the pier-head to the landing-place. I do not remember how many fish we had aboard—dozens anyhow—but the little girls had defeated their brothers, and were proud in proportion; and the heroic governess revived her drooping body in the exultation of this triumph.

It was a year later that education progressed another step, and the enthusiasts were taught to fish with the fly. Two youngsters accompanied a rather nervous parent to the little hotel at Lough Columb in Donegal; but there was no need for nervousness, as the whole establishment was even more eager to look after them than after the guests

of a less troublesome age. We got out on Lough na Mrack next day, under the charge of its best boatman, sometime a member of the constabulary. By his petitions, and against my better judgment, I was induced to rig the second cast, like my own, with three flies. I stipulated, however, that he should keep it in order.

The day was good, and it was not long before they saw that trout could be caught with a fly; but it was long enough before they caught one. One would not believe how many things can be done wrong with a trout line, even casting down the wind. First the flies would tangle round the rod; then when they were got into the water they remained stationary and sank; when this was altered, they were dragged through and whipped up again, to sing round the ears of every one in the boat, where we sat with coat collar turned up and hats pulled down. And when, in spite of all, trout rose at the fly, the learners could not be induced to strike; when at last they did strike, it was with a vehemence fatal to tackle. The day must have been pretty well on when at last one trout rose to a trailing fly near the boat, and persisted in taking it. Then one began to see how complicated in reality is the process of keeping an even strain on a small fish—difficult as eating with a knife and fork, or any other elaborate accomplishment. But at last the fish came in, and the boatman was for insisting that I should land it. He said (in all seriousness) he would not like to take so great a responsibility. But at last the fish was landed, and others were got the same day —chiefly, however, by trolling behind the boat, which presents fewer difficulties.

It is certainly a good thing for the young to learn to fly-fish; nothing affords so excellent a discipline for the temper of their elders. The ex-policeman set me an example not to be forgotten, for though his face spoke of a hot temper (which is no longer a matter of conjecture to me), he unraveled and disentangled with a tireless patience: and it was pure joy to him when a small boy, having hooked a trout, reeled in desperately almost to the very gut, then, raising the point of his rod, jerked the fish out, while it swung back and forward, evading his hand—generally to drop off into the water, unless the landing-net succeeded in intercepting it, as you might say, on the wing.

Nevertheless, in three or four days a considerable number of fish were caught, and sent off to admiring relatives. Next year Lough Drummond gave lessons mainly in perseverance, but there were compensations in the cottage where we stayed—its clay floor, its soda bread, its dogs, hens, ducks, calves, and live stock generally. But this last summer the return to Lough na Mrack was an event, and the ex-policeman was an old friend, and one who made us welcome. The rest of the party arrived a day before the schoolboys, and the little girls had each caught her fish, trolling the fly, before their brothers came on the scene late in the afternoon. Great were the greetings; and it was the boatman who petitioned that they should get out after dinner and fish till dark night, for, as he said to me, "the countenance of them would decoy you." So they fished and caught their fish, the evening closing with wild excitement when the single boy who had been out of luck reeled up excitedly as we trolled home; and when a fish came in on the bob-fly, the tail of the cast was still deep in water, and he landed two at once.

And of all the people in the boat I believe the boatman was the most pleased—although we had kept him out till ten o'clock that evening. Irish people are surprisingly fond of children, and we had a pretty illustration of their fondness a few days later when a party of us rowed up Lough Columb to picnic and attempt the minnow on the Bolb, a deep stream which flows in at the head. After some not very serious fishing, we made our way in between the winding banks of a channel which flows in serpentine curves for a mile or so level with the lake. Rowing up this, we trailed the minnow, in hope of some monster of a black trout—but our chief capture was one little pinkeen, which had contrived somehow to seize a bait half as long as himself. At last we pulled in to a bank, and turned out our lunch, while the industrious boatman crossed the river, lifted a few turfs from a neighboring stack, and set to lighting a fire. By the time we had finished eating and drinking he had prepared for us a surprise dessert, small trout broiled in the embers, which those of us who dared ate with our fingers—a messy proceeding; but the flavor of peat and an open-air appetite make brown trout delicious. Meanwhile, our journey up, and our rambles among the

meadows which border on the Bolb, had interested the neighborhood; and as we entered the lake and began to fish down, our boatman called our attention to a large pink object lying on top of a rock. It was, he said, a bunch of roses which a woman from one of the cottages had left there for us.

Looked at across the lake, it seemed like scarlet paper, and we all were convinced that our friend was joking us. But as we fished the drift across and neared the shore, it became evident that he spoke the simple truth. There was an enormous nosegay of old-fashioned roses laid on a rock by the water's edge, and fixed there with a stone. He had seen the woman of a cottage on the hill above run down surreptitiously, leave them there, and disappear. So pretty a civility could not go unrecognized, so one of us, with a couple of the children, waded ashore with half a dozen trout in the net, made our way up through a field or two, and came on a little cottage of the usual type, but, for a wonder, simply smothered in roses; and there was the pleasant, kindly little woman, who explained by saying that she had seen the children at the hotel, and lost her heart to them—though she had a tribe of her own. They all seem to think, as old Peggy, the guardian of St. Columb's birthplace, said to me, that "childer is a very heartsome thing about a place." And whatever boatman I ever fished with in Ireland, you might leave him in charge of small boys with perfect confidence that he would neither drown them (perhaps the most natural thing to do) nor lose his temper with them, nor, to use another of Peggy's words, "give them bad parables" in any way.

A LAY OF OSSIAN AND PATRICK.

I tell you an ancient story
  Learnt on an Irish strand,
Of lonely Ossian returning
  Belated from fairyland

To a land grown meek and holy,
  To a land of mass and bell,
Under the hope of heaven,
  Under the dread of hell:

It tells how the bard and warrior,
  Last of a giant race,
Wrestled a year with Patrick,
  Answering face to face,

Mating the praise of meekness,
  With vaunt of the warrior school,
And the glory of God the Father
  With the glory of Finn MacCool;

Until at last the hero,
  Through fasting and through prayer,
Came to the faith of Christians,
  And turned from the things that were.

When the holy bread was broken,
  And the water wet on his brow,
And the last of the fierce Fianna
  Had spoken the Christian vow,

In a sudden glory Patrick
  Seeing the fierce grown mild,
Laughed with joy on his convert,
  Like father on first-born child.

"Well was for you, O Ossian,
  You came to the light," he said;
"And now I will show you the torment
  From which to our God you fled."

Then with a pass of his crozier
  He put a spell on the air,
And there fell a mist on the eyeballs
  Of Ossian standing there.

Shapes loomed up through the darkness,
  And "Now," says the saint, "look well;
See your friends the Fianna,
  And all their trouble in hell."

Ossian stared through the darkness,
  Saw, as the mist grew clear,
Legions of swarth-hued warriors
  Raging with sword and spear:

Footmen, huge and misshapen,
  Stiffened with snarling ire;
Chariots with hell-black stallions
  Champing a spume of fire,

And all of the grim-faced battle,
  With clash and yell and neigh,
Dashed on a knot of warriors
  Set in a rank at bay.

Ossian looked, and he knew them,
  Knew each man of them well,
Knew his friends, the Fianna,
  There in the pit of hell.

There was his very father,
  Leader of all their bands,
Finn, the terrible wrestler,
  Griping with giant hands;

Oscar with edged blade smiting,
  Caoilté with charging lance,
And Diarmuid poising his javelin,
  Nimble as in the dance;

Conan, the crop-eared stabber,
  Aiming a slant-way stroke,
And the fiery Lugach leaping
  Where the brunt of battle broke.

But in front of all by a furlong,
  There in the hell-light pale,
Was the champion, Gull MacMorna,
  Winding a monstrous flail.

And still the flail as he swung it
  Sang through the maddened air,
Singing the deeds of heroes,
  A song of the days that were.

It swung with the shrilling of pipers,
  It smote with a thud of drums,
It leapt and it whirled in battle,
  Crying, "Gull MacMorna comes."

It leapt and it smote, and the devils
  Shrieked under every blow;
With the very wind of its whistling
  Warriors were stricken low.

It swept a path through the army
  Wide as a winter flood,
And down that lane the Fianna
  Charged in a wash of blood.

Patrick gazed upon Ossian:
  But Ossian watched to descry
The surf and the tide of battle
  Turn as in days gone by.

And lo! at the sudden onslaught
  The fighters of Eirie made,
And under the flail of MacMorna,
  The host of the foemen swayed,

Broke; and Ossian, breathless,
  Heard the exultant yell
Of his comrades hurling the devils
  Back to the wall of hell.

And the sword-blades reaped like sickles,
  And the javelins hissed like hail,
And louder and ever louder
  Rose the song of the flail,

As whirling in air the striker
  Sang clear, or thudded dull,—
When, woe! the tug[1] on a sudden
  Snapped in the grasp of Gull.

Hand-staff and striker parted;
  The song of the flail was dumb,—
On the heart of Ossian, listening,
  Fell that silence numb.

And oh! for a time uncounted
  He watched with straining eyes
The tide of the devils' battle
  Quicken and turn and rise.

[1] *Tug*, or trace, leathern thong holding the two parts of a flail together.

He watched the Fianna's onset
  Waver and hang in doubt,
He watched his leaderless comrades
  Swept in a struggling rout.

But Gull, with a shield before him,
  Crouched on the battle ground,
And there in the track of slaughter
  Tore at what he found,

Until in the crash and tumult,
  And dashed with a bloody rain,
He had knotted his flail together
  With sinews out of the slain.

Then, as the gasping Fianna
  Felt their endeavor fail,
Chanting their ancient valor
  Rose the voice of the flail.

And again in the stagnant ebbing
  Of their blood began to flow
The flood of a surging courage,
  The hope of a crowning blow;

And the heart of their comrades watching,
  Stirred with joy to behold
Feats of his bygone manhood,
  Strokes that he knew of old.

Again he beheld the stubborn
  Setting of targe to targe,
Again he beheld the rally
  Swell to a shattering charge.

And surely now the Fianna
  Must slaughter and whelm the foe
In a fierce and final triumph,
  Lords of the realm below,

As they leapt in a loosened phalanx,
  Climbing on heaps of slain:
—And again Gull's wizard weapon
  Flew on a stroke in twain.

For a time and times uncounted
Ossian endured the sight
Of the endless swaying tumult,
The ebb and flow of the fight.

His face grew lean with sorrow,
And hunger stared from his eyes,
And the laboring breath from his bosom
Broke in heavy sighs.

Patrick watched, and he wondered,
And at last in pity spoke:
"Vexed is your look, O Ossian,
As your very heart were broke.

"Courage, O new-made Christian:
Great is my joy in you:
I would like it ill on a day of grace
My son should have aught to rue.

"Therefore for these your comrades
I give you a wish to-day
That shall lift them out of their torment
Into some better way.

"Speak! be bold in your asking,
Christ is strong to redeem."
—Ossian turned to him sudden,
Like one awaked from a dream.

His eye was fierce as an eagle's,
And his voice had a trumpet's ring,
As when at the Fenian banquets
He lifted his harp to sing.

"I ask no help of the Father,
I ask no help of the Son,
Nor of the Holy Spirit,
Ever Three in One.

"This for my only asking,
And then let might prevail,—
Patrick, give Gull MacMorna
An iron tug to his flail."

Patrick is dead, and Ossian;
  Gull to his place is gone;
But the words and the deeds of heroes
  Linger in twilight on,—

In a twilight of fireside tellings
  Lit by the poet's lay,
Lighting the gloom of hardship,
  The night of a needy day.

And still the Gael, as he listens
  In a land of mass and bell,
Under the hope of heaven,
  Under the dread of hell,

Thinks long, like age-spent Ossian,
  For the things that are no more,
For the clash of meeting weapons,
  And the mad delight of war.

A SONG OF DEFEAT.

Not for the lucky warriors,
—The winner at Waterloo,
Or him of a newer name,
Whom loud-voiced triumphs acclaim
Victor against the few—
Not for these, O Eire,
I build in my heart to-day
The lay of your sons and you.

I call to your mind to-day,
Out of the mists of the past,
Many a hull and many a mast
Black in the bight of the bay
Over against Ben Edair;
And the lip of the ebbing tideway all
Red with the life of Gael and Gall,
And the Danes in a headlong slaughter sent:
—And the women of Eire keening
For Brian, slain at his tent.

Mother, O gray sad mother,
Love, with the troubled eyes,

For whom I marshal to-day
The sad and splendid array,
Calling the lost to arise,
—As some queen's courtier unbidden
Might fetch her gems to the sun,
Praising the glory and glow
Of all that was hers to show—
Eire, love Brian well,
For Brian fought, and he fell:
But Brian fought, and he won:
God! that was long ago!
Nearer and dearer to you,
Eire, Eire *mo bhron,*
(List to the name of your own,
O sweet name, My Sorrow!)
Are the suns that flamed and faded
In a night that had no morrow.

I call to your mind Red Hugh,
And the Castle's broken ward;
I call to your mind O'Neill,
And the fight at the Yellow Ford:
—And the ships afloat on the main,
Bearing O'Donnell to Spain,
For the flame of his quick and leaping soul
To be quenched in a venomed bowl:
—And the shores by the Swilly's shadows,
And the Earls pushed out through the foam,
And O'Neill in his grave-clothes lying
With the wish of his heart in Ireland,
And his body cold in Rome.
I call to your mind Benburb
And the stubborn Ulster steel,
And the triumph of Owen Roe:
Clonmel, and the glorious stand
Of the younger Hugh O'Neill;
—And Owen dead at Derry,
And Cromwell loosed on the land.

I call to your mind brave Sarsfield,
And the battle in Limerick street,
The mine and the shattered wall,
And the battered breach held good,
And William full in retreat:
—And, at the end of all,
Wild Geese rising on clamorous wing

To follow the flight of an alien king.
And the hard-won treaty broke
And the elder faith oppressed,
And the blood—but not for Ireland—
Red upon Sarsfield's breast.
Ended, the roll of the great
And the famous leaders of armies,
The shining lamps of the Gael,
Who wrestled awhile with fate
And broke the battle on foemen,
Ere the end left widowed Eire
Lone with her desolate wail.

Lone, yet, unforsaken:
Out of no far dim past
Call I the names of the last
Who strove and suffered for Eire.
Saddest and nearest of all,
See how they flock to the call,
The troop of the famous felons;
Who won no joy of the sword,
Who tasted of no reward
But the faint flushed dawn of a wan sick hope,
And over whose lives there dangled
Ever the shame of the rope.
I call to your mind Lord Edward;
Tone with his mangled throat;
Emmet high on the gallows;
O'Brien, Mitchel, and Meagher—
Aye, and of newer note
Names that Eire will not forget,
Though some have faded in far off lands,
And some have passed by the hangman's hands,
And some—are breathing yet.

Not for these, O Eire,
Not for these, or thee,
Pipers, trumpeters, blaring loud,
The throbbing drums and the colors flying,
And the long-drawn muffled roar of the crowd,
The voice of the human sea:
Theirs it is to inherit
Fame of a finer grace,
In the self-renewing spirit
And the untameable heart,
Ever defeated, yet undefeated,

Of thy remembering race:
For their names are treasured apart,
And their memories green and sweet,
On every hillside and every mart
In every cabin, in every street,
Of a land, where to fail is more than to triumph,
And victory less than defeat.

IRELAND.

Ireland, oh Ireland! center of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Overseas you call me: *Why an exile from me?*
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea depths,
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests in the sand;

Lives there and loves; yet with the years returning,
Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tideway,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free—

Wanderer am I like the salmon of the rivers;
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

MRS. S. C. HALL.

(1800—1881.)

Anna Maria Fielding was born in Dublin, Jan. 6, 1800. At a very early age she was taken to Bannow, in County Wexford, where her maternal grandfather and grandmother resided. Here she drank in the vivid impressions of Irish scenery and life which she was destined so well to reproduce afterward. She lived in a locality rich in the picturesque, and amid a people whose strong individuality offered abundant materials for the student of character. At the age of fifteen she left Ireland and settled in London. In September, 1824, she was married to Mr. Samuel Carter Hall.

Mrs. Hall's first sketches appeared in 'The Amulet,' edited by her husband. They were published in a volume in 1829, entitled 'Sketches of Irish Character.' It met with immediate and deserved success, for the stories were distinguished by fidelity to life, pathos without exaggeration, bright but never ill-natured humor, and absolute freedom from political or religious bigotry. Her next work was for the young—'The Chronicles of a Schoolroom,' in which, while things are treated with the necessary simplicity, there is no goody-goody tone or wishy-washy sentiment. 'The Buccaneer,' published in 1829, was Mrs. Hall's first attempt at a regular novel. The scene is laid in England, and the time chosen is the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. 'The Outlaw,' which followed in 1832, also belonged to the department of the historical novel, the revolution of 1688 being the period described, and James II. the chief character.

'Tales of Woman's Trials' is a delightful volume, full of touching stories, told with delicacy, poetic feeling, and truth. Two of the tales are especially beautiful—'Marian Raymond' and the 'Trials of Lady Montague.' In both the moral is the sad one that loving and noble natures are powerless to check the follies or elevate the characters of worthless and weak beings to whom their fate has strongly attached them. 'Uncle Horace' came next, and then followed, perhaps, Mrs. Hall's most powerful work. This was 'Lights and Shadows of Irish Life' (published in 1838). The tales here told are, as the title implies, descriptive of both the brighter and the darker sides of Irish life—of the passionate affections of home, the gay hearts, and also the dark passions of Irish men and women. A story in this series was produced on the stage under the title of 'The Groves of Blarney,' and proved highly successful.

'Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortune,' was published in 1840 and at once became popular. It has passed through several editions and has been translated into German and Dutch. In 1840, her husband founded the *Art Union*, a title afterward changed to the *Art Journal*, and to this Mrs. Hall contributed 'Midsummer Eve,' a fairy tale (republished in 1847), in which there is a skillful mingling of the picturesque legendary lore and the comicalities of real life in Ireland. In the same journal also appeared 'Pilgrimages to English Shrines,' a series of "pleasant illustrated sketches of the homes and haunts

of genius and virtue in our own land." This work was published in volume form in 1850. Mrs. Hall's pen had meantime been busy on other works. In 1840 appeared a new series of Irish portraits under the title 'Tales of the Irish Peasantry.' In 1841–43 was produced from the combined pens of herself and her husband an interesting work, 'Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc.' In 1845 appeared a novel, 'The White Boy,' in 1857 'A Woman's Story,' 'Can Wrong be Right?' in 1862 'The Fight of Faith, a Story of Ireland,' in 1868-69 'The Book of the Thames' and 'The Book of South Wales.'

Notwithstanding their literary labors, they took an active part in the chief philanthropic movements of their time. Mrs. Hall was the originator of the fund in honor of Miss Florence Nightingale, and the result of the labors of herself and her husband was a sum amounting to £45,000 ($225,000).

They also assisted in founding the Hospital for Consumptives and other useful institutions. The cause of temperance found most earnest and untiring advocates in Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and they wrote many tales and sketches in which the evils of intemperance were graphically portrayed. One of the latest acts of Mr. and Mrs. Hall was to help in celebrating the centenary of Moore, of whom they were in their early days intimate friends. They also paid further honor to his memory in erecting by subscription a window in Bromham Church, where he is buried. Mrs. Hall died Jan. 30, 1881.

"WE 'LL SEE ABOUT IT."

From 'The Village Garland.'

Philip, and Philip's wife, and Philip's children, and all of the house of Garraty, are employed from morning till night in "seeing about" everything, and, consequently, in "doing" nothing. There is Philip—a tall, handsome, good-humored fellow, of about five-and-thirty, with broad, lazy-looking shoulders, and a smile perpetually lurking about his mouth, or in his bright hazel eyes—the picture of indolence and kindly feeling. There he is, leaning over what was once a five-barred gate, and leads to the haggart; his blue worsted stockings full of holes, which the suggan, twisted half way up the well-formed leg, fails to conceal; while his brogues (to use his own words), if they do let the water in, let it out again. With what unstudied elegance does he roll that knotted twine and then unroll it; varying his occupation, at times, by kicking the stones that once formed a wall into the stagnant pool, scarcely large enough for full-grown ducks to sail in!

But let us take a survey of the premises.

The dwelling-house is a long rambling abode, much larger than the generality of those that fall to the lot of small Irish farmers; but the fact is that Philip rents one of the most extensive farms in the neighborhood, and ought to be "well to do in the world." The dwelling looks very comfortless, notwithstanding: part of the thatch is much decayed, and rank weeds and damp moss nearly cover it; the door-posts are only united to the wall by a few scattered portions of clay and stone, and the door itself is hanging but by one hinge; the widow frames shake in the passing wind, and some of the compartments are stuffed with the crown of a hat, or a "lock of straw"—very unsightly objects. At the opposite side of the swamp is the haggart gate, where a broken line of alternate palings and wall exhibits proof that it had been formerly fenced in; the commodious barn is almost roofless, and the other sheds pretty much in the same condition; the pigsty is deserted by the grubbing lady and her grunting progeny, who are too fond of an occasional repast in the once cultivated garden to remain in their proper abode; the listless turkeys and contented, half-fatted geese live at large and on the public; but the turkeys, with all their shyness and modesty, have the best of it—for they mount the ill-built stacks, and select the grain *à plaisir*.

"Give you good morrow, Mr. Philip; we have had showery weather lately."

"Och, all manner o' joy to ye, my lady, and sure ye 'll walk in, and sit down; my woman will be proud to see ye. I 'm sartin we 'll have the rain soon again, for it 's everywhere, like bad luck; and my throat 's sore wid hurishing thim pigs out o' the garden—sorra a thing can I do all day for watching thim."

"Why do you not mend the door of the sty?"

"True for ye, ma'am, dear, so I would if I had the nails, and I 've been threat'ning to step down to Mickey Bow, the smith, to ask him to *see about it*."

"I hear you 've had a fine crop of wheat, Philip."

"Thank God for all things! You may say that; we had, my lady, a fine crop—but I have aways the height of ill luck somehow, for the turkeys have had the most of it; but I mean to *see about* setting it up safe to-morrow."

"But, Philip, I thought you sold the wheat, standing, to the steward at the big house."

"It was all as one as sould, only it 's a bad world, madam, dear, and, I 've no luck. Says the steward to me, says he, 'I like to do things like a man of business, so, Mister Garraty, just draw up a bit of an agreement that you deliver over the wheat field to me, on sich a day, standing as it is, for sich a sum, and I 'll sign it for ye, and thin there can be no mistake, only let me have it by this day week.' Well, to be sure, I came home full o' my good luck, and I tould the wife; and on the strength of it she must have a new gown. And sure, says she, 'Miss Hennessy is just come from Dublin, wid a shop full o' goods, and on account that she 's my brother's sister-in-law's first cousin, she 'll let me have the first sight o' the things, and I can take my pick—and ye 'll have plinty of time to *see about* the agreement to-morrow.'

"Well, I don't know how it was, but the next day we had no paper, nor ink, nor pens in the house; I meant to send the gossoon to Miss Hennessy's for all—but forgot the pens. So when I was *seeing about* the 'greement, I bethought of the old gander, and while I was pulling as beautiful a pen as ever ye laid yer two eyes upon, out of his wing, he tattered my hand with his bill in sich a manner that sorra a pen I could hould for three days. Well, one thing or another put it off for ever so long, and at last I wrote it out like print, and takes it myself to the steward. 'Good-evening to you, Mr. Garraty,' says he. 'Good-evening kindly, sir,' says I, 'and I hope the woman that owns ye, and all your good family 's well.' 'All well, thank ye, Mr. Garraty,' says he. 'I 've got the 'greement here, sir,' says I, pulling it out as I thought; but behould ye—I only cotched the paper it was wrapt in, to keep it from the dirt of the tobacco that was loose in my pocket for want of a box (saving your presence); so I turned what little bits o' things I had in it out, and there was a great hole that ye might drive all the parish rats through, at the bottom—which the wife promised to *see about* mending, as good as six months before.

"Well, I saw the sneer on his ugly mouth (for he 's an Englishman), and I turned it off with a laugh, and said air holes were comfortable in hot weather, and sich like

jokes—and that I 'd go home and make another 'greement. ' 'Greement for what?' says he, laying down his great outlandish pipe. 'Whew! may be ye don't know,' says I. 'Not I,' says he. 'The wheat field,' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'didn't I tell you then that you must bring the 'greement to me by that day week;—and that was by the same token' (pulling a red memorandum-book out if his pocket), 'let me see—exactly this day three weeks. Do you think, Mister Garraty,' he goes on, 'that when ye didn't care to look after yer own interests, and I offering so fair for the field, I was going to wait upon you? I don't lose my papers in the Irish fashion.' Well, that last set me up—and so I axed him if it was the pattern of his English breeding; and one word brought on another, and all the blood in my body rushed into my fist—and I had the ill luck to knock him down—and the coward, what does he do, but takes the law o' me—and I was cast—and lost the sale of the wheat—and was ordered to pay ever so much money! Well, I didn't care to pay it then, but gave an engagement; and I meant to *see about it*—but forgot, and all in a jiffy came a thing they call an execution—and to stop the cant, I was forced to borrow money from that tame negur, the exciseman, who 'd sell the sowl out of his grandmother for sixpence (if indeed there ever was a sowl in the family), and it 's a terrible case to be paying *interest* for it *still*."

"But, Philip, you might give up or dispose of part of your farm. I know you could get a good sum of money for that rich meadow by the river."

"True for ye, ma'am, dear—and I 've been *seeing about it* for a long time—but somehow *I have no luck*. Jist as ye came up, I was thinking to myself that the gale day is past, and all one as before, yara a pin's worth have I for the rint, and the landlord wants it as bad as I do, though it 's a shame to say that of a gintleman; for just as he was *seeing about* some ould custodiam, or something of the sort, that had been hanging over the estate ever since he came to it, the sheriff's officers put *executioners* in the house, and it 's very sorrowful for both of us, if I may make bould to say so; for I am sartin he 'll be racking me for the money—and indeed the ould huntsman tould me as much—but I must *see about it:* not indeed that it 's much good—for I 've no luck."

"Let me beg of you, Philip, not to take such an idea into your head; do *not lose* a moment: you will be utterly ruined if you do; why not apply to your father-in-law—he is able to assist you; for at present you only suffer from temporary embarrassment."

"True for ye—that 's good advice, my lady; and by the blessing of God I 'll *see about it.*"

"Then go directly, Philip."

"Directly—I can't, ma'am, dear—on account of the pigs; and sorra a one I have but myself to keep them out of the cabbages; for I let the woman and the grawls go to the pattern at Killaun; it 's little pleasure they see, the craturs."

"But your wife did not hear the huntsman's story?"

"Och, ay did she—but unless she could give me a sheaf o' bank notes, where would be the good of her staying?—but I 'll *see about it.*"

"Immediately then, Philip: think upon the ruin that may come—nay, that *must* come, if you *neglect* this matter: your wife too; your family, reduced from comfort to starvation—your home desolate—"

"Asy, my lady,—don't be after breaking my heart intirely; thank God I have seven as fine flahulugh children as ever peeled pratee, and all under twelve years ould; and sure I 'd lay down my life tin times over for every one o' them: and to-morrow for sartin—no—to-morrow—the hurling: I can't to-morrow; but the day after, if I 'm a living man, *I 'll see about it.*"

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

(1829—1868.)

Charles Graham Halpine, "Private Miles O'Reilly," was born in Oldcastle, Meath, in 1829; was graduated from Trinity College, and then went to the English metropolis in search of literary work. Having become associated with the Young Ireland movement, he found that the United States would be a more congenial, and in the circumstances perhaps a safer, abode. He here obtained abundant employment and was a welcome contributor to most of the leading journals. He wrote for a time for *The Boston Post*, then became editor of a short-lived periodical entitled *The Carpet Bag*, and in New York contributed to *The Herald*, *The Times*, and *The Tribune*.

When the civil war broke out he joined the army as lieutenant in the famous 69th Regiment, under Colonel Corcoran, was promoted to be Adjutant-General on the staff of General David Hunter, and afterward on that of Major-General Halleck. He drew up the order by which the former commander enrolled the first regiment of negro soldiers, and was in consequence included in a proclamation of outlawry by the Southern authorities, which directed the immediate execution of his general and himself in case of capture. He retired from the army, owing to ill-health, and received due acknowledgment of his services by being raised by successive steps to the rank of Brigadier-General. Halpine also took an active part in politics as one of the leaders of the Democratic party, and he honorably distinguished himself by his efforts to purge that body of corruption. His death was sudden and sad. A sufferer from sleeplessness, he had for some time been in the habit of taking soporifics, and he died on the night of Aug. 3, 1868, from an overdose of chloroform.

Halpine's poems appeared for the most part in the ephemeral pages of journalism, and were written for the hour. Something of the dash and daring of the soldier is about them rather than the smell of the midnight oil, and his was a gift that needed chastening. The verses by which he became best known were those written under the *nom de plume* of "Private Miles O'Reilly."

NOT A STAR FROM THE FLAG SHALL FADE.

Och! a rare ould flag was the flag we bore,
'T was a bully ould flag, an' nice;
It had sthripes in plenty, an' shtars galore—
'T was the broth of a purty device.
Faix, we carried it South, an' we carried it far,
An' around it our bivouacs made;
An' we swore by the shamrock that never a shtar
From its azure field should fade.

Ay, this was the oath, I tell you thrue,
That was sworn in the souls of our Boys in Blue.

The fight it grows thick, an' our boys they fall,
An' the shells like a banshee scream;
An' the flag—it is torn by many a ball,
But to yield it we never dhream.
Though pierced by bullets, yet still it bears
All the shtars in its tatthered field,
An' again the brigade, like to one man swears,
"Not a shtar from the flag we yield!"
'T was the deep, hot oath, I tell you thrue,
That lay close to the hearts of our Boys in Blue.

Shure, the fight it was won afther many a year,
But two-thirds of the boys who bore
That flag from their wives and sweethearts dear
Returned to their homes no more.
They died by the bullet—disease had power,
An' to death they were rudely tossed;
But the thought came warm in their dying hour,
"Not a shtar from the flag is lost!"
Then they said their pathers and aves through,
An', like Irishmen, died—did our Boys in Blue.

But now they tell us some shtars are gone,
Torn out by the rebel gale;
That the shtars we fought for, the states we won,
Are still out of the Union's pale.
May their sowls in the dioul's hot kitchen glow
Who sing such a lyin' shtrain;
By the dead in their graves, it shall not be so—
They shall have what they died to gain!
All the shtars in our flag shall still shine through,
The grass growing soft o'er our Dead in Blue!

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

A VERITABLE MYTH, TOUCHING THE CONSTELLATION OF O'RYAN, IGNORANTLY AND FALSELY SPELLED ORION.

O'Ryan was a man of might
Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
And constant occupation.

He had an ould militia gun,
  And sartin sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
  And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by
  O'Ryan's little houldin',
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,
  He thought he 'd enther bould in.
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!
  To praich at Thurles I 'm goin',
So let me have a rasher quick,
  And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you
  While betther is to spare, sir,
But here 's a jug of mountain dew,
  And there 's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,
  And says he, "Good luck attind you,
And, when you 're in your winding-sheet,
  It 's up to heaven I 'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
  "Them tidin's is transportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
  There 's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion 's there,
  Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;
  St. Pathrick, I 'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
  For fear I 'd tire your patience,
You 'll see O'Ryan any night
  Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
  Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
  Of handling the shillaly.

COUNT HAMILTON.

(1646—1720.)

The author of the 'Memoirs of the Count de Grammont,' Anthony, Count Hamilton, may almost be called "a man without a country": he was born at Roscrea in 1646. His parents were Catholics and Royalists, and went to live in France on the death of Charles I. in 1649. There he resided for many years with his parents, and there he was educated, French becoming practically his mother tongue. At the Restoration in 1660 he was taken over to England, and soon grew in favor with the court and wits of the day. For a number of years he divided his time between France and England, and when the Revolution occurred he was appointed Governor of Limerick by James II. On the break-up of James' party he returned once more to France, where he passed the rest of his life, and died at St. Germain in 1720, aged seventy-four.

He translated Pope's 'Essay on Man' into French, and wrote graceful poems. His 'Memoirs of the Count de Grammont' is, to this day, eagerly sought after, and is "a spirited production, exhibiting a free, and in the general outline a faithful, delineation of the voluptuous court of Charles II." "The 'History of Grammont,'" says Sir Walter Scott, "may be considered as a unique; there is nothing like it in any language. For drollery, knowledge of the world, various satire, general utility, united with great vivacity of composition, 'Gil Blas' is unrivaled: but as a merely agreeable book, the 'Memoirs of Grammont,' perhaps, deserves that character more than any which was ever written."

His 'Fairy Tales' are marked by great elegance of style in the original French in which they were written. They were intended as a "piece of ridicule on the passion for the marvelous which made the 'Arabian Nights' so eagerly read at their first appearance" in French. All his works are marked by fertility of imagination, grace, and subtle irony.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.

From 'Memoirs of the Count de Grammont.'

"When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier and a man of the world that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I became her favorite; and finding me inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was to attend me as valet-de-chambre, was likewise to discharge the office of governor

and equerry, being perhaps the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behavior and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article than he has done to the former.

"My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes and to love my neighbor as myself, she suffered me to depart under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarreled. He had received four hundred louis d'or for the expenses of the campaign; I wished to have the keeping of them myself, which he strenuously opposed. 'Thou old scoundrel,' said I, 'is the money thine, or was it given thee for me? You suppose I must have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order.' I know not whether it was from a presentiment of what afterwards happened that he grew melancholy: however, it was with the greatest reluctance and the most poignant anguish that he found himself obliged to yield; one would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he on the contrary appeared so overwhelmed with grief that it seemed as if I had laid four hundred pounds of lead upon his back, instead of taking away those four hundred louis. He went on so heavily that I was forced to whip his horse myself, and turning to me now and then, 'Ah! sir,' said he, 'my lady did not think it would be so.' His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage; for instead of giving a shilling to the post-boy, I gave him half a crown.

"Having at last reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to carry us before the governor. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint the commandant with the particulars of my journey and my future intentions.

"There are as good taverns at Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, according to custom, carried me to a friend of his

own, whose house he extolled as having the best accommodations and the greatest resort of good company in the whole town. The master of this hotel was as big as a hogshead; his name Cerise, a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession, and a thief by custom. He showed me into a tolerably neat room, and desired to know whether I pleased to sup by myself or at the ordinary. I chose the latter, on account of the *beau monde* which the soldier had boasted of.

"Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair in order to go down-stairs 'What are you about now, sir?' said he. 'Are you going to tramp about the town? No, no; have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by daybreak.' 'Mr. Comptroller,' said I, 'I shall neither tramp about the town nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.' 'At the ordinary!' cried he; 'I beseech you, sir, do not think it! Devil take me if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!'

"I was grown insolent since I had seized the money; and being desirous to shake off the yoke of a governor, 'Do you know, M. Brinon,' said I, 'that I don't like a blockhead to set up for a reasoner? Do you go to supper, if you please; but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.'

"The moment he mentioned cards and dice I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-looking creatures. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me that there were but eighteen or twenty of those gentlemen who would have the honor to sup with me. I approached one of the tables where they were playing, and thought that I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only met with two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country boobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff and a prodigious high-crowned

hat. Any one at a moderate distance would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host who he was. 'A merchant from Basle,' said he, 'who comes hither to sell horses; but from the method he pursues I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' said I. 'Not now,' said he; 'they are only playing for their reckoning while supper is getting ready: but he has no objection to play as deep as any one.' 'Has he money?' said I. 'As for that,' replied the treacherous Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I went your halves: we should not be long without our money.' I wanted no farther encouragement to meditate the ruin of the high-crowned hat. I went nearer him, in order to take a closer survey. Never was such a bungler; he made blots upon blots: God knows, I began to feel some remorse at winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served up, and I desired him to sit next me. It was a long table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in company, notwithstanding the landlord's promise. The most execrable repast that ever was begun being finished, all the crowd insensibly dispersed except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the side of me. They both smoked like dragons; and the Swiss was continually saying in bad French, 'I ask your pardon, sir, for my great freedom;' at the same time blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. M. Cerise, on the other hand, desired he might take the liberty of asking me whether I had ever been in his country; and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having traveled in Switzerland.

"The little chub I had to encounter was full as inquisitive as the other. He desired to know whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and having told him I was going thither, he asked me whether I had a mind to buy any horses? that he had about two hundred to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap. I began to be smoked like a gammon of bacon: and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion if he would play for a single pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping; it was not without great ceremony

that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

"I won the game; I gave him his revenge, and won again. We then played double or quit; I won that too, and all in the twinkling of an eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered himself to be taken in, so that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in about the end of the third game, to put me to bed. He made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such a low-bred wretch. It was in vain that I told him he was a great merchant, that he had a great deal of money, and that he played like a child. 'He a merchant!' cried Brinon. 'Do not believe that, sir. May the devil take me, if he is not some conjurer.' 'Hold your tongue, old fool,' said I: 'he is no more a conjurer than you are, and that is decisive; and to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed.' With these words I turned him out, strictly enjoining him not to return or in any manner to disturb us.

"The game being done, the little Swiss unbuttoned his pockets to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed as if he wished to retire. This was not what I wanted. I told him we only played for amusement; that I had no designs upon his money; and that if he pleased I would play him a single game for his four pistoles. He raised some objections, but consented at last, and won back his money. I was piqued at it. I played another game: fortune changed sides; the dice ran for him; he made no more blots. I lost the game; another game and double or quit; we doubled the stake, and played double or quit again. I was vexed; he like a true gamester took every bet I offered, and won all before him, without my getting more than six points in eight or ten games. I asked him to play a single game for one hundred pistoles; but as he saw I did not stake, he told me it was late; that he must go and look after his horses; and went away, still asking my pardon for his great freedom. The cool manner of his refusal, and the politeness with which he took his leave, provoked me to

such a degree that I almost could have killed him. I was so confounded at losing my money so fast, even to the last pistole, that I did not immediately consider the miserable situation to which I was reduced.

"I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, he was tired with waiting for me, and had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I was laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I saw all the horrors of my misfortune without being able to find any remedy: in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak; however, it did come, and the cruel Brinon along with it.

He was booted up to the middle and cracking a cursed whip which he held in his hand. 'Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,' cried he, opening the curtains; 'the horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have ridden two stages; give me money to pay the reckoning.' 'Brinon,' said I in a dejected tone, 'draw the curtains.' 'What!' cried he, 'draw the curtains? Do you intend then to make your campaign at Lyons? You seem to have taken a liking to the place. And for the great merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose. No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This wretch has perhaps a family; and it is his children's bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was this an object to sit up all night for? What would my lady say, if she knew what life you lead?'

"'M. Brinon,' said I, 'pray draw the curtains.' But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the Devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes. 'And how much have you won?' said he. 'Five hundred pistoles? what must the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said: this money will never thrive with you. It is perhaps but four hundred? three? two? Well, if it be but one hundred louis d'ors,' continued he, seeing that I shook my head at every sum which he had named, 'there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.' 'Friend Brinon,' said I, fetching a deep sigh, 'draw the curtains; I

am unworthy to see daylight.' Brinon was much affected at these melancholy words: but I thought he would have fainted when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, made grievous lamentations, the burden of which still was, 'What will my lady say?' and after having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he: 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing.' After this, being somewhat eased after making him my confession, I thought upon several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had him post after my equipage, to have sold some of my clothes; I was for proposing to the horse-dealer to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell again cheap. Brinon laughed at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty of keeping me upon the rack for a long time, he at last extricated me. Parents are always stingy towards their poor children: my mother intended to have given me five hundred louis d'ors, but she had kept back fifty—as well for some little repairs in the abbey as to pay for praying for me! Brinon had the charge of the other fifty, with strict injunctions not to speak of them unless upon some urgent necessity. And this, you see, soon happened.

"Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure. Play has hitherto favored me; for since my arrival I have had at one time, after paying all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis d'ors."

M. HAMILTON.

Miss Hamilton is a native of County Derry, where the greater portion of her life has been spent. 'Across an Ulster Bog' was published in Mr. Heinemann's Pioneer Series in 1896. It has been followed by 'A Self-Denying Ordinance,' 'M'Leod of the Camerons,' 'The Freedom of Henry Meredyth,' 'The Distress of Frank Scott,' and 'Poor Elizabeth.'

"A SWARM OF BEES IN JUNE IS WORTH A SILVER SPOON."

From 'A Self-Denying Ordinance.'

"Well," said Joanna, "I *said* those bees would swarm, if I went to church."

It was Sunday, and Joanna's temper was never at its best on Sundays.

The Conways had dinner in the middle of the day, and she had committed the dire offense of coming in late, and on being requested to shut the door had done so with the suggestion of a bang, and subsided into her chair with cross abruptness.

The dining-room at Cliff House was dark and rather gloomy, and the occupants certainly did not look particularly enlivening.

Mrs. Conway sat at the head of the table with a severe solemnity of countenance which in its perfection was generally reserved for Sundays; Mr. Conway was as usual eating his dinner as quickly as possible, preparatory to an abrupt and unceremonious departure; Elizabeth was, also as usual, melancholy and nervous, and little Polly, a plain, long-legged child of nine, had traces of tears on her cheeks.

"I think you might put aside thoughts of your bees, at least for Sunday," said Mrs. Conway severely. "Will you have some mutton?"

"So I would," said Joanna, "only unfortunately the bees don't keep Sunday."

"Joanna!" said Mrs. Conway, in a voice which made Joanna jump, "I will not have you speak in such a way in my presence."

Whereon silence ensued during the rest of dinner.

"Ask your sister if she will have any more pudding, Joanna," said Mrs. Conway; "because, if not, I will go and get my books together for Sunday-school."

On which Joanna said: "Will you have any more pudding, Elizabeth?" and Elizabeth said: "No, thank you, Joanna," a little ceremony which sometimes even now struck Joanna or her father as irresistibly comic, painful though it was to them all.

Joanna went to the hall-door and looked out; it was a glorious day, and they had all got quite hot walking up from church; she had not the smallest intention of spending the afternoon indoors learning her Gospel and Collect as she was supposed to do, and leaving her bees to their fate.

"Aunt Joanna," said a little voice at her side, "I do wish grandmamma would let me stay with you. I have to go down to the school and learn my Gospel while she teaches the big girls, but I can't learn while they are talking."

"Put your fingers in your ears," suggested Joanna.

"I can't learn it. It is such a difficult Gospel," said Polly hopelessly. "There is a little devil singing in my head that makes me forget every sentence as soon as I have learned the next one."

"Polly!" said Joanna, "you must be a good girl—you mustn't talk like that."

"It is the little devil in me that makes me naughty," said Polly complacently, "but I will be quite good if I stay with you."

Joanna said nothing; she looked at the child for a moment, and then she walked across the hall to the drawing-room, where Elizabeth was lying on a sofa, with a surreptitious novel tucked under her pillow, awaiting her mother's departure.

"Elizabeth," she said, "that child will be ill if you don't interfere. She learned a hymn before breakfast, and she has been in Sunday-school and church ever since."

"Well, what can I do?" said Elizabeth crossly. "If you had been awake half the night with an excruciating pain in your side, you wouldn't bounce into a room like that."

"What could you do? Tell mother you won't let her go to school this afternoon, of course," said Joanna.

"You know very well I can't do anything of the kind," said Elizabeth, in an injured tone, "and if you had any consideration you would know that the very thought of it upsets me. Polly is as strong as a horse, and if you think it necessary to interfere, why don't you do it yourself?"

"If I had a child, I should," said Joanna.

"I wish you would get me another pillow, instead of talking in that improper way," said Elizabeth fretfully. "I shall have to send for the doctor if this pain goes on; it is most extraordinary the way it seems to catch my breath."

Joanna walked out of the room and went to get her hat very thoughtfully. There was nothing to be done for Polly. She watched her trotting down the avenue after Mrs. Conway, a depressed little figure with a pile of books in her arms; and then she set out in the opposite direction herself.

She expected that her swarm had done what another had done once before, gone off to a garden near, or made straight for the bogs and heather. The garden belonged to Sir Nicholas Osborne, and was indeed the source of his sixteen pounds a year, for the bare little house and bit of plantation had never been let, but Sir Nicholas Osborne had ceased to be of much interest to Joanna. He had evidently no intention of cultivating his neighbors and as he was never visible she had ceased to think about him.

Whether he was at home, or whether he was not, did not exercise her mind at all just then; she knew there were some apple-trees in his garden which possessed a fascination for the bee-mind, and he could not possibly object to the removal of her own swarm.

So Joanna ran across the meadow and climbed the ditch which separated the Conways' from Sir Nicholas' little demesne, and which English people would have called a bank, with her head full of her bees and all they were to do for her.

Her dreams had reached a point when she had become a very important personage, with her carvings largely admired and a fortune coming in from an improvement in

bee-hives of which she was at present very full, when she almost cannoned against a man coming round the corner of the garden wall, and started violently with a sudden recollection of Sir Nicholas.

But it was only the old gardener Kelly, whom Joanna knew very well.

"I was just coming over to see if you had missed a swarm, Miss Joanna," he said, "there 's a fine one on the big apple-tree at the present moment."

"Oh, Kelly, I *am* glad!" said Joanna. "I was awfully afraid they would have gone off to the bog and be lost. Could we get them now? I will run back for Richard O'Brien and a scap."

"I am thinking the best thing we could do would be to cut the branch," said Kelly; "it 's not to be called a good bearing tree, and—"

"Well, will you go and ask Sir Nicholas if I can?" said Joanna eagerly.

Sir Nicholas Osborne was having a late lunch when old Kelly sent in his request, and said "Certainly," without paying much attention to it.

He was a tall, fair young man, rather good-looking, and tolerably well aware of it. He had dark blue eyes, which were inclined to err on the side of expressing too much, a big nose, and an excellent mustache. He was not inclined to undervalue himself in any way, and made no effort to conceal this fact.

But for the last six months the world had been going very, very far wrong with Sir Nicholas; so far wrong, in fact, that never as long as he lived could it go quite right again and he was very unhappy. He resented the fact, but in his endless days alone at Ballylone he had no means of forgetting it.

Lunch was a new custom of his, adopted solely with a view to pass the day, but as he had done nothing since breakfast at eleven he naturally was not very hungry.

He lay back in his chair, yawned, and began to fill his pipe. He had smoked all morning, and he did not feel any great desire to smoke again. He thought better of it, and poured himself out another glass of wine.

A bee came hastily in through the open window in a high state of excitement and indignation, and it occurred to Sir

Nicholas that he might as well go and see how they were getting on in the garden.

He got up, and passing a looking-glass on the way to the door, he spent five minutes or so in an interested effort to make both ends of his mustache exactly alike; then he gave himself an admiring glance, and strolled out of doors, catching up a straw hat as he passed through the hall.

In the garden all was excitement; it seemed full of people and bees, with a white-sheeted erection under an apple-tree for a center. In the foreground were Joanna and old Kelly in hot dispute. He was a little, bent old man, with shaking legs, a red face, and an unconquerable belief in his own opinion.

"They *be* to be going up, Miss Joanna," he said firmly, "there are not near as many left on the branch."

"I am quite sure they are not going up," said Joanna.

"They 'd have been up a good while sooner if you had let them beat the kettles to scar' them," said old Kelly resignedly, "but they are going as easy as you please now."

"I am tired of telling you that bees have no ears," said Joanna impatiently, "and I don't believe there 's a solitary one in that hive."

"Take my word for it, Miss Joanna, there 's more than the half of them there," said Kelly. "Many 's the time I have seen a swarm of bees into a scap, and I will maybe know a little about it. But since I was a wee fellow I have never seen it done without beating the kettles."

"Would you look if the branch was getting clear, Miss Joanna?" said the coachman's wife, who was looking on with a baby in her arms. They were all inclined to agree with Kelly, and look with disapproval on Joanna's ideas.

"Can I be of any use?" said Sir Nicholas, who had strolled up, attracted by the small crowd, for he was naturally a very sociable individual.

But Joanna's thoughts were completely centered in her bees.

"No, thank you," she said abstractedly. "Kelly, I am perfectly certain those bees are going off."

"My belief is that you 're mistaken, Miss Joanna; they are going up as nicely as you could wish."

"They are going *off*," said Joanna. "Richard, you will have to follow them."

Old Kelly contented himself with a superior smile.

"He knows a deal about bees, Miss Joanna," said another bystander.

"Don't *you* know that all the noise in the world wouldn't make any difference to bees?" said Joanna in exasperation, turning to Sir Nicholas. She was not thinking about him at all, and addressed him merely in hope of an ally.

"Certainly," agreed Sir Nicholas, who knew absolutely nothing about it. Nevertheless his opinion made a decided impression on the bystanders.

"There!" cried Joanna, "they're off!"

And she was perfectly right. Slowly the compact little brown cloud emerged and began to rise into the air, scattering the group in all directions.

"They will be lost!" said Joanna distractedly. "Richard, you must follow them, and see where they settle."

"I be to cross the river then?" said Richard O'Brien, a tall, red-headed youth.

"Of course," said Joanna. "You can wade after all this dry weather; and for goodness' sake don't forget what hedge you find them in, as you did last summer. Stop, I will go round by the bridge, and meet you. Now go—go!"

"It is a mile or more by the bridge, isn't it, Miss Conway?" said Sir Nicholas.

"I don't mind about that," said Joanna, in a perturbed tone, "but I don't see how I am to get the hive round on Sunday. Oh, what shall I do!"

"Let me drive you round!" said Sir Nicholas, catching the excitement. "Carroll, get the dog-cart, quick."

"Oh," said Joanna, "thanks! it wouldn't matter so much, only I can't trust to Richard a bit, and I must say I should like them settled before night. It is a very good swarm, isn't it?"

"Perhaps, Miss Joanna," said old Kelly, "you will mind me next time. If you had left it to me this wouldn't have happened."

Whereupon Joanna and Sir Nicholas burst out laughing.

But Joanna was very impatient before the horse was ready. She fidgeted, and ungratefully said she could have

walked sooner, while Carroll, who was annoyed at such hasty commands, and not interested in the bees, certainly in no way hurried himself.

But when they were once off it was a most exciting chase; Sir Nicholas got almost as interested as Joanna, and by the time they had found Richard, and then the bees, which he had contrived to lose, and had settled him under a hedge to watch them, it was nearly six o'clock.

Then suddenly Joanna became very silent. The enormity of her afternoon's proceedings began to dawn upon her for the first time; she had been driving about the roads on Sunday with a young man, and she had never driven on Sunday before in her life; she had forgotten this young man's rudeness about dinner, had treated him in a very friendly, not to say unceremonious fashion, and had indeed thought no more of him than if he had been old Kelly or Richard O'Brien.

She got into the dog-cart again, because she could think of no particular reason for refusing, but she said nothing for some time.

She stole an occasional glance at her companion; he was very different from any of the few young men she had come across at Ballylone; he wore a very light suit with knickerbockers, and a straw hat rather on one side of his head. Joanna decided that he looked conceited, and still further stiffened her manner.

As for Sir Nicholas, he merely considered her shy, and presently spoke to her condescendingly.

But Joanna, in her new stiffness and dignity, scarcely answered him.

"We have had a most successful afternoon, haven't we?" said he.

"Yes," said Joanna.

"I haven't had as much excitement since I came to Ballylone."

This did not exactly require an answer, so she said nothing.

"Do you live here all the year round?" he began again.

"Yes," said Joanna, whereupon he gave up the effort, stroked his mustache, and was silent.

But when he offered to drive her home, she magically regained her tongue; the idea of driving boldly up to Cliff

House with Sir Nicholas, in a dog-cart, and on Sunday, made her shudder.

She got down at his gate with a haste which was scarcely dignified, and her good-bye was very curt and stiff.

But she danced into the house with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, very much delighted with her adventure, and not a little alarmed at the possibility of its becoming public property.

"Where in the world have you been?" said Elizabeth, who was still lying on the sofa. "You never brought me that cushion."

"Cushion?" said Joanna vaguely. It seemed about a year since she had seen Elizabeth, and she had apparently been lying on the sofa reading the same book ever since.

"And how in the world did you tear your dress?"

"I have been looking after my swarm," said Joanna, "and swarming bees are very exciting."

MRS. HARTLEY.

MRS. HARTLEY, better known perhaps as the author of 'Flitters, Tatters, and the Counselor' and other sketches of Dublin life, which appeared either anonymously or over her maiden name of May Laffan, is a member of the Laffan family of Cashel, County Tipperary. For some years now she has not written, chiefly since her marriage with Professor W. N. Hartley of the College of Science of Dublin. An occasional short story appears at long intervals, but the great promise shadowed in her early books has not been fulfilled. Her first novel was 'Hogan, M.P.,' 1876, of which a new edition appeared in 1881. It was followed by 'The Honorable Miss Ferrard' in 1877; 'Flitters, Tatters, and the Counselor,' 1879; 'Christy Carew,' 1880; 'Banbie Clark,' 1880; 'A Singer's Story,' 1885; 'Ismay's Children,' 1887. She also edited a translation of Hector Malot's 'Sans Famille' in 1880.

AN ELECTIONEERING SCENE.

From 'Hogan, M.P.'

SICINIUS. How now, my masters, have you chose this man?
1 CITIZEN. He has our voices, sir.
BRUTUS. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
—*Coriolanus.*

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues of the commonwealth. I do despise them!
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.—*Idem.*

O'Rooney Hogan and Dicky started by the mail from the Kingsbridge terminus for Peatstown, a thriving market town and borough in one of the southern counties. The route lay through a dreary, uninteresting line of country,—flat and monotonous when once the Dublin mountains were left behind. And though the day was dry, a cold fog bounded the view from the windows.

Our two travelers talked and smoked for a fair portion of the time; but at last Hogan drew a sheaf of papers out of his traveling-bag, and Dick was obliged to content himself with a newspaper. Late in the afternoon they came to a junction. The mail train, having kicked off a couple of carriages, proceeded snorting and shrieking on its way to meet the American steamer at Queenstown, and the barrister and his companion got out to walk up and

down for ten minutes; then, after a short delay, the Peatstown train was announced, and scrambling in they found themselves advancing at a much slower pace along a cross line, bounded on each side by the bog.

The winter day was fast closing in now. A tawny hue in the sky over the tops of a pine wood to the right showed where the sun was vanishing; a blue vapor rose from the dark pools where the peats had been cut; and here and there a tree, stunted and naked, held out bare skeleton-like limbs. Dicky opened the window a moment, and looked out, seeking some familiar landmark by which to guess the distance. But the cold mist and the still, lonely country outside were not inviting, so he shut it again, and stretched himself on the seat, well wrapped up, to try and doze. Hogan was not inclined to talk; he leaned his elbow on the cushioned arm of his seat, and mused for more than an hour in silence. In truth, now that he was away from Dublin, and that the lively, sanguine Saltasche was no longer at his elbow to goad him onward with his banter and encouragement, he felt a sort of reaction. Even the Bishop's half-hearted counsel and timid dissuasion, nerving him by its very boneless to more braced determination, now would have acted as a stimulant. He felt chilled and dull, and longed to reach their station, to get out and stamp life and warmth into his feet. Not a light could he see from the window. The sunset tints were gone, and blackness fell imperceptibly and swiftly over everything.

At last they slackened speed at a station not much larger than a cattle-shed; and Dicky, who had fallen asleep in his rugs, woke up, and almost jumped out with sheer impatience. Before the train had stopped he was out on the platform in the midst of a group of frieze-coated men, and was shaking hands and exchanging noisy, hearty greetings with them. A rush was made in a moment up to the carriage, out of which Hogan and a porter were, by this time, pulling the rugs and bags.

"Mr. Shea, Mr. Hogan; Mr. Barney Shane, Mr. Hogan. This is Mr. Killeen: Mr. O'Rooney Hogan."

These and some more introductions were gone through by Mr. Dicky in such a hasty way that Hogan could not connect the names with the right individuals of the group of big men, all of whom grasped his hand and wrung it

till the bones almost cracked. Mr. Killeen was the editor of the *Peatstown Torch*, and a very important personage; joining to his literary avocation the functions of weigh-master and butter-taster on fair days. The little crowd picked their way with difficulty out of the station, which was only lighted by a couple of flickering oil-lamps. Behind stood in readiness an outside car with a fine blood-horse in the shafts. Dicky and his cousin Shea mounted on the driving side, Hogan and Killeen on the other; the rest of the party brought their own conveyances. Then the man, having turned the horse carefully, sprang out of its way, and off they started at a tearing rate.

"Yer soul, Dicky," cried Shea, heartily, "but I 'm glad to see you; the girls will all go mad with delight; we never thought of you till the holidays. You did well to send the telegram."

"You have a splendid horse, Mr. Shea," said Hogan, who was admiring the paces of the animal.

"He is. I sold him this morning to Lord Kilboggan's steward for ninety guineas; bred him myself. So I must be careful of him," returned Shea, who was looking out cautiously ahead. "We 've five miles to go—four and a half to the town, and a half a mile beyond it to Mulla Castle."

"Mulla Castle!" Hogan smiled at the promising title. "Is the railway four and a half miles away from the town?"

"It is, indeed; and a cruel loss it is to us, dragging to it up hill and down dale as we have to. When these railways were made they paid small heed to the convenience of the people along the lines."

"Augh!" said Killeen, "Home Rule will settle everything for us; won't it, Mr. Hogan?"

Hogan and Dicky both laughed heartily. Meantime the car dashed on fast, splashing through water and over stones without ever slackening. No sign of light showed as yet, and not a sound, save the distant bark of a cur dog, or the ghostly rustle of the bare branches overhead, broke the stillness around them.

"Look out before you, sir," cried Killeen; "there 's the river!"

The horse slacked an instant in a "soft" spot—a per-

fect bed of mud and water at the foot of a rise in the road; and listening, Hogan could hear the swift running murmur of the stream behind the tall sedges that hid it from his sight. On a level almost with the top of the bank, and far below that of the road, he could now trace a row of wretched cabins. A faint gleam of light in one or two showed that the inmates had not all as yet gone to bed. But most of them were black and silent.

"Are they empty, then?" asked Hogan. "What wretched damp holes they must be!"

"Damp!" cried Killeen. "Wait, sir, till to-morrow. They are mere ruins. And instead of repairing them he 's paying the people to come out of them till he pulls them down."

"Best thing to do with them indeed," said Hogan.

"No, sir," said Killeen; "it is not. The poorest dog-hole is better for a man than the workhouse."

"The workhouse: why that? Are there no other cottages?"

"There are not; and Kilboggan won't build them. He has to pay rates on them, and he 'd rather see every one in the poorhouse than that."

"There are now twelve hundred in that workhouse yonder," said Killeen, nodding in the direction where the building lay, though the darkness did not permit it to be seen. "And there are scores of able-bodied men, and their wives and families. We 'll show you the cottages he has pulled down. The people that have cabins here are letting lodgings. Yes, begad, sir, in those places we passed they get sixpence a week to let a man lie on the floor with a lock of straw or hay under his head,—men that could pay rent for a house, too, but can't get one in the place."

By this time they had reached the town itself. A good long main street, with comfortable-looking shops on both sides, flagged pathways, and a tolerably well-kept thoroughfare. The hotel, a large yellow house with green jalousies and a high flight of steps, on which were lounging a number of people, stood at the top of the street. The hall doors were open, and the light and brightness were inviting. The Kilboggan arms were painted over the door. At the first sound of the wheels a general rush was made. All down the street the people sprang to their doors, and

a crowd of spectators thronged, curious and open-eyed, out of the by-streets and lanes. Every one was on the alert. But Shea whipped up his horse, and the sight-seers were disappointed. As they passed the hotel, he stooped forward and called to a man,—

"Hurry them on, Jack. Father Corkran 's above, and he waits for no one." He pointed backwards with his whip, indicating the other cars, which he had distanced by a long stretch.

Hogan pricked up his ears at the name; and Dicky, who heard and noted it too, turned to Shea with a laugh.

"Father Jim 's to be in it, of course? I bet you we 'll fight. Will Father Desmond be down?"

"Ay," replied Ned Shea, "and three or four more as well; just wait till you see. Be easy, now, Dicky, with your tongue," he added, "and don't set 'Jim' against—" and he jerked his head backward, indicating the candidate behind them.

They now reached a low swing-gate, painted white. A couple of men sprang, apparently, out of the ditch, to open and hold it. They passed through, and on to what was like another road, only narrower than that which they had left, and running through a field. After a minute or two they turned a corner, and a huge square white house, well lighted up, stood at the top of a wide field before them. A little white railing ran on each side of the grass as they approached, and marked off the sweep before the door. As soon as the sound of the car was heard in the house, the hall door was thrown wide open, letting out a stream of light and noise, and mingled odors of all sorts, the basis of which was turf smoke; and a crowd rushed out to welcome the visitors. A half-dozen or more daughters, some grown up and others as yet in the chrysalis stage, seized on Dicky. Then they all bustled in; and in the hall, where was burning a huge fire of peats, Hogan was introduced to his hostess, a comely matron, with an amiable, good-humored face,—a Kerry woman, as evidenced by her accent, and with the fine dark eyes and hair so often seen in that favored district. Hogan and Dicky now followed a barefooted girl up to their rooms, which blazing turf fires made agreeable and homelike after the chilly journey. Hogan made a speedy toilet, and had sat down to warm

his feet, when Dicky appeared at the door of communication, operating on his head with a pair of hairbrushes all the while.

"Are you hungry, Mr. Hogan?" asked he.

"Well, yes."

"A good job: wait till you see the dinner you've to go through. Camacho's wedding feast was a fly to it. Hurry, and let's go down to the drawing-room."

"Drawing-room!" echoed Hogan, staring at him.

"Yes, drawing-room; and as good a piano as ever you heard, too. Bless you, man! do you know what Shea is worth?"

"Indeed I don't," said the barrister, who was asking himself whether he ought not to have brought down a dress suit.

"His parish priest told me, one time I was here, that he had every copper of eighty thousand—value for it, you know."

"God bless me!" said Hogan.

Then they went down to the drawing-room. A huge square room occupied the best part of the second floor. It was comfortably furnished, with plenty of stout rosewood and velvet chairs and sofas. A couple of round tables covered with red cloths, and on which were candles not yet lighted, had a business-like air. The piano was well piled with music; and vases of paper and wax flowers, and those wool-work performances which indicate the presence of convent-bred young ladies just as surely as anything can be indicated in this world.

Mrs. Shea, gorgeous in a green silk gown, invited Hogan to a seat beside her, after presenting to him in their various order about a dozen ladies, old and young, daughters, aunts, and cousins of the house—all jolly; and the young ones good-looking and clear-skinned damsels fresh from the convents, and on their promotion. A couple of priests were present: a Father Desmond from the mountains, who seemed with Dicky to absorb the attention of the ladies; and a heavy, but good-humored looking curate belonging to Peatstown. The great man, the parish priest himself, had not yet come in. In a minute Shea, now dressed in his Sunday frock-coat, which showed his wiry, active figure to advantage, stormed into the room. He was

a good-looking man, sunburnt and healthy, with merry blue eyes, and hair clustering in little curls over a white forehead, that contrasted strangely with the tanned cheeks below it. With him came all the stragglers: Barney Shane, a cousin, a gigantic, wild-looking fellow in a shooting costume of gray tweed; Killeen the editor, oily and meek of manner; three or four wealthy farmers, big and rough and healthy-looking; and in the midst of the throng the redoubtable Father Jim Corkran himself.

Mrs. Shea rose and presented Hogan to his reverence. Her manner in doing so struck the keen-eyed barrister as being somewhat peculiar; there was a faint shade of trepidation in the tones of her voice, and she seemed to look with a sort of nervous deprecation at the domineering face of the priest, as if fearful of finding there some displeasure or disapproval. Father Corkran bowed, muttering some half unintelligible words of greeting as he did so. Hogan was standing on the hearthrug, having deliberately chosen that position for the expected encounter; and while smiling blandly in return to his reverence's remarks, was mentally taking observations, and making up his mind to face the situation boldly. Mrs. Shea's manner had given him unconsciously a valuable hint. The key of the position, her husband, must be secured at once, and pledged irredeemably to his side. So while talking all round with the off-hand, good-humored way so peculiarly his own, he ran his eye over the person of his adversary,—for such, he felt convinced, was the *rôle* to be played by the parish priest.

A lubberly, coarse figure, bullet-headed, and with the prominent round forehead that tells of obstinacy and impetuosity, wiry black hair and brows which contrasted strangely with round light blue eyes, hard and ruthless, and with a fixed staring look most unpleasant to encounter, while the lips were scornful, and pursed out with pride and self-sufficiency. And with all this he was utterly devoid of dignity, either of manner or bearing. Those who feared him—and they were many—were servile and cringing before the bully; but those who, like Shea and the richer class of farmers, were independent of his good graces, spoke of him, irrespective of course of his saintly office, with a freedom which showed that the reverend

Father Jim was valued at his proper rate by them. Dicky, being an outsider and independent, used to have wordy tilts with his reverence, in which the youth seldom came off second best; his cousin Shea, who had some private grudges against his parish priest, used to put Dicky up to many a sharp saying and innuendo that he dared not employ himself; and a bout between the two was a favorite after-dinner diversion at Mulla Castle.

Dicky, who had been hidden on an ottoman among a crowd of admiring girls, spied his old enemy on the sofa, and jumping up, advanced with a show of the greatest cordiality and affection to greet his reverence.

"Father Corkran—my dear sir!—and I not to have seen you till this minute!"

Father Corkran stretched out a grudging paw. "Well, little divelskin, so you 're here again, are you?"

"Little!" repeated the youth. "By Jove, if I was as broad as I 'm long I 'd just fit your clothes—no more."

Before his reverence could think of a suitable retort, the dinner was announced, and Mrs. Shea demanded his attentions; the pair headed the way,—the rest streamed after. Hogan took in Miss Shea, and Dicky seized a couple of willing damsels, who squeezed and giggled downstairs abreast. A good number of the women of the party remained upstairs, as the dinner-table only accommodated twenty; and far more men than women sat down. A curt grace was pronounced by Father Corkran; and then, as Shea graphically described it, they "saw their dinner." Hogan looked round him in undisguised wonder and amusement. At the head of the table, before Mrs. Shea, was a boiled turkey as big as a sheep; at the foot an entire sirloin, perhaps forty pounds in weight, of beef. A boiled leg of mutton and turnips claimed Hogan's attention. Two dishes of fowls, a roast saddle of mutton, a boiled round of beef, a monstrous ham and a roast turkey, a meat pie and a chicken pie, occupied places before the gentlemen of the party. Vegetables were handed round by red-cheeked smiling servant-girls; and beer-jugs, sherry decanters, and magnums of good champagne were in constant request to wash down the solids.

"What a superb turkey, Mrs. Shea!" said Hogan: "is that one of your own rearing, may I ask?"

"It is, Mr. Hogan," replied the lady, who was carving with a skill and dexterity that evinced long practice.

"It must have taken a railway train to *draw* that fellow."

This somewhat technical joke was welcomed by the hostess with a hearty laugh; but on the rest of the audience it fell flat. Father Corkran, who sat opposite, grunted a note of approval, but never raised his head from his plate or relaxed his operations, the intensity and fervor of which brought beads of perspiration out on his bald head. It was not the time for *jeux d'esprit*, as the barrister acknowledged when he looked round the table and noted the curious comportment of the guests, all solemnly engaged in the grand event of the day. "If they take in solids in this way," he thought, "what will they stop at when it comes to the whisky and hot water?" So he wisely determined to lay a substantial foundation by way of precaution. After about twenty minutes, Father Jim Corkran, who having been first on the road was the first to declare a halt, laying down his knife and fork, threw himself back in the chair and employed an interlude, or rather an armistice, of about five minutes in staring at Hogan. He then resumed his avocations, but with somewhat less assiduity: and in a minute or two conversation became general. In deference to the ladies' presence the company eschewed politics, and local affairs were discussed until the end of the second course. Then came a formidable array of glasses, hot-water kettles, and whisky decanters. Each man brewed for himself; and in a moment or two the foundation-stone of every real Irish political discussion was laid; every disputant was provided with a tumbler of whisky punch. O'Rooney Hogan filled his own glass with a mixture as weak as he dared to brew it, and instinctively girt up his loins for battle.

The moment was come. Ned Shea leaned forward in his chair, and looked all round the room. A silence unbroken, save for the clinking of busy ladles, reigned immediately amongst the guests.

"Your reverences and ladies and gentlemen—this is my friend from Dublin, Mr. O'Rooney Hogan, and I 'm right glad to see him amongst us. I hope you will all join me in drinking his health, and success to his cause."

"Hear, hear!" went round the table heartily; and all —the ladies, who were each provided with a wine-glass of steaming punch, included—drank to the toast. Hogan got up and bowed; and then, a little nervously, he made a short speech, expressing his thanks for his host's kindness, and concluded with a flowery compliment to his fair hearers.

After this, which was only the introduction, the ladies trooped off upstairs, and the real business began. Barney Shane, the stalwart tenant-farmer and cousin to the host, proposed, in a stentorian voice, the toast, "Success to the Cause?" This was barely drunk when the parish priest, who was now in fine fighting trim, planted one sturdy elbow on the table, and spoke in a loud grating voice,—

"I 'd like to know, Barney Shane, and Ned Shea too, and Mr. O'Rooney Hogan,—I say, I 'd like to know what 's the cause Mr. Hogan, no offense to him, has adopted!"—and he banged his great hand on the table, and flung himself back in his seat awaiting his reply.

The glove was thrown. Shea and his guests turned to Hogan with expectant eyes, solemn and inquiring; and feeling that the hour of trial was come, our hero jumped to his feet.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am now called upon publicly to state with what political views I have presented myself to the voters of Peatstown. When I proposed to myself the honor of representing you in Parliament, I was fully aware of the magnitude and importance of the great questions now agitating this Empire; and were I to hesitate in declaring my principles concerning them for one moment, I should feel myself deserving of your heartiest condemnation. I will therefore proceed to read to you my Parliamentary programme embodied in this." He held a strip of blue paper in his hand. "I may remark that this address will appear in all the Dublin papers to-morrow; and Mr. Muldoon, my agent, will settle with Mr. Killeen for the printing and distribution of the same throughout the country to-morrow."

Mr. Killeen's countenance now took a pleasant expression: he had been sorely vexed as to whether the printing of the election papers was to be confided to him or not.

"Come on to the address," interpolated the impatient Father Jim.

"Certainly, Father Cockran," was the bland reply; and unrolling the strip of blue paper, Hogan cleared his throat, and in a fine full voice began as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN—The duty devolves upon you now, owing to the death of your late lamented representative, Mr. Theodore Wyldoates" (a scornful laugh from Barney Shane made itself heard at this point), "of electing a representative in his place. Never before did the task carry with it a greater responsibility.

"You are now called upon to determine whether the nationality of our country is slowly but surely to be crushed, or whether, the dark cloud of oppression having been lifted off, the glorious sunshine of freedom and emancipation is to be substituted, never more to be eclipsed. At this critical moment I offer you my services, and seek the honor of being your representative. In me you will find the most stanch of all the supporters of the principles of Home Rule. I will devote my energies and talents, such as I possess, to obtain for Ireland the most complete powers of self-government.

"I heartily concur" (here he raised his voice perceptibly) "in the views upon the Education question entertained by the prelates and clergy of my Church. In me they will have a sincere and energetic supporter.

"On behalf of the Tenant Farmers, I hold and maintain that complete fixity of tenure at a fair rent is not only the inalienable natural right of the tiller of the soil, but is for the mutual benefit of owner and occupier.

"I hold it to be the duty of every Catholic to sustain our Holy Father the Pope against a most unjust spoliation; and if you return me as your representative, my voice shall not be silent in his behalf.

"It is unnecessary for me to state that a full and complete amnesty should be granted to all political prisoners.

"I ask you, in conclusion, to intrust me with the duty, as your representative, of endeavoring to carry into effect these principles—sanctioned as they will be, I hope, by your votes. If intrusted with your confidence, I pledge

myself to accept neither office nor favor, and to devote my best energies to the welfare and prosperity of our country.

"Gentlemen electors,

"I have the honor to be

"Your faithful servant,

JOHN O'ROONEY HOGAN."

The applause was a little flat, although unanimous; and Hogan felt it. He repented having read the address,—a speech is always so much better appreciated. He handed the blue paper across to Killeen; and clearing his throat afresh, began to speak, determined to regain the ground which he felt he had lost.

"Gentlemen, you have now my programme; and to-morrow, by Mr. Killeen's kind agency, it will be in the hands of every one in the town and district. I have placed the portions of the programme in the order in which it seems to me they ought to come. First of all, Home Rule, the grand object for which every true Irishman is striving; then Education, pure and untainted by heresy and infidelity. Until we have the grand aim secured, never" (and here he raised his voice) "never will the ground-down peasants, the plundered farmers, the Sainted Martyr, or the poor caged prisoners, have their rights,—never, till Ireland be once more a nation!"

A roar of enthusiasm greeted this peroration; the table was thumped by the excited listeners until the glasses rang again.

THREE DUBLIN STREET ARABS.

From 'Flitters, Tatters, and the Counselor.'

Ladies first. Flitters, aged eleven, sucking the tail of a red herring, as a member of the weaker and gentler sex first demands our attention. She is older and doubly stronger than either Tatters or the Counselor, who are seated beside her on the wall of the river, sharing with her the occupation of watching the operations of a mud-barge at work some dozen yards out in the water. Of the genus street Arab Flitters is a fair type. Barefooted, of course, though, were it not for the pink lining that shows now and

again between her toes, one might doubt that fact—bare-headed, too, with a tangled, tufted, matted shock of hair that has never known other comb save that ten-toothed one provided by nature, and which, indeed, Flitters uses with a frequency of terrible suggestiveness.

The face consists mainly of eyes and mouth; this last-named feature is enormously wide, so wide that there seemed some foundation for a remark of the Counselor's, made in the days of their early acquaintance before time and friendship had softened down to his unaccustomed eyes the asperities of Flitters' appearance, and which remark was to the effect that only for her ears her mouth would have gone round her head. The Counselor was not so named without cause, for his tongue stopped at nothing. This mouth was furnished with a set of white, even teeth, which glistened when Flitters vouchsafed a smile, and gleamed like tusks when she was enraged, which she was often, for Flitters had a short temper and a very independent disposition. The eyes, close set, under overhanging, thick brows, were of a dark brown, with a lurid light in their depths. She was tall for her age, lank of limb, and active as a cat: with her tawny skin and dark eyes one might have taken her for a foreigner, were it not for the intense nationalism of the short nose and retreating chin, and the mellifluousness of the Townsend Street brogue that issued from between the white teeth.

For attire she had a *princesse* robe, a cast-off perhaps of some dweller in the fashionable squares. This garment was very short in front, and disproportionately long behind, and had a bagginess as to waist and chest that suggested an arbitrary curtailment of the skirt. Viewed from a distance, it seemed to have a great many pocket-holes, but on closer inspection these resolved themselves into holes without the pockets; underneath this was another old dress, much more ancient and ragged. However, as it was summer weather, Flitters felt no inconvenience from the airiness of her attire. Indeed, to look at her now with her back against a crate of cabbages which was waiting its turn to take its place on board the Glasgow steamer, one would think she had not a care in the world. She was sitting upon one foot, the other was extended over the quay wall, and the sun shone full in her eyes, and gilded the blond

curls of Tatters, who, half lying, half sitting close beside her, was musingly listening to the conversation of the Counselor. Tatters was about six years old, small and infantine of look, but with a world of guile in his far-apart blue eyes. He could smoke and chew, drink and steal, and was altogether a finished young reprobate. He wore a funny, old jerry hat, without any brim, and with the crown pinched out, doubtless with a view to its harmonizing with the rest of his attire, the most prominent portion of which was undoubtedly the shirt. The front part of this seemed not to reach much below his breastbone; but whether to make amends for this shortcoming, or to cover deficiencies in the corduroy trousers, the hinder part hung down midthighs at the back. One leg of the corduroys was completely split up, and flapped loosely in front, like a lug-sail in a calm. His jacket, which was a marvel of raggedness, was buttoned up tight; and seated, hugging both his knees with his hands, he looked a wonderfully small piece of goods. He had an interesting, sweet little face; his little black nose was prettily formed; a red cherry of a mouth showed in the surrounding dirt, and gave vent to the oaths and curses of which his speech was mainly composed, in an agreeable little treble pipe.

The Counselor, or Hoppy, for he had two names, the second derived from a personal deformity which affected his gait, was nine years old, but might have been ninety, for the *Welt-kunst* his wrinkled, pock-marked countenance portrayed. He had small, bright, black eyes, and a sharp, inquisitive nose. A keen, ready intelligence seemed to exude from every feature. He was the ruling spirit of the trio. Tatters' manner to him was undisguisedly deferential, and Flitters only maintained her individuality at the expense of a bullying ostentation of superior age and strength. They were all three orphans. Flitters' father had run off to America a year before;—her mother was dead. Tatters was a foundling, whose nurse had turned him loose on the streets when she found no more money forthcoming for his maintenance, and the Counselor's antecedents were wrapped in complete obscurity. He sometimes alluded mistily to a grandmother living in Bull Lane; but he was one of those people who seem all-sufficient in themselves, and for whom one feels instinctively, and at the first

glance, that no one could or ought to be responsible. He had on a man's coat, one tail of which had been removed—by force, plainly, for a good piece of the back had gone with it, giving him an odd look of a sparrow which a cat has clawed a pawful of feathers out of. He had on a great felt hat of the kind known as billycock, which overshadowed well his small, knowing face. He wore shoes of very doubtful fit or comfort, but still shoes, and thus distinguishing him from his companions, who, to borrow a phrase from their own picturesque dialect, were both "on the road."

It may be asked whence they received their names. Hoppy knew of none but his nickname; his grandmother's name was Cassidy, which he did not scruple to appropriate if occasion required it. Flitters remembered to have been called Eliza once, and her father's name was Byrne; but nicknames in the Arab class are more common than names, which, indeed, are practically useful only to people who have a fixed habitation—a luxury these creatures know nothing of. . . .

Flitters could not read. The Counselor possessed all the education as well as most of the brains of the party. Nevertheless, Flitters was its chief support. She sang in the streets. The Counselor played the Jew's-harp or castanets, and sometimes sang duets with her, while Tatters stood by, looking hungry and watching for halfpence. They had other resources as well: coal-stealing along the wharfs, or sometimes sifting cinders on the waste grounds about the outskirts of the city, to sell afterwards; messages to run for workmen—a very uncertain and precarious resource, as no one ever employed them twice. Altogether, their lives were at least replete with that element so much coveted by people whose every want and comfort is supplied—to wit, excitement.

MATTHEW JAMES HIGGINS.

(1810—1868.)

Matthew James Higgins, "Jacob Omnium" of *The London Times*, was born at Benown Castle, County Meath, Dec. 4, 1810, and, early deprived of his father, he grew up under the care of his mother. He went to school near Bath, from thence to Eton, finishing his education at New College, Oxford. For several years he traveled in Europe, and in 1833 he visited British Guiana for the purpose of superintending the affairs of an estate which he had inherited there. During his voyage and his residence in the country he kept a most interesting journal.

His first contribution to literature appeared in *The New Monthly Magazine* for August, 1845, and was entitled 'Jacob Omnium, the Merchant Prince.' This essay excited so much admiration and attention that his next and succeeding papers on social subjects were announced as by the author of 'Jacob Omnium' and he ultimately adopted the name, frequently using the initials J. O. He became a friend of Thackeray, and received renown from the pen of the great novelist in his 'Bowstreet Ballads,' which appeared in *Punch*, entitled 'Jacob Omnium's Hoss.' In 1846 he again visited the West Indies, and on his return found Ireland in the depths of starvation and misery, caused by the potato failure. Mr. Higgins immediately volunteered to assist in the relief of his unfortunate countrymen by co-operating with the committee already established in London. His offer was accepted, and he landed on the coast of Mayo from H.M.S. Terrible, sent with supplies for the famine-stricken people.

The fearful state in which Mr. Higgins found the country was described by him in *The Times* of April 22, 1847. He personally made herculean exertions on behalf of the starving population. At the general election in the same year he contested the borough of Westbury, but was defeated. As a supporter of the altered principles of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Higgins became a valued contributor to the *Morning Chronicle* in 1848, while his letters to *The Times* upon various subjects, and under several assumed names, were legion. *The Cornhill Magazine*, *The Edinburgh* and other Reviews, and subsequently *The Pall Mall Gazette*, were all indebted to his light, graceful, and versatile style. Mr. Higgins' marriage with the daughter of Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne led to his taking an interest in the celebrated Tichborne case and an active part in its investigation. He complained for some years of failing health, and after an illness of apparently only six days died at his house near Abingdon, on Aug. 14, 1868. An estimate of his character is thus given by his biographer, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell: "Oppression or unfair dealing, whenever it came under his notice, was almost sure to bring 'J. O.' to the rescue. It would be absurd to pretend that, in all his encounters with what he deemed to be wrong, he was wholly in the right; but it is not too much to say that no selfish

object ever stimulated or stayed his pen." Mr. Higgins was of extraordinary stature, his height being six feet eight inches. He was as remarkable for good nature as for his height, and thus acquired among his friends the name of "The Gentle Giant." Of his visit with Thackeray to see a show-giant, Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell says: "At the door Thackeray pointed to his companion, and whispered to the door-keeper, 'We are in the profession,' and so obtained free admission. But, as Thackeray used to end the story, 'We were not mean, but paid our shillings as we came out.'"

His writings, published in separate form, are Letters to Lord John Russell on 'The Sugar Debates,' 1847–48; 'Cheap Sugar Means Cheap Slaves,' 1848; 'Light Horse,' 1855; 'A Letter on Administrative Reform,' 1855; 'Letters on Military Education,' 1855–56; 'Letters on the Purchase System,' 1857; 'Three Letters to the Editor of *Cornhill* on Public School Education,' 1861; 'The Story of the Mhow Courtmartial,' 1864; 'Papers on Public School Education in England,' 1865; 'Social Sketches: and Correspondence between J. Walters, Esq., M.P., and J. O.,' the last being printed for private circulation only.

A SCENE IN THE IRISH FAMINE.

[This description is very bitter, but probably very true. It appeared in a letter addressed to *The Times*, April 22, 1847.]

The committee of the British Association for the Relief of Distress in Ireland, reading frightful accounts of pestilence and famine in the county of Mayo, and receiving urgent and perplexing appeals for relief from various resident clergymen and landlords, decided on dispatching one of their number to the spot, to examine into the state of affairs and relieve the people promptly. As I had been loudest in my condemnation of the conduct of both English and Irish landlords, and had boasted—I now feel somewhat injudiciously—of what I would do were I in their place, I was selected for this not very agreeable service. In consequence I have been for the last few weeks resident in Letterbrick, the capital of the barony of Arderry. The barony contains 185,090 acres of land, over which is scattered a population of 30,000 souls. The little town of Letterbrick is placed in the bight of a deep bay, one of the many noble harbors with which the west of Ireland abounds. The union workhouse is thirty-one miles distant; besides that, there is neither hospital nor dispensary of which the poor can avail themselves at the present moment. Of three resident Protestant clergymen one is in-

sane; the other two are not on speaking terms, and will not "act" together in any way. The three Roman Catholic priests are good simple men—poor, ignorant, and possessing little influence over their flocks. Two-thirds of this vast extent of land is divided between two proprietors—Mr. Black of Kildare, and The Mulligan, who resides in his baronial castle of Ballymulligan.

The Mulligan, having been an Irishman of pleasure, is now a bankrupt; he amuses himself in his dominions as well as he can, but has lately been cast in damages for the seduction of a daughter of a coast-guard, and is in consequence at present playing at hide-and-seek with the officers of the law: he is a married man; he is the only resident magistrate in Ardcrry, and as his present discreditable social position renders him only accessible on Sundays, he is utterly useless, in that capacity. His tenants are not in arrear. They have been driven, ejected, and sold up with incredible severity. To give you an idea of what the people here endure and the landlords perpetrate, I will state that last week, accompanied by two creditable English witnesses, I met several emaciated cows, driven by two men, and followed by their still more emaciated owners, proceeding toward Letterbrick. I stopped them and inquired whither they were going. The two men said they were taking them to the Letterbrick pound for rent owing to them. The peasants declared that the rent was not due till the 1st of May. Their landlord admitted this readily, but added that Letterbrick fair was on the 12th of April, and he feared, unless he pounded his tenants' cattle before that, that they would sell them at the fair and be off to America. So he did pound them for a debt that was not yet due; and the poor ignorant starved wretches allowed him to do it. Of The Mulligan's exertions and charities to meet the present crisis, it is needless to speak. He is chairman of a relief committee, which he never attends; he has given no money or food, whilst he has extracted all he can from the soil. He pays no taxes, builds no cottages or farm buildings, supports no schools or hospitals.

The only duties which he attempts to perform are those which he considers he owes to himself. He and his family own about 40,000 acres of land. His uncle I saw when he came to propose to the purser on board the steamer Hor-

rible in charge of a cargo of seed, to let him have some on the security of his "paper at six months;" and when we were landing some meal in the rain from that vessel, his brother galloped into the town in a rickety tandem, pulled up to stare at us, and after having played an amatory national air on a horn which he had slung round him, galloped off again. Mr. Black, his coproprietor, is a landlord of a very different species. He resides in Kildare, where he has a large property, and by his own account takes an active part in the duties of the county. Here he is represented by his agent Mr. White, a most intelligent and gentlemanlike young man, who spends a few months occasionally in Arderry and is a magistrate. A variety of small and sub-landlords, whose lives are spent in watching the growing crops and cattle of their tenants, and pouncing upon them the moment they are ripe or fit for sale, occupy the rest of the barony, and complete the misery of the people. There is one single man who believes that he has duties to perform, and does his best to fulfill them; but as his property is small, the good he can do is but as a drop in this ocean of human iniquity, and being a Dublin lawyer, he is necessarily an absentee. At this moment there is no food in the country, save what is imported by Government and the British Association; neither have the people any money, save what they earn on the public works, which are to be stopped in May.

The land is unsown,—there will be no harvest. The Horrible, when she was here selling seed under prime cost, sold but £100 worth, and that almost entirely to the benevolent individual I have alluded to. At Killala, where the gentry clamored loudly for seed, the Lightning was sent with three hundred and fifty sacks, of which she sold *one;* and at Killibegs the Horrible had no better market. There is at this moment, sir, fever in half the houses in Arderry—I call them houses by courtesy, for they are but hollow, damp and filthy dungheaps. The people sell their last rag for food, and are then forced to remain in their hovels until the weakest sink from hunger; their festered corpses, which they have no means of removing, then breed a fever which carries off the rest. Efficient medicines or medical aid they have none, and if they had, what but good food could be prescribed with success to a starving man? Dur-

ing the short time I have been here I have seen my fellow-creatures die in the streets. I have found the naked bodies of women on the roadside, and piles of coffins containing corpses left outside the cabins and in the market-place. I have met mothers carrying about dead infants in their arms until they were putrid, refusing to bury them, in the hope that the offensive sight might wring charity from the callous townspeople sufficient to protract for a while the lives of the other children at home. During the last two days I have buried at my own expense twenty bodies, which, had I not done so, would be still infecting the living.

The people here, naturally docile, become uncontrollable at the sight of provisions—not a bag of biscuit can be landed or leave the town without an armed escort, not a vessel can anchor in the bay without imminent risk of being plundered. Yesterday three vessels, bound to the north, were becalmed off the coast; they were instantly boarded and cleared by the famished and desperate peasantry. I purchased a little seed myself, which I retailed in small quantities to the people, chiefly to gain some insight into their position. I found them utterly hopeless, almost indifferent about sowing, because they are aware that any crops they may sow will be seized on for rent by the landlords. They preferred buying turnip and parsnip seed, although they appeared quite ignorant how to cultivate them, because the perishable nature of these roots renders them less convenient for seizure than barley or oats. On my arrival here I found the soup-kitchen, on which the lives of hundreds depend, stopped, not for want of funds, but because the vicar and the curate, having £130 intrusted to them jointly by our association, had quarreled, and preferred seeing the parishioners starve to making soup for them in concert.

Lest I may be suspected of caricature or exaggeration, I will, in conclusion, set down what my eyes have seen during the last half-hour. I have seen in the courthouse an inquest holding on the body of a boy of thirteen, who, being left alone in a cabin, with a little rice and fish in his charge, was murdered by his cousin, a boy of twelve, for the sake of that wretched pittance of food. A verdict of "willful murder" has since been returned. The culprit is the most famished and sickly little creature I ever saw, and

his relatives whom I heard examined were all equally emaciated and fever-stricken. Driven from the court by the stench of the body, I passed in the street two coffins with bodies in them, in going to my lodgings from the court-house, a distance of a hundred yards. I am prepared to hear that the truth of what I have here stated has been impugned; to be informed that I am ignorant of the habits of the people, and that I have been humbugged by Irishmen having a natural turn for humor. I am prepared to be ridiculed for my obesity, and to be told that a London banker is out of his element in the romantic regions of the west. I should not wonder if The Mulligan called me out. I feel certain "he will court an inquiry."

MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

(1830——)

Mrs. Cashel Hoey was born in Dublin in 1830. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. Charles B. Johnston and Charlotte Shaw his wife. She was married, first, in 1846 to Mr. Adam Murray Stewart, of Cromleich, County Dublin, and second, in 1858, to Mr. John Cashel Hoey.

Mrs. Hoey, who is an active member of the Irish Literary Society, is a constant contributor to high-class periodical literature, being perhaps at her best in critical work. She has written, besides, the following books: 'A House of Cards,' 'Falsely True,' 'Out of Court,' 'The Blossoming of an Aloe,' 'A Golden Sorrow,' 'Griffith's Double,' 'All or Nothing,' 'The Questioning of Cain,' 'The Lover's Creed,' 'A Stern Chase,' 'The Queen's Token,' 'Buried in the Deep,' and others. She has also translated a number of works from the French, including 'Pictorial Life in Japan' and 'The Government of M. Thiers.'

A GREAT RISK.

From 'A Golden Sorrow.'

It was a strange meeting. They spoke hurriedly, cautiously, lest they should disturb the sleeper. Miriam could not close the doors, lest he should call for anything, for he was alone. They looked long in each other's face, and they both sighed. Miriam led her brother to the farthest extremity of the room, and seated herself beside him, encircled by his arms. How handsome he was looking, she thought, but so much older; and how strangely gray his hair was, almost as gray as Mr. St. Quentin's. Eager question, and answer as eager, soon placed Walter Clint in possession of the circumstances under which his sister had summoned him, and confirmed him in his general impression of Miriam's married life. Then she acknowledged what her purpose had been, until Mr. St. Quentin's illness had prevented its accomplishment, and received from Walter a hasty assurance that she should come to him and Florence when she pleased. Miriam had so much to say to him, the immediate circumstances were so pressing, that she lost all sense of his long absence, and made no allusion to his adventures. Beyond the surprise of the first moment, and the sense of the alteration in the faces, present to the

minds of both, there was no strangeness after a little while. Miriam told him that Mr. St. Quentin had as yet made no will, and that a lawyer was to arrive in a little more than an hour's time to make one, and that she had reason to believe she should be left with only a bare pittance.

"How do you know?" asked Walter. "What horrible treachery and injustice!"

"I will tell you. I have seen some memoranda of his—they are there, in that desk—on the floor—at this moment, by which it is evident he means—Hush! what 's that? Did he call?"

She arose, went to the open folding-door, and stood listening. Mr. St. Quentin did not call, did not speak. After a minute of deep silence, she was moving back toward Walter again, when they both heard a distinct and peculiar sound. It was not articulate—it was like the noise, half-clicking, half-grating, which a clock makes an instant before it strikes. She stopped, and again stood perfectly still, then said: "It certainly comes from his room. I shall just look at him, and be back in a moment."

She went quickly, but quite noiselessly, Walter's eyes following her through the intervening bedroom, but, as she passed into her husband's room, she partially closed the folding-doors, and Walter lost sight of her.

There was no repetition of the sound. Miriam looked about. All was precisely as she had left it. The sick man was lying huddled up, and with his head bent downward, turned toward the wall. The rain splashed upon the windows, and the wind rumbled in the chimney. Miriam passed round the head of the bed with a light step, kneeled down on its other side, between the bed and the wall, to look closely at her husband, and found herself gazing into the fixed, senseless eyes, wide open, and upon the fallen ashy features of a dead face.

Not a scream, not a sound betrayed Miriam's awful discovery to the listener in the sitting-room. One heavy thump of her heart, one rush of blood into her head, and she remained kneeling, perfectly motionless on the floor between the bed and the wall, holding her temples tightly between her hands, and looking, with fixedness little less than their own, into those wide-open eyes. In such moments there is no time; then at least the spirit escapes from

its bonds. It might have been five minutes, it might have been as many hours, for all that Miriam knew, that she knelt there, spellbound, her limbs heavy and cold, her head whirling, but not lost, nor confused. It had come, then. Was this the worst that could have happened? This awful occurrence did not violently break the chain of her immediately previous thought; on the contrary, it continued and strengthened it. Was all lost, in this case, that had been in danger? Not a sentiment of grief, hardly a passing touch of pity, came to Miriam, as she knelt during those few fearful minutes by the side of the dead man. It was indeed "the hour and the power of darkness."

She arose with a slight shiver, and went to the mantelpiece. At that moment the time-piece chimed—eleven silvery strokes. And the lawyer was to arrive at noon. One hour only, if every other chance should cohere, for what she had to do. She locked the door which opened from Mr. St. Quentin's bedroom upon the corridor, and having completely shut the folding-doors, which communicated with her own room, she went back to her brother; but before she approached him she looked out of the sitting-room door. No one was near; the corridor was quite empty; and she observed that there were no rooms precisely opposite theirs, only a staircase, and some large presses in the wall. As she came up to Walter, who was reading a newspaper, he said, "Is all right?" laid the paper aside, looked up at her, and sprang up.

"Good heavens! Miriam, what is the matter?" A mirror on the wall showed her her ghastly face.

"Hush!" she said, and laid a strong hand upon him, forcing him back into his seat. "Don't speak above your breath. Be calm and collected, for my sake. *He is dead!*"

Walter shrank from her, and was silent in horror.

"Yes, he is dead. He has died without a struggle."

"Impossible! And we two here, so near him! Let me see!"

"No, Walter, I tell you it is true. Do you think I can be mistaken? I have been beside him, looking into his face ever since! You must not see him; you must not go near him; it is no question of *that* now; and you must be perfectly calm, and able to help me quickly. We have not an instant to spare." The color had utterly deserted her face,

but her eyes were sparkling with intense eagerness and entreaty, and the fingers of her right hand held his shoulder like a vise.

"Help you! What do you mean? Had not we better call some one, and send for the doctor at once?"

"No, I tell you; no, no, no! What good can the doctor do a dead man? Besides, he 's coming presently. Oh Walter, my brother, listen to me! I am young still, and all my future hangs upon this hour, and is in your hands! Oh Walter, you don't know, you cannot know what my life has been, and how tremendous this blow is to me! You know what I married him for, Walter—to get away from home and to be rich! He bribed me with such promises! and he tricked me basely! He persuaded me—for I was vain, and proud of my power over him—that he would dower me all the more splendidly, that he did not bind himself to anything; and I believed him, though papa told me I was wrong. Wrong! I was a fool! And he has suspected and insulted me all these horrid years—yes, for though I have had plenty of money and plenty of pleasure, they have been horrid years! And I am to lose it all!"

"But how do you know, Miriam?" asked her brother, who had been unable to interrupt her vehement appeal, all the more impressive and terrible that she never raised her voice, or loosened her grasp on him. "And what can be done?"

"I know, I know!" she resumed. "I have watched him, in one sense, while he watched me in another. He has been in correspondence with a man in America. I don't know his name, and I don't know what about, though I can guess; and he meant to leave all his property away from me."

"What relatives are there? How is his property circumstanced?"

"I don't know; I only know that it is very large, and mostly in Indian securities. He has no relatives; I am sure of that. He often told me he had no claims on him, absolutely none; and it was only out of spite to me he would have left his money to a man he never saw."

"How do you know that?"

"I don't *know* it, perhaps—at least, he never actually told me so in as many words—but I am morally certain of

it. He has repeated to me, over and over again, that no one in the world had any claim on him; and this correspondence shows it is no one in England he has been looking after. In a moment, Walter, I will prove to you that I am right." She glided away from him, crossed the adjoining room, and, with just an instant's hesitation, passed through the folding-doors which hid the bed and its awful tenant from his sight. In another minute she returned, carrying a key. The traveling-desk she had pointed out to Walter lay on the floor. She opened it, took out a few papers—mere slips of memoranda—and knelt by Walter's side, showing them to him. "Here are the proofs of his treachery to me. Read this:

"'C—— advises English lawyer. Mem., to look out for a good firm. In last letter from D——, return of L—— D—— promised, on receipt of fee and specific statement of intentions.'

"And read this, written at Calais—written only three days ago, when he was so ill, and yet determined to cross, because he was in such haste to be cruel and treacherous to me. I do believe he felt that he was dying, and that his great fear was lest this villainy should not be accomplished.

"'Mem., shortest form of will for present use. The whole of my property, of whatsoever kind, all invested moneys, furniture, plate, horses, carriages, to L—— D—— with the exception of an annuity to Mrs. St. Q—— of two hundred pounds, to be paid by L—— D——, and secured by him to her, on his taking possession of my property, in any way he thinks proper. Sole executor, L—— D——.'"

On a third slip of paper was the name and address of the firm of Messrs. Ross and Raby, solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn.

"This is horrible, indeed, my poor darling," said Walter, looking forlornly at the memoranda; "but it is a comfort to think he has not carried out his intention; and though you may have some trouble, you must be well off. The law makes a secure provision for a widow under such circumstances, and in this case there seems to be no heir."

"No heir, Walter! Who is L—— D——, do you suppose? Of course he is the heir, the heir-at-law, the man who would have come in for Mr. St. Quentin's money, if he had made no will at all—the man in America. I am sure

of it—he never had a friend he would have neglected all those years, and then suddenly taken to looking after. And I am to lose all, or nearly all, and to bear the disgrace, the humiliation of this, for *him*, for a stranger! What right has he to come in and rob me of the wealth for which I have paid so heavy and horrid a price? No one knows of these memoranda. This C—— he mentions must be the man who came to see him in Paris so often lately; a sly, sleek, horrid man he was: C—— stands for Caux, of course. He has done no business for him, it is plain. He tells him to employ an English lawyer to rob me—and in his hurry to act on this advice, he has died before he could accomplish such wickedness. Caux has drawn no will for him; there is no will! Walter!"—she rose from her knees, and clasped him round the neck, hiding her face from him, as she spoke with passionate rapidity, close to his ear—"you will not let *any* of this villainy be done to me; you will save me from the bitterness of all this misery without any reward; you will remember how you trusted me with Florence, and how I deserved the trust! Won't you, Walter?"

"I will—I do," he said, trying to see her face; but she held him closer, and spoke lower and more rapidly. "But what can I do, Miriam? I don't know what you have in your mind."

"And time is flying," she murmured. "I will tell you." She lifted her head, and looked at him straight and unabashed. "At twelve o'clock a clerk of Messrs. Ross and Raby's will be here, in obedience to a message from -him— to take instructions for a will. He has never seen him; no one in the house knows his appearance. He was carried here from the boat yesterday, with his face covered; and except our servants—one is out, the other is asleep—no one has seen it. Walter! in the old days, in which I always helped you and loved you, and was stanch to you, no matter how much I was reviled or punished on your account—in those old days, I say, you were a good actor; you could dress, and speak, and look a part well, and there was no handwriting you could not imitate, besides having several of your own: remember the letters Rose Dixon brought to Crescent House. Have you lost your old skill, and your hand its former cunning?"

"Good God, Miriam—do you propose—"

"This is what I propose, brother; it is quite safe, and it injures no one—remember how he would have injured *me*." She held him now, with a hand gripping each shoulder, and looked at him full, with her commanding, gloomy eyes.

"When this lawyer comes, he shall be introduced to you—the firm know nothing of *him*, not even his handwriting; it was his valet who wrote the letter to them—not even whether he is young or old; but you can easily look much older than you do now, and the light need not be strong—instead of his real client; and you shall give him instructions to draw a will—you have the model; it is easy and simple; it is only a few lines; it will all be done in a few minutes—and two of the hotel servants, who have not seen—him—can witness it. The lawyer will go away, and then you, and then the truth shall be told. No one will be wronged, Walter. This unknown man knows nothing of his chance, and never can have expected such a chance to arise; and I—I shall have the reward, the bare pay, I may call it, for all this horrid life, which is done with, and owe it all to you—to you, Walter, who owe so much to me!"

"Miriam, this is madness. Do you know what you want me to do? This is a felony."

"And felony is a word! What has *he* done to *me?* What would he have done if he had lived two more hours? Think of that, Walter, and of the base treachery it means; and think of your own happy home, of Florence, of the child that is coming, and of all *you* have, while I have nothing; and, if the law gives me anything, must have it with the sting of suspicion, of calumny—and do this thing for me, dearest Walter, for your sister, who has done and borne much for you! *I* did not need praying, Walter, when you came to me in disgrace, and asked me to do that for you for which my father would have turned me out into the streets if he had discovered it! I needed no prayers, and I never faltered, not then, not after, when this old man heaped insult and suspicion on me, for Florence's sake!"

"But, Miriam—" He hesitated, covered his face with his hands.

"Time flies," she said. "Walter, will you not help and save me? Will *you* be cruel and selfish, and treacherous too?"

There was a moment's silence, then Walter, disclosing a

face as white and troubled as her own, said: "Show me how it is to be done, and I will do it. Let what will come of it, Miriam, I will do this for you!"

She kissed him without a word. Then, with inconceivable rapidity and quietness, she placed writing materials before him, and collected several books which lay about the room, traveling literature from book-stalls, and French *brochures*, and opened them in a row, at the top of the blotting-book—displaying the fly-leaf of each. A formal inscription was written exactly in the middle of every one of these. Then she went to the desk again, and took out a check-book, in which were a number of blank checks, signed. In all these signatures and inscriptions there was hardly a trace of variation in the characters, forming this name:

LUCIUS CLIBBORN ST. QUENTIN.

"Copy these," she said. "It is an easy hand, the most formal I ever saw, and read the memoranda again. I will be with you immediately." She instantly withdrew, and Walter bent over his task. She went into the room in which the old man lay dead, and collected, from the dressing-table and the chairs, several articles of his clothing, and such dressing things as had been unpacked last night, and carried them into the adjoining room. In a moment she swept away her own toilet apparatus, the gown, bonnet, and wraps she had traveled in, and every trace of a feminine presence in the room, locked them into a wardrobe, and replaced them by the things belonging to Mr. St. Quentin. Then she pulled the blinds down, and partially drew the bed-curtains, arranging them so as to interpose between an occupant of the bed and the view of any person in the sitting-room. Her movements were wonderfully swift, but her thoughts far outstripped them. In those few minutes, which defied her reckoning, every detail of the scheme she had conceived—who can tell within what an indefinable instant after her eyes had met the dead eyes—had presented itself to her. Two supreme points of vantage were hers: she only knew that anything had occurred within these rooms, and no one had a right to enter them unbidden by her. She might even keep the lawyer's clerk waiting, if it should be necessary; she was not absolutely tied to time.

She was not insensible to the danger of the deed she meditated, but she fairly balanced the chances, and they were heavily in her favor. There was, in the disposition of the rooms, only one slight risk: supposing the servants who were to be summoned to witness the will should, in relating the circumstance to their fellows, mention, in the hearing of the housemaid who had attended them, that Mr. St. Quentin was in the outer room? It was a risk, but only a little one, and when it came into Miriam's mind, she dismissed it. The chances were very much against such a risk occurring, and she *must* trust something to chance.

A knock at the locked door of the room in which the dead man lay! Miriam heard, and replied to it instantly, by turning the key, and confronting the person who knocked with a warning gesture. It was Bolton the valet. She stepped into the corridor, and softly shut the door.

"I thought I should have found Mrs. Haines here, ma'am," he said, "as they told me Mr. Clint had come."

"Haines is asleep, I hope," said Miriam. "What is it?"

Then Bolton explained. He had not found a house, or lodgings, in the vicinity of the hotel, but had heard of a house about two miles away, on the coast. Should he go and look at it, or would Mrs. St. Quentin think it too far away? If his master could be got into a carriage and moved at all, that distance would make no practical difference. Miriam assented, and felt, with a thrill in her veins, that here was another point in her favor. The lawyer might propose to employ Mr. St. Quentin's own servant, rather than a stranger, for the purpose of witnessing his will, and here was the valet himself proposing what must take him out of the way, without any premeditation on her part. She told Bolton that she entirely agreed with him, and begged he would go and see the house at once, and inspect it very carefully. The man was turning away, and she about to open the door, when he said: "I beg your pardon, ma'am. I suppose there is no change?"

"No," replied Miriam; "there is no change."

Once more she went into her own bedroom and looked carefully round. All was in the disorder proper to a man's room; she had but to add the order which should attend illness. She was getting used to what she was doing now, and the tenacity of her will stilled her nerves. Without a

tremor, she carried the medicine bottles and glasses, the cups and the flannels, all the sad, significant *appareil*, away from the dead man's bedside, and arranged them in a corresponding place in the outer room. Only a few minutes had been consumed in these rapid arrangements, and while she was making them Miriam's gaze was constantly turned upon Walter, sitting with his back toward the open folding-doors, now writing busily, now thinking, his head resting on his hands. At length she went to him. A sheet of paper, on which the formal inscription on the fly-leaves before him was accurately copied several times, lay on the blotting-book. Miriam put her arm round his neck, leaned over his shoulder, and studied the lines of writing minutely.

"Perfect!" was the one word she said. Then she shut the books, threw them into a corner, twisted up the sheet on which Walter had been writing, put it into the fire, where it was instantly consumed; and, turning to Walter, took him by the arm, saying: "Come! In ten minutes this man will be here."

JOHN CASHEL HOEY.

(1828—1892.)

John Cashel Hoey was born in Dundalk, County Louth, in 1828. He was the eldest son of Mr. Cashel F. Hoey of that town, and sometime of Charleston, South Carolina. He was one of the many young men of literary ability who were attracted by the Young Ireland movement, and he joined the party just on the eve of the outbreak of 1848. When, in the following year, the suppressed *Nation* was revived by Sir C. G. Duffy, Mr. Hoey became chief of the staff. Subsequently he was joint proprietor, and when Sir Charles went to Australia, in the circumstances narrated in the life of the latter, Mr. Hoey occupied the editorial chair. In 1858 he disposed of his interest in the paper to Mr. A. M. Sullivan and left Ireland. He was called to the English bar in 1861.

Mr. Hoey still followed the literary calling in his new home, and in 1865 he became connected with Mr. W. G. Ward, who was at that period editor of the *Dublin Review*, becoming his associate in this work, and so remained until 1879. Mr. Hoey had meantime entered on an official career, having been for some years a member of the Board of Advice in London for the colony of Victoria. For a time, also, he held the position of secretary to the Agent-General for the colony in England. In 1874 he transferred his services to the New Zealand office, holding the same position to the Agent-General; and in 1879 he again returned to the Victorian ministry, holding the office of secretary for some years. Mr. Hoey was a knight of the Orders of Malta, Este, Pius IX., Francis I., and La Caridad. In 1858 he married Frances, widow of Mr. Adam Murray Stewart. He died in London in 1892.

Mr. Hoey republished a few of his more remarkable essays, but the large majority of them lie hidden in the pages of the *Dublin Review*. They abound in brilliant passages; sometimes the reader is startled by a bit of picturesque description or striking portraiture, and his sarcasm has both the virtue and the fault of being relentless.

ORIGIN OF O'CONNELL.

Its very seclusion and wildness made Kerry a fit cradle for a great native leader. The spirit of liberty dwells in "the liberal air of the iced mountain top," and the cadences of ocean have a spell and a lesson for him who is born to move masses of men by the sound of his voice. The waves taught him their music, and early filled his mind with the sense of their vastness and freedom. He loved to speak of them as breaking on the cliffs of Kerry after rolling for three thousand miles from the grim shores of



DERRYNANE HOUSE, COUNTY KERRY

From a photograph

The residence of Daniel O'Connell is in a wild and ... For beautiful region:

> "Where the brow of the mountain is purple with heath,
> And the mighty Atlantic rolls proudly beneath,
> With the foam of its waves like the snowy Fenane,
> Oh! this is the region of wild Derrynane."
>
> —*J. J. MacCarthy*



Labrador. The "kingdom of Kerry," as it was the fancy of its people to call it, had remained from its very picturesque and unprofitable remoteness the most Celtic region of Munster.

There can hardly have been a drop of Norman or of Saxon blood in Daniel O'Connell's veins. He was a Celt of the Celts, of a type which becomes more and more rare—that in which black hair, luxuriant and full of curl, is combined with an eye of gray or blue; with features small, but fine, yet in the nose leaving room for amendment; with lips plastic, nervous, of remarkable mobility and variety of expression; with a skull curiously round; with a figure graceful, lithe, yet of well-strung muscles, capable of great endurance.

It is a type which some Irish ethnologists suppose, not without reason, to be of Spanish origin; and there were two very remarkable Irishmen of the same period who were fine examples of its form. One was General Clarke, Duc de Feltre, French minister of war throughout, and indeed before, Napoleon's reign, and who was also for some time governor-general of Prussia; the other, not built on so grand a scale, was Thomas Moore, the poet.

Nature gave to Mr. O'Connell a frame as perfect and commanding as ever was developed of this rare type; a voice of unparalleled volume and range; ever-buoyant energy, unfatiguing perseverance, a quick wit, a sound and capacious understanding, craft bred and stimulated by the sense of oppression, courage easily flaming to headlong wrath at the hurt to pride of withheld right; every talent that every great orator has possessed (some in excess), with, most of all, the talent of speaking in the strain of its own sympathies to every audience, from the highest and most accomplished to the lowest and most ignorant; and to these last he often spoke of his best, and he loved to speak best of all.

In Kerry there still remained, a hundred years ago, there even yet remains, more that tells of what Celtic and Catholic Ireland was like than in any other district of the south. Many of the native gentry, elsewhere banished and erased, or reduced to become traders in the towns built by their ancestors and tenants on their own estates, in Kerry held some little-coveted fragment of ancient property on

sufferance, and maintained at least the show among their people of the old tribal order. Of the Irish titles which are still borne by the heads of Celtic septs, by far the greater number were transmitted in Kerry, or in neighboring districts of Cork and Limerick, "where the king's writ did not run."

There or thereabouts, in the wild southwest, dwelt a hundred years ago, and there are still to be seen, representatives of The O'Donoghue of the Glens (near kinsmen of the O'Connells), O'Grady of Killballyowen, MacGillicuddy of the Reeks, The O'Donovan, The O'Driscoll—and two titles which, though only dating from the period of the Pale, told of traditions hardly less dear to the Irish memory and imagination, the Knight of Glin and the Knight of Kerry, scions of that illustrious house which for many a hundred years accepted for its motto the reproach that it was more Irish than the Irish themselves. Five years before O'Connell's birth died the last MacCarthy More, greatest of the Kerry toparchs, and lineal descendant of that Florence MacCarthy who, as Sir William Herbert once said, "was a man infinitely adored in Munster": and now Kerry was about to give birth to a man destined to be infinitely adored throughout Ireland. Kerry still spoke the Irish tongue, and it was the tongue that Daniel O'Connell learned on his nurse's knee. Such was the soil from which he sprung, and he was racy of it.

MICHAEL HOGAN.

(1832 ——)

MICHAEL HOGAN, known as "the Bard of Thomond," was born at Thomond Gate, Limerick, in 1832, where he worked as a wheelwright. He contributed to *The Nation*, *The Celt*, *The Irishman*, and other journals, over the signature of "Thomond." He published a number of rhyming political squibs at different election times, which are chiefly of local interest. He came to this country for a short time, but returned in 1889. His published works are 'Anthems of Mary,' a collection of hymns; 'Lays and Legends of Thomond,' which reached a second edition; and 'Shaw-na-Scoob' (John-a-broom), a satire.

BRIAN'S LAMENT FOR KING MAHON.

Lament, O Dalcassians! the Eagle of Cashel is dead!
The grandeur, the glory, the joy of her palace is fled;
Your strength in the battle—your bulwark of valor is low,
But the fire of your vengeance will fall on the murderous foe!

His country was mighty—his people were blest in his reign,
But the ray of his glory shall never shine on them again;
Like the beauty of summer his presence gave joy to our souls,
When bards sung his deeds at the banquet of bright golden bowls.

Ye maids of Temora, whose rich garments sweep the green plain!
Ye chiefs of the Sunburst, the terror and scourge of the Dane!
Ye gray-haired Ard-Fileas! whose songs fire the blood of the brave!
Oh! weep, for your Sun-star is quenched in the night of the grave.

He clad you with honors—he filled your high hearts with delight,
In the midst of your councils he beamed in his wisdom and might;
Gold, silver, and jewels were only as dust in his hand,
But his sword like the lightning-flash blasted the foes of his land.

Oh! Mahon, my brother! we 've conquered and marched side by side.
And thou wert to the love of my soul as a beautiful bride;
In the battle, the banquet, the council, the chase and the throne,
Our beings were blended—our spirits were filled with one tone.

Oh! Mahon, my brother! thou 'st died like the hind of the wood,
The hands of assassins were red with thy pure noble blood;
And I was not near, my beloved, when thou wast o'erpowered,
To steep in their hearts' blood the steel of my blue-beaming sword.

I stood by the dark misty river at eve dim and gray,
And I heard the death-cry of the spirit of gloomy Craghlea;
She repeated thy name in her *caoine*[1] of desolate woe,
Then I knew that the Beauty and Joy of Clan Tail was laid low.

All day and all night one dark vigil of sorrow I keep,
My spirit is bleeding with wounds that are many and deep;
My banquet is anguish, tears, groaning, and wringing of hands
In madness lamenting my prince of the gold-hilted brands.

O God! give me patience to bear the affliction I feel,
But for every hot tear a red blood-drop shall blush on my steel;
For ever deep pang which my grief-stricken spirit has known,
A thousand death-wounds in the day of revenge shall atone.

THE SARSFIELD TESTIMONIAL.

Oh! yes, 't is true, the debt is due by Erin's children all,
Brave chief, to you, who never flew from battle, fire, or ball;
Alas! too long the brave and strong in stern oblivion lies,
The glory of our ancient town—the idol of her eyes.
Oh! 't were a shame to let his name like other names decay,
Or let the earth forget his worth like other things of clay;
But we must see the brave and free defender of our walls
High in the light of sculptured might among our homes and halls.

There let him stand, with sword in hand and flashing arms of steel,
In bright array, as on the day he made the foemen reel;

[1] *Caoine*, keen, wail, or lament.



And let our eyes, with glad surprise, the warlike sight enjoy
Of him who stood, 'mid fire and blood, our tyrants to destroy.
O sculptor! trace on his bold face the spirit-blaze which shone
The day he rolled the flood of war to Limerick from Athlone;
As if, with word and waving sword, he called on Limerick's men,
"My freeborn sons! with hearts and guns, go man yon breach again!"

O sculptor! show on his high brow his freedom-grasping zeal
When Limerick's streets and brave old walls blazed red with fire and steel;
When, undismayed, with sweeping blade he cleared the flaming town,
Oh! show us how his stalworth arm had cut the foemen down.
Show us his godlike bearing 'mid the burning wreck of fight,
His loud command and lifted hand, and blazing eye of light;
His eagle glance, that, like a lance, pierced center, rear, and van—
His form tall revealing all the majesty of man.

Let daring thought be sternly wrought in his high, dauntless air,
As if the seed of some great deed had grown to action there;
Like on the night when his fierce might from Limerick sallied forth,
And swept the foe, at one dread blow, for ever from the earth.
Show us the grief that filled the chief, when, with his hopes betrayed,
Far, far away, across the sea, he led the brave Brigade;
Show us the blood-gout from his side, red-welling on his hand,
With his last words—"I wish 't were shed for thee, my Native Land!"

DRAHERIN O MACHREE.[1]

I grieve when I think on the dear, happy days of youth,
When all the bright dreams of this faithless world seemed truth;
When I strayed thro' the woodland, as gay as a midsummer bee,
In brotherly love with my Draherin O Machree.

[1] *Draherin O Machree*, little brother of my heart.

Together we lay in the sweet-scented meadows to rest,
Together we watched the gay lark as he sung o'er his nest,
Together we plucked the red fruit of the fragrant haw-tree,
And I loved, as a sweetheart, my Draherin O Machree!

His form it was straight as the hazel that grows in the glen,
His manners were courteous, and social, and gay amongst men;
His bosom was white as the lily on summer's green lea—
And God's brightest image was Draherin O Machree!

Oh! sweet were his words as the honey that falls in the night,
And his young smiling face like May-bloom was fresh, and as bright;
His eyes were like dew on the flower of the sweet apple-tree;
My heart's spring and summer was Draherin O Machree!

He went to the wars when proud England united with France;
His regiment was first in the red battle-charge to advance;
But when night drew its veil o'er the glory and life-wasting fray,
Pale, bleeding, and cold lay my Draherin O Machree!

Oh! if I were there, I 'd watch over my darling's last breath,
I 'd wipe his cold brow, and I 'd soften his pillow of death;
I 'd pour the hot tears of my heart's melting anguish o'er thee!
Oh, blossom of beauty! my Draherin O Machree!

Now I 'm left to weep, like the sorrowful bird of the night,
This earth and its pleasures no more shall afford me delight;
The dark narrow grave is the only sad refuge for me,
Since I lost my heart's darling—my Draherin O Machree!

PADDY MACCARTHY.

Arrah! Bridgid MacSheehy, your eyes are the death o' me,
And your laugh, like a fairy stroke, knocks out the breath o' me!
The devil a cobweb of slumber, till dawned the day,
Has come to my lids, while the long night I yawned away!
Och, you heart-killing imp, 't was your witchery puzzled me;
Like a bird by a night-wisp, your beauty has dazzled me!
I 'd rather be forty miles running away with you,
Than live, to be parted ten minutes, one day with you!

'Pon my soul, I was dreaming last night that you came to me,
With your own pretty smile, like a sweet drink of cream to me,
Says you, "Paddy Carthy, I 'm coming to marry you!"—
"Och, my jewel," says I, "to his reverence I 'll carry you!"
So I thought my poor heart gave a thump like a prizefighter,
As off to the chapel I jumped like a lamplighter;
But scarce had the priest time to see how his robe was on,
When, och, blood-an'-turf!—I woke ere the job was done!

Now, troth, it 's a heartache, between you and I, Biddy,
To let that sly rogue of a dream tell a lie, Biddy!
If your sweet mouth just says, "My dear boy, here 's my hand
to you!"
By the lord of Kilsmack! Paddy Carthy will stand to you!
In the meadow I 'll mow, in the haggard I 'll work for you;
Say the word, and I 'll walk on my head to New York for you;
My heart in the heat of devotion so beats to you,
'T is just like a little child crying for sweets to you!

Did you hear what a great name my ancestors had of it?
From Blarney to Munster they owned every sod of it;
The MacCarthy Mores they were christened by reason, sure,
Of their fighting and feasting bein' always in season, sure!
Arrah, them were the boys that kep' up the old cause for us,
Ere a red robbing stranger come here with mock laws for us!
Real jewels they were for love, spendin' and sportin' too,
An' sure I 'm a boy of their clan that 's now courtin' you!

There 's Judy Malony, with ten on the watch for her—
Her uncle come to me to make up a match for her;
There's Thady Mulready, by Loch Quinlan's water clear,
Faith, he 'd give me six cows if I 'd marry his daughter dear!
But no, by the powers! I would rather go beg with you,
Hopping from village to town on one leg with you,
Than be walking on two, with a rich heiress stuck to me—
If I 'm not speaking true to you, darling, bad luck to me!

You 're the queen of the lilies that grow up so tenderly,
And your leg is as fair as white wax, moulded slenderly,
The berries are so like your lips that the pick of them
I plucked from the bush, till I ate myself sick of them!
Where the haw-tree its flowers to the sunbeams is handing up,
I saw, like your white neck, a blossom-branch standing up,
I climbed to get at it—you 'd pity the trim o' me—
For, bad luck to the thorns, they carved every limb o' me!

I 'll purchase the best wedding ring in the town for you!
Or by thunder, to make one I 'll pull the moon down for you!
If I could lay my hand on the sun for a crown for you,
Sure, I 'd be the boy that would win light and renown for you!
Now, Biddy, my jewel! what have you to say to me?
Just give up your heart without further delay to me;
And I will bless this as a glorious fine day to me—
If a queen got such courting, by Jove, she 'd give way to me!

ELEANOR HULL.

Eleanor Hull is the daughter of Professor Edward Hull, who from 1870 to 1890 was Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland. She has the true student temperament, and herself discovered the way to those studies in Irish romantic history in which she delights and in which she is so distinguished. Miss Hull is a busy member of the London Irish Literary Society, whose affairs she has from the beginning helped to direct. She is co-secretary of the Irish Texts Society.

LITERARY QUALITIES OF THE SAGA.

From 'The Cuchullin Saga.'

A recent American essayist, Mr. Godkin, has said that "no country retains the hearty affection of its educated classes which does not feed their imagination." Patriotism, that is to say, does not rest to any degree upon a natural pride in the physical beauty of the country that gave us birth, nor yet on a legitimate satisfaction in its commercial or industrial prosperity; it rests upon what we may call the historic imagination. It connects itself with certain events in the past history of our country, or with occurrences, sometimes of a semi-legendary character, that have stamped themselves upon the mind of the nation in a series of vivid mental pictures, and have fostered a just pride in the deeds and epochs of their forefathers.

Countries that have their history still to make, or that have risen rapidly to greatness by colonization from outside, without any background of romantic legend or heroic action, are lacking in the first elements that call a pure and elevated patriotism into existence. The memory of great deeds; the slow growth of ideas, expressed either in literature or in the constitution of the country; the mysterious and always attractive twilight of romance, out of which a nation has emerged into the broad daylight of historic life: all these are wanting. The consciousness of a greatness rooted firmly in the past is gone.

The history and literature of Ireland should, perhaps in a greater degree than that of any other country, feed and stimulate the love of her inhabitants. Her long and varied and pitiful story should draw to her the affection of her

people; while of the imaginative creations of the poet and romanticist she has an almost unequaled wealth. There is hardly a bay, a plain, or hill in Ireland around which a romance, Pagan or Christian, has not woven some tale or legend. It was indeed a special pleasure of the early writers to throw across each spot a halo of invention. Many of the longer pieces of ancient Gaelic literature are composed entirely of the local traditions belonging to special districts. Such are the 'Colloquy with the Ancients' and 'The Dissenchas' tracts, which may be compared with 'Kilhwch and Olwen' in Welsh literature; but even apart from these geographical collections of tales, there is no country in the world that has preserved so many legends connected with special places as Ireland has done.

The tradition of these tales is fast being lost among the people; wherever politics and the newspaper enter, folk lore dies out: naturally, too, wherever the English tongue has superseded the older speech in which the tales were handed down, their memory falls away. And as the recollection of the great names and great deeds of her ancestors fades into a faint tradition, patriotism sinks into a mere password of demagogues; as the old tales dwindle into folk lore and are gradually forgotten, the light of fantasy is lost from the hills and plains of Ireland. To the traveler in Ireland the imaginative loss is grievous; to the Irish man and woman it is irreparable.

The sagas of Ireland, though they have not as yet taken their natural place beside the epics of the Nibelungen, of Charlemagne, or of Arthur, will bear comparison in the scope and originality with any of these, and will add to them, moreover, some new elements.

The fact that Irish is, to a large extent, a dead language, has invested the literature enshrined in it with a lively interest for scholars. The old literature of Ireland is being rediscovered, and a host of philologists are devoting their best efforts to its elucidation. The moment is a critical one. Up to the present, with very few exceptions, the interest which it has inspired is purely linguistic and comparative. Antiquarians and philologists have used the material as a repository of ancient customs and a battlefield for linguistic contests. The time is fast approaching, however, when it must be considered in a quite dif-

ferent aspect, namely as pure literature. The sagas of Ireland must be placed beside the sagas of the North and the epics of medieval Europe, and the qualities and defects weighed together. Very interesting results are likely to be obtained, and much light will probably be thrown thereby on the literary connection of Ireland with other countries.

The isolation of Ireland from the great movements of European thought has been too much insisted upon. Although Ireland escaped the domination of Rome during the period of her early literary activity, and thus her literature remains as an almost solitary example of a Western culture developing along native lines and unchanged by Latin influence, yet at the later period, during which her medieval bardic output was being gathered together and written down, Ireland, so far from occupying an isolated position, was in intimate relationship not only with England, but with Northern, Western, and Central Europe. Her intellectual intercourse extended, not to the schools of England, France, and Italy only, but through her monasteries to Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, and a constant intercommunication was kept up between these foreign establishments and the mother country.

In all these countries we find to-day traces of Irish learning and Irish art. Even Spain shows signs of Irish influence, while the long centuries of association with Scandinavia left deep traces upon the national life and the national literature of both countries. It was during this epoch of great outward activity and movements towards foreign countries that we may surmise the great mass of Irish Pagan romance to have undergone the process of molding into its final form, and it is impossible to suppose that some modifications were not introduced into it from its contact with foreign romance and foreign methods of thought. These modifications, though comparatively slight, have to be taken into account in any examination of Irish pagan romance, and the frequency or rarity with which we meet with ideas foreign to the Irish mind and imagination may help to determine both the age of the particular version of any tale we are examining and the measure of its popularity. Those stories that were universal favorites, and therefore frequently repeated, will

naturally show a greater assimilation of foreign ideas than those which fell out of popular favor. It is to these latter tales that we must look to find the Irish imagination in its pure and native form, untouched by outside influences.

Equally important is it for us to remember that, though most of the tales of the Cuchullin Saga, if not all of them, bear marks of a pre-Christian origin, yet they come down to us transcribed by monkish hands and preserved in monastic libraries. The early monasteries were the storehouses of the literary life of the nation; monks and saints were the copyists and compilers. The *Leabhar nah Uidhre*, or 'Book of the Dun Cow' (so-called from the parchment on which it was inscribed), the oldest existing book in which tales of the Cuchullin Saga have been preserved, was begun and, partly at least, aranged and written out by a religious of the monastery or "family" of Clonmacnois.

The 'Book of Leinster' was transcribed by Finn MacGorman, Bishop of Kildare. It is of immense interest to find that while the monks naturally gave a large place in their work to the lives of saints and to religious literature, they felt it their duty to preserve and transmit with equal care, not only the historical and genealogical records of their native country, but also the great body of Pagan romance that they heard recited and sung around them. There appears to have been no moment of decisive break between the bardic and Christian systems, and in all matters that concerned the literature and laws of their country, brehons and monks labored side by side. The monks seem to have set themselves in many ways to carry on the system of the bards, and it appears certain that, so far from feeling any fanatic hatred against the old Pagan romance literature, they desired to incorporate such of its ideas as they could assimilate with those of Christianity into their own teaching.

They did this consciously, in the same manner and of the same set purpose as that which led St. Patrick to adopt the Pagan festivals and associate them with Christian events. Thus we find it is St. Ciaran, one of the most noted saints of Ireland, who, at the tomb of Fergus MacRoich, writes down the epic of the Tain Bo Cuailgne; Mongan comes back "from the flock-abounding Land of Promise" in the unseen world to converse with Colum Cille. It is to

St. Patrick that Ossian details the adventures of his compeers; and, in every case, although the saint is represented as denouncing the fierceness and Pagan beliefs of the old heroes, he listens with eagerness to the recital of their deeds. Once more, it is St. Patrick who calls up before the Pagan monarch of Tara the vision of Cuchullin in his chariot, and this for the express purpose of persuading King Laegaire of the truth of Christianity.

This frequent association of Pagan and Christian personages and ideas is not without meaning; it shows that not only no strong prejudice existed against the ancient literature, but, on the contrary, that a curiosity and an appetite was felt with regard to it; and a desire was experienced, so far as was possible, to reconcile the two systems. For the finer among the Cuchullin stories and those of independent origin, such as the 'Voyage of Maelduin,' the 'Bruidhen da Derga,' etc., they seem to have had a regard that led to the careful preservation of them; nor is there in these tales any trace of the contentious wrangling between the opposed systems of belief that is found in many of the Ossianic poems. Such stories as that of the conjuring up of Cuchullin's chariot before Laegaire, to which we have referred above, point to a special reverence for the earlier hero, such as is not displayed towards Finn and his champions.

Nevertheless, the passage of the legends through monkish hands was not without an effect upon the final form in which the tales have come down to us; clerical handling has denuded the old romances of some of their Pagan characteristics, and has modified certain features inconsistent with the later teaching. Christian interpolations have been added, and in some instances Pagan and Christian epochs have been synchronized.

Bearing in mind the two causes of modification, the influence of foreign intercourse, and the influence of Christian reaction, the changes that have taken place in the tales of the Cuchullin cycle may roughly be classed as follows: First, changes due to deliberate interpolation; secondly, changes due to deliberate suppression; thirdly, alterations brought about through the ignorance or carelessness of copyists; and finally, those that have arisen through the assimilation of foreign ideas, or through the desire to glorify

the hero by comparison with classical champions or the heroes of other nations.

In considering the variations due to deliberate interpolation, it is well to be on our guard against the error of supposing that the longer form in which any story has come down to us is of necessity the latest. Though in the larger number of instances it is undoubtedly the case that the story has been adorned and expanded by the poetic fancy of the bards through whose hands it has passed; though frequently it has gathered accretions from foreign and classic sources, and though descriptions of dress and general appearance were likely to be lengthened as time went on, we have to set against all this the consideration that many of the tales, as we have them, are mere outlines, to be filled up by improvised description at the time of recitation.



DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

From a photograph by Chancellor, of Dublin



DOUGLAS HYDE.

(1860 ——)

Dr. Douglas Hyde was born in County Sligo in 1860. He is the son of the rector of Frenchpark, County Roscommon, of the family of Castle Hyde, in the County Cork. Dr. Hyde had a brilliant career at Trinity College, Dublin. He is President of the Gaelic League and of the Irish Texts Society, and Vice-President of the Irish Literary Society. A profound scholar, his patience and sympathy have gone for much in unlocking the store of tradition in the peasant mind. Hardly any one else could have won from the silent peasant the treasures that have been saved for us by Dr. Hyde in 'The Love-Songs of Connacht,' 'The Religious Songs of Connacht,' and the folk stories of 'Beside the Fire.' Dr. Hyde's 'Literary History of Ireland' is a volume of extraordinary interest and erudition.

"His best work," says a writer in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "as an Irish poet has been done either in the Gaelic language or in translations from modern Gaelic, in which he has rendered with wonderful accuracy the simplicity and tenderness of the peasant bards of the West, together with the beautiful metrical structure of their verses . . . . There is probably no contemporary name in Irish literature which is better known (on purely literary grounds) to the Irish people, and which has become more endeared to them, than that of Douglas Hyde."

An Craoibhin Aoibhin ("the delightful little branch") is the name by which Dr. Hyde is called all over Irish-speaking Ireland; and his little book of poems is called 'Ubhla de'n Craoibh' ('Apples from the Bough'), a gold branch bearing golden apples being stamped on the cover.

IRISH AS A SPOKEN LANGUAGE.

From 'A Literary History of Ireland.'

According to the census of 1891, something over three-quarters of a million people in Ireland were bilinguists, and 66,140 could speak Irish only, thus showing that in thirty years Irish was killed off so rapidly *that the whole island contained fewer speakers in 1891 than the small province of Connacht alone did thirty years before.*

This extinguishing of the Irish language has not been the result of a natural process of decay, but has been chiefly caused by the definite policy of the Board of "National Education," as it is called, backed by the expenditure every year of many hundreds of thousands of pounds. This

Board, evidently actuated by a false sense of Imperialism, and by an overmastering desire to centralize, and being itself appointed by the Government chiefly from a class of Irishmen who have been steadily hostile to the natives, and being perfectly ignorant of the language and literature of the Irish, have pursued from the first with unvarying pertinacity the great aim of utterly exterminating this fine Aryan language.

The amount of horrible suffering entailed by this policy, and the amount of hopeless ignorance stereotyped in hundreds of thousands of children, and the ruination of the life-prospects of hundreds of thousands more, by insisting upon their growing up unable to read or write, sooner than teach them to read and write the only language they knew, has counted for nothing with the Board of National Education, compared with their great object of the extermination of the Irish language, and the attainment of one Anglified uniformity. In vain have their own inspectors time after time testified to the ill results of denying the Irish-speakers education in their own language, in vain have disinterested visitors opened wide eyes of astonishment at schoolmasters who knew no Irish being appointed to teach pupils who knew no English.

[In spite of the well-known opposition of the National Board the National Schoolmasters themselves as early as 1874 in their Congress unanimously passed the following resolution: "The peasants in Irish-speaking districts have not English enough to convey their ideas, except such as relate to the mechanical business of their occupation. Hence they are not able in any degree to cultivate or impress the minds of their children (though often very intelligent themselves), who consequently grow up dull and stupid if they have been suffered to lose the Irish language or to drop out of the constant practice of it." This is *exactly* what I and every other spectator have found, and it means that the Board of National Education is engaged in replacing an intelligent generation of men by an utterly stupid and unintelligent one.]

In vain have the schoolmasters themselves petitioned to be allowed to change the system, in vain did Sir Patrick Keenan (afterwards himself Chief Commissioner of National Education) address the Board saying, "the shrewd-

est people in the world are those who are bilingual; borderers have always been remarkable in this respect; but *the most stupid children I have ever met with* are those who were learning English while endeavoring to forget Irish. The real policy of the educationist would in my opinion be to teach Irish grammatically and soundly to the Irish-speaking people, *and then* to teach them English through the medium of their native tongue." All in vain! Against the steady, unwavering, unrelenting determination to stamp out the Irish language which has been paramount in the Board ever since the days of Archbishop Whately, every representation passed unheeded, and it would appear that in another generation the Board—at the cost of unparalleled suffering—will have attained its object.

[Sir Patrick Keenan, C.B., K.C.M.G., who was for a time head of the Educational system in Ireland, and was employed by the Government to report upon the plan of teaching the people of Malta in Maltese, reported to Parliament that the attempt to substitute English or Italian for Maltese in the schools was a fatal one. "Such a course would simply mean that the people are to get no chance, much less choice, of acquiring a knowledge either of their own or any other language." This is exactly true of spots in Ireland, and after his experience in Donegal, Sir Patrick Keenan drew up the following memorial: "1. That the Irish-speaking people ought to be taught the Irish language grammatically, and that schoolbooks in Irish should be prepared for the purpose. 2. That English should be taught to all Irish-speaking children through the medium of the Irish. 3. That if this system be pursued the people will be very soon better educated than they are now, or possibly can be *for many generations* upon the present system. And 4. That the English language will in a short time be more generally known and purely spoken than it can be by the present system for many generations." When he became head of the National System of Education, Sir Patrick found himself unable to carry out his own recommendations without personal inconvenience, being probably afraid to offend his colleagues, and nothing has been since done to remove the scandal.]

This is not the place to discuss the bearings of this question, still less to drag in the names of individuals, but the

reader who has followed the history of Irish literature to this will be perhaps anxious to have it continued up to date, and so I may as well here place on record what I and many others have seen with our own eyes over and over again.

An Irish-speaking family, endowed with all the usual intelligence of the Irish-speaking population, with a gift for song, poetry, Ossianic lays, traditional history, and story, send their children to school. A rational education, such as any self-governing country in Europe would give them, would teach them to read and write the language that they spoke, and that their fathers had read and spoken for fifteen hundred years before them. The exigencies of life in the United Kingdom would then make it necessary to teach them a second language—English. The basis of knowledge upon which they started, and which they had acquired as naturally as the breath of life, would in any fair system of education be kept as a basis, and their education would be built upon it. They would be taught to *read* the Ossianic lays which they knew by heart before, they would be given books containing more of the same sort, they would be taught to read the poems, and they would have put into their hands books of prose and poetry of a kindred nature. They had picked up many items of information about the history of Ireland from their fathers and mothers; they would be given a simple history of Ireland to read. All this they would assimilate naturally and quickly because it would be the natural continuation of what they already in part possessed. But the exigencies of life in the United Kingdom make it necessary to read English poems and English books, and to know something of English history also; this they would learn after the other.

Will it be believed, the Board of National Educaton insists upon the Irish-speaking child starting out from the first moment *to learn to read a language it does not speak.* [For many years the schoolmaster was not even allowed to explain anything in Irish to a child who knew no English! This rule, however, has been abrogated.] It is forbidden to be taught one syllable of Irish, easy sentences, poems, or anything else. It is forbidden to be taught one word of Irish history. Advantage is taken of *nothing* that the child knew before or that came natural to it, and the result is appalling.

Bright-eyed intelligent children, second in intelligence, I should think, to none in Europe, with all the traditional traits of a people cultured for fifteen hundred years, children endowed with a vocabulary in every-day use of about three thousand words (while the ordinary English peasant has often not more than five hundred) enter the schools of the Chief Commissioner, to come out at the end with all their natural vivacity gone, their intelligence almost completely sapped, their splendid command of their native language lost forever, and a vocabulary of five or six hundred English words, badly pronounced and barbarously employed, substituted for it, and this they in their turn will transmit to their children, while everything that they knew on entering the school, story, lay, poem, song, aphorism, proverb, and the unique stock-in-trade of an Irish speaker's mind, is gone for ever, *and replaced by nothing.*

[Dr. Pedersen, a Dane, who recently resided for three months in the Arran Islands to learn the language that is there banned—at the present moment the only inhabitant in one of these islands, not counting coastguards, who does not speak Irish is the schoolmaster!—took down about 2,500 words. I have written down a vocabulary of 3,000 words from people in Roscommon who could neither read nor write, and I am sure I fell 1,000 short of what they actually used. I should think the average in Munster, especially in Kerry, would be between 5,000 and 6,000. It is well known that many of the English peasants use only 300 words, or from that to 500.]

I have long looked and inquired in vain, on all hands, for any possible justification of this system, and the more I have looked and inquired the more convinced I am that none such exists unless it be an unacknowledged political one. Its results at all events are only too obvious. The children are taught, if nothing else, to be ashamed of their own parents, ashamed of their own nationality, ashamed of their own names. The only idea of education they now have is connected not with the literary past of their own nation, but with the new Board-trained schoolmaster and his school, which to them represent the only possible form of knowledge. They have no idea of anything outside of, or beyond, this. Hence they allow their beautiful Irish manuscripts to rot—because the school-

master does not read Irish. They never sing an Irish song or repeat an Irish poem—the schoolmaster does not; they forget all about their own country that their parents told them—the schoolmaster *is not allowed to teach Irish history;* they translate their names into English—probably the schoolmaster has done the same; and what is the use of having an Irish name now that they are not allowed to speak Irish!

[A friend of mine traveling in the County Clare sent me three Irish MSS. the other day, which he found the children tearing to pieces on the floor. One of these, about one hundred years old, contained a saga called the 'Love of Dubhlacha for Mongan,' which M. d'Arbois de Jubainville had searched the libraries of Europe for in vain. It is true that another copy of it has since been discovered, and printed and annotated with all the learning and critical acumen of two such world-renowned scholars as Professor Kuno Meyer and Mr. Alfred Nutt, both of whom considered it of the highest value as elucidating the psychology of the ancient Irish. The copy thus recovered and sent to me is twice as long as that printed by Kuno Meyer, and had the copy from which he printed been lost it would be unique. These things are happening every day. A man living at the very doors of the Chief Commissioner of National Education writes to me thus: "I could read many of Irish Fenian tales and poems, that was in my father's manuscripts; he had a large collection of them. I was often sorry for letting them go to loss, but I could not copy the one-twentieth of them. The writing got defaced, the books got damp and torn while I was away, I burned lots of them twice that I came to this country. . . . I was learning to write the old Irish at that time; I could read a fair share of it and write a line." That man should have been taught to read and write his native language, and not practically encouraged to burn the old books, every one of which probably contained some piece or other not to be found elsewhere.

Even where the people had no manuscripts in common use among them, their minds were well-stored with poems and lays. A friend wrote to me from America the other day to interview a man who lived in the County Galway, who he thought had manuscripts. Not finding it con-

venient to do this, I wrote to him, and this is his reply: "Dear sir, about twenty years since I was able to tell about two Dozen of Ossian's Irish poems and some of Raftery's, and more Rymes composed by others, but since that time no one asked me since to tell one Irish story at a wake or by the fireside sine the old people died. Therefore when I had no practice I forgot all the storys that ever I had. I am old. Your most Humble Servant, Michael B."

Another writes: "I have no written manuscript. I had three poems about the dareg more (Dearg Mór) the first when he came to Ireland in search of his wife that shewed (?) him, when Gaul (Goll) faught him and tied him he come to Ireland, a few years after, when he got older and stronger, and faught Gaul for 9 days in succession the ninth day Gaul killed him then in 18 years after his son called Cun (Conn) came to Ireland to have revenge and faught Gaul, and after eleven days fighting he was killed by Gaul. I had a poem called Lee ne mna mora (Laoi na mná móire) or the poem of the big woman who faught Gaul for five days, but Osker (Oscar) kills her. I had the baptism of Ossian by St. Patrick the best of all and many others of Ossian's to numerous to mention now. I also had some poemes of Cucullan the death and the lady in English and in Irish I had the beettle in English and Irish and when fin (Finn) went to Denmark in English and Irish and many other rymes of modern times. I seen some address in the Irish times last year where to write to some place in Dublin where Ossians poems could be got but I forget the number. The people that is living Now-a-days could not understand the old Irish which made me drop it altogether their parents is striving to learn their children English what they themselves never learned so the boys and girls have neither good english or good Irish."]

Worst of all, they have not only dropped their Irish Christian names, but they are becoming ashamed of the patron saints of their own people, the names even of Patrick and of Brigit.

[This is the direct result of the system pursued by the National Board, which refuses to teach the children anything about Patrick and Brigit, but which is never tired of putting second-hand English models before them. Archbishop Whately, that able and unconventional English-

man, who had so much to do with molding the system, despite his undoubted sense of humor, saw nothing humorous in making the children learn to repeat such verses as—

> "I thank the goodness and the grace
> Which on my birth have smiled,
> And made me in these Christian days
> A happy English child!"

and the tone of the Board may be gathered from this passage, I believe, which occurred in one of their elementary books: "On the east of Ireland is England, where the Queen lives. Many people who live in Ireland were born in England, *and we speak the same language, and are called one nation.*" The result of this teaching is apparent to every one who lives in Ireland, and does not shut his eyes. "God forbid I should handicap my daughter in life by calling her Brigit," said a woman to me once. "It was with the greatest difficulty I could make any of the Irish christen their children Patrick," said Father O'Reilly of Louisburgh to me, talking of his Australian mission. For the wholesale translation of names, such as O'Gara into Love, O'Lavin into Hand, Mac Rury into Rogers, and so on, which is still going on with unabated vigor, see an article by me in 'Three Irish Essays,' published by Fisher Unwin.]

It is a remarkable system of education, and one well worth the minutest study that can be paid it, which is able to produce these effects, but with even the smallest philological regard for the meaning of words, it cannot be called "education."

NOTE.—In the original edition the portions between brackets were printed as footnotes.—[ED.

THE SPLENDORS OF TARA.

From 'A Literary History of Ireland.'

The brilliant appearance of Cormac mac Art when presiding over the assembly at Tara, covered with gold and jewels, receives enhanced credibility from the proofs of early Irish wealth and culture that I have just adduced. Let us glance at Tara itself, as it existed in the time of

Cormac, and see whether archeology can throw any light upon the ancient accounts of that royal hill. It was round this hill that the great Féis, or assemblage of the men of all Ireland, took place triennially, with a threefold purpose—to promulgate laws universally binding upon all Ireland; to test, purge, and sanction the annals and genealogies of Ireland, in the presence of all men, so that no untruth or flaw might creep in; and, finally, to register the same in the great national record, in later time called the Saltair of Tara, so that cases of disputed succession might be peacefully settled by reference to this central authoritative volume. The session of the men of Ireland thus convened took place on the third day before Samhain—November Day—and ended the third day after it. We are told that Cormac, who presided over these assemblies, had ten persons in constant waiting upon his person, who hardly ever left him. These were a prince of noble blood, a Druid, a physician, a brehon, a bard, a historian, a musician, and three stewards. And Keating tells us that the very same arrangement was observed from Cormac's time —in the third century—to the death of Brian Boru in the eleventh, the only alteration being that a Christian priest was substituted for the Druid.

To accommodate the chiefs and princes who came to the great Féis, Cormac built the renowned Teach Míodhchuarta,[1] which was able to accommodate a thousand persons, and which was used at once for a house of assembly, a banqueting hall, and a sleeping abode. We have two accounts of this hall, and of the other monuments of Tara, written, the one in prose, the other in verse, some nine hundred years ago. The prose of the Dinnseanchus describes accurately the lie of the building, "to the northwest of the eastern mound." "The ruins of this house"—it lay in ruins then as now—"are thus situated: the lower part to the north and the higher part to the south; and walls are raised about it to the east and to the west. The northern side of it is inclosed and small, the lie of it is the north and south. It is in the form of a long house with twelve doors upon it, or fourteen, seven to the west and seven to the east. This was the great house of a thousand soldiers." . . .

We know that the statements made nine hundred years

[1] *Teach Miodhchuarta*, pronounced Toch Mee-coo-ar-ta.

ago, when Tara had even then laid in ruins for four centuries, have been verified in every essential particular by the officers of the Ordnance Survey. The statement in the Dinnseanchus made nearly nine hundred years ago that there were either six or seven doors on each side, shows the condition into which Tara had then fallen, one on each side being so obliterated that now, also, it is difficult to say whether it was a door or not. The length of the hall, according to Petrie's accurate measurements, was *seven hundred and sixty feet*, and its breadth was nearly ninety. There was a double row of benches on each side, running the entire length of the hall, which would give four rows of men if we remember that the guests were all seated on the same side of the tables, and allowing the ample room of three feet to each man, this would just give accommodation to a thousand. In the middle of the hall, running down all the way between the benches, there was a row of fires, and just above each fire was a spit descending from the roof, at which the joints were roasted. There is a ground plan of the building, in the Book of Leinster, and the figure of a cook is rudely drawn with his mouth open, and a ladle in his hand to baste the joint. The king sat at the southern end of the hall, and the servants and retainers occupied the northern.

The banqueting-hall and all the other buildings at Tara were of wood, nor is the absence of stone buildings in itself a proof of low civilization, since, in a country like Ireland, abounding in timber, wood could be made to answer every purpose—as in point of fact it does at this day over the greater part of America, and in all the northern countries where forests are numerous. All or most Irish houses, down to the period of the Danish invasions, were constructed of wood, or of wood and clay mixed, or of clay and unmortared stones, and their strongholds were of wooden palisades planted upon clay earth-works. This is the reason why so few remains of prehistoric buildings have come down to us, but it is no reason for believing that, as in Cormac's banquet hall, rude palatial effects were not often produced. . . .

The houses of the ancient Irish were either like Cormac's banqueting-hall, and Credé's house, built quadrilaterally of felled trees, or split planks, planted upright in the earth,

and thatched overhead, or else, as was most usually the case, they were cylindrical and made of wickerwork, with a cup-shaped roof, plastered with clay and whitewashed. The magnificent dimensions of Cormac's palace, verified as they are by the careful measurements of the Ordnance Survey—a palace certainly erected in pagan times, since Tara was deserted for ever about the year 550—bear evidence, like our wealth of beautifully wrought gold ornaments, and the superior workmanship of our surviving articles of bronze and clay, to a high degree of civilization and culture amongst the pre-Christian Irish.

THE STORY OF MAC DÁTHÓ'S PIG AND HOUND.

From 'A Literary History of Ireland.'

This story affords so curious a picture of Pagan customs that it is worth while to give some extracts from it. It is contained in the Book of Leinster, a MS. copied about the year 1150. Like most of the Cuchulain sagas, it dates substantially from the seventh or eighth century.—[D. H.

Mac Dáthó was a famous landholder in Leinster, and he possessed a hound so extraordinarily strong and swift that it could run round Leinster in a day. All Ireland was full of the fame of that hound, and every one desired to have it. It struck Mève and Oilioll, king and queen of Connacht, to send an embassy to Mac Dáthó to ask him for his hound, at the same time that the notion came to Conor, king of Ulster, that he also would like to possess it. Two embassies reach Mac Dáthó's house at the same time, the one from Connacht and the other from Ulster, and both ask for the hound for their respective masters. Mac Dáthó's house was one of those open hostelries of which there were five at that time in Ireland.

"Seven doors," says the saga, "there were in each hostelry, seven roads through it, and seven fireplaces therein. Seven caldrons in the seven fireplaces. An ox and a salted pig would go into each of these caldrons, and the man that came along the road would (*i.e.* any traveler who passed the way was entitled to) thrust the flesh fork into the caldron, and whatever he brought up with the first thrust, that he would eat, and if nothing were brought up with the first thrust there was no other for him."

The messengers are brought before Mac Dáthó to his bed, and questioned as to the cause of their coming.

"'To ask for the hound are we come,' said the messengers of Connacht, 'from Oilioll and from Mève, and in exchange for it there shall be given three score hundred milch cows at once, and a chariot with the two horses that are best in Connacht under it, and as much again at the end of the year besides all that.'

"'We, too, have come to ask for it,' said the messengers of Ulster, 'and Conor is no worse a friend than Oilioll and Mève, and the same amount shall be given from the north (*i.e.* from the Ultonians) and be added to, and there will be good friendship from it continually.'

"Mac Dáthó fell into great silence, and was three days and nights without sleeping, nor could he eat food for the greatness of his trouble, but was moving about from one side to another. It was then his wife addressed him and said, 'Long is the fast in which thou art,' said she; 'there is plenty of food by thee, though thou dost not eat it.'

"And then she said—

"'Sleeplessness was brought
To Mac Dáthó into his house.
There was something on which he deliberated
Though he speaks to none.

He turns away from me to the wall,
The Hero of the Féne of fierce valor;
His prudent wife observes
That her mate is without sleep.'"

A dialogue in verse follows. The wife advises her husband to promise the hound to both sets of messengers. In his perplexity he weakly decides to do this. After the messengers had stayed with him for three nights and days, feasting, he called to him first the envoys of Connacht and said to them—

"'I was in great doubt and perplexity, and this is what is grown out of it, that I have given the hound to Oilioll and Mève, and let them come for it splendidly and proudly, with as many warriors and nobles as they can get, and they shall have drink and food and many gifts besides, and shall take the hound and be welcome.'

"He also went with the messengers of Ulster and said to them: 'After much doubting I have given the hound to Conor, and let him and the flower of the province come for it proudly, and they shall have many other gifts and you shall be welcome.' But for one and the same day he made his tryst with them all."

Accordingly on the appointed day the warriors and men

of each province arrive at his hostelry in great state and pomp.

"He himself went to meet them and bade them welcome. 'T is welcome ye are, O warriors,' said he, 'come within into the close.'

"Then they went over, and into the hostelry; one half of the house for the men of Connacht and the other half for the men of Ulster. That house was not a small one. Seven doors in it and fifty beds between (every) two doors. Those were not faces of friends at a feast, the people who were in that house, for many of them had injured other. For three hundred years before the birth of Christ there had been war between them.

"'Let the pig be killed for them,' said Mac Dáthó."

This celebrated pig had been fed for seven years on the milk of three score milch cows, and it was so huge that it took sixty men to draw it when slain. Its tail alone was a load for nine men.

"'The pig is good,' said Conor, king of Ulster.

"'It is good,' said Oilioll, king of Connacht."

Then there arose a difficulty about the dividing of the pig. As in the case of the "heroes' bit," the best warrior was to divide it. King Oilioll asked King Conor what they should do about it, when suddenly the mischievous, ill-minded Bricriu spoke from a chamber overhead and asked: "How should it be divided except by a contest of arms, seeing that all the valorous warriors of Connacht were there."

"'Let it be so,' said Oilioll.

"'We like it well,' said Conor, 'for we have lads in the house who have many a time gone round the border.'

"'There will be need of thy lads to-night, O Conor,' said a famous old warrior from Cruachna Conalath in the West. 'The roads of Luachra Dedad have often had their backs turned to them (as they fled). Many, too, the fat beeves they left with me.'

"'T was a fat beef thou leftest with me,' said Munremar mac Gerrcind, 'even thine own brother, Cruithne mac Ruaidlinde from Cruachna Conalath of Connacht.'

"'He was no better,' said Lewy mac Conroi, 'than Irloth, son of Fergus, son of Leite, who was left dead by Echbél, son of Dedad, at Tara Luachra.'

"'What sort of man do ye think,' said Celtchair mac Uthechair, 'was Conganchnes, son of (that same) Dedad, who was slain by myself, and me to strike the head off him?'

"Each of them brought up his exploits in the face of the other, till at last it came to one man who beat every one, even Cet mac Mágach of Connacht.

"He raised his prowess over the host, and took his knife in his

hand, and sat down by the pig. 'Now let there be found,' said he, 'among the men of Ireland one man to abide contest with me, or let me divide the pig.'

"There was not at that time found a warrior of Ulster to stand up to him, and great silence fell upon them.

"'Stop that for me, O Laeghaire [Leary],' said Conor, King of Ulster [*i.e.* 'Delay, if you can, Cet 's dividing the pig'].

"Said Leary, 'It shall not be—Cet to divide the pig before the face of us all!'

"'Wait a little, Leary,' said Cet, 'that thou mayest speak with me. For it is a custom with you men of Ulster that every youth among you who takes arms makes us his first goal. Thou, too, didst come to the border, and thus leftest charioteer and chariot and horses with me, and thou didst then escape with a lance through thee. Thou shalt not get at the pig in that manner!'

"Leary sat down upon his couch.

"'It shall not be,' said a tall, fair warrior of Ulster, coming out of his chamber above, 'that Cet divide the pig.'

"'Who is this?' said Cet.

"'A better warrior than thou,' say all, 'even Angus, son of Hand-wail of Ulster.'

"'Why is his father called Hand-wail?' said Cet.

"'We know not indeed,' say all.

"'But I know,' said Cet; 'once I went eastward (*i.e.* crossed the border into Ulster), an alarm-cry is raised around me, and Hand-wail came up with me, like every one else. He makes a cast of a large lance at me. I make a cast at him with the same lance, which struck off his hand, so that it was (*i.e.* fell) on the field before him. What brings the son of that man to stand up to me?' said Cet.

"Then Angus goes to his couch.

"'Still keep up the contest,' said Cet, 'or let me divide the pig.'

"'It is not right that thou divide it, O Cet,' said another tall, fair warrior of Ulster.

"'Who is this?' said Cet.

"'Owen Mór, son of Durthacht,' say all, 'King of Fernmag.'

"'I have seen him before,' said Cet.

"'Where hast thou seen me?' said Owen.

"'In front of thine own house when I took a drove of cattle from thee; the alarm cry was raised in the land around me, and thou didst meet me and didst cast a spear at me, so that it stood out of my shield. I cast the same spear at thee, which passed through thy head and struck thine eye out of thy head, and the men of Ireland see thee with one eye ever since.'

"He sat down in his seat after that.

"'Still keep up the contest, men of Ulster,' said Cet, 'or let me divide the pig.'

"'Thou shalt not divide it,' said Munremar, son of Gerrcind.

"'Is that Munremar?' said Cet.

"'It is he,' say the men of Ireland.

"'It was I who last cleaned my hands in thee, O Munremar,' said Cet; 'it is not three days yet since out of thine own land I

carried off three warriors' heads from thee, together with the head of thy first son.'

"Munremar sat down on his seat.

"'Still the contest,' said Cet, 'or I shall divide the pig.'

"'Verily thou shalt have it,' said a tall, gray, very terrible warrior of the men of Ulster.

"'Who is this?' said Cet.

"'That is Celtchair, son of Uithechair,' say all.

"'Wait a little, Celtchair,' said Cet, 'unless thou comest to strike me. I came, O Celtchair, to the front of thy house. The alarm was raised around me. Every one went after me. Thou comest like every one else, and going into a gap before me didst throw a spear at me. I threw another spear at thee, which went through thy loins, nor has either son or daughter been born to thee since.'

"After that Celtchair sat down on his seat.

"'Still the contest,' said Cet, 'or I shall divide the pig.'

"'Thou shalt have it,' said Mend, son of Sword-heel.

"'Who is this?' said Cet.

"'Mend,' say all.

"'What! deem you,' said Cet, 'that the sons of churls with nicknames should come to contend with me? for it was I was the priest, who christened thy father by that name, since it is I that cut off his heel, so that he carried but one heel away with him. What should bring the son of that man to contend with me?'

"Mend sat down in his seat.

"'Still the contest,' said Cet, 'or I shall divide the pig.'

"'Thou shalt have it,' said Cumscraidh, the stammerer of Macha, son of Conor.

"'Who is this?'

"'That is Cumscraidh,' say all.

"He is the makings of a king, so far as his figure goes. . . .

"'Well,' said Cet, 'thou madest thy first raid on us. We met on the border. Thou didst leave a third of thy people with me, and camest away with a spear through thy throat, so that no word comes rightly over thy lips, since the sinews of thy throat were wounded, so that Cumscraidh, the stammerer of Macha, is thy name ever since.'

"In that way he laid disgrace and a blow on the whole province.

"While he made ready with the pig and had his knife in his hand, they see Conall *Ceárnach* [the Victorious], coming towards them into the house. He sprang on to the floor of the house. The men of Ulster gave him great welcome. 'T was then [King] Conor threw his helmet from his head, and shook himself [for joy] in his own place. 'We are glad,' said Conall, 'that our portion is ready for us, and who divides for you?' said Conal.

"'One man of the men of Ireland has obtained by contest the dividing of it, to wit, Cet mac Mágach.'

"'Is that true, Cet?' said Conall, 'art thou dividing the pig?'"

There follows here an obscure dialogue in verse between the warriors.

"'Get up from the pig, Cet,' said Conall.

"'What brings thee to it?' said Cet.

"'Truly [for you] to seek contest from me,' said Conall, 'and I shall give you contest; I swear what my people swear since I [first] took spear and weapons, I have never been a day without having slain a Connachtman, nor a night without plundering, nor have I ever slept without the head of a Connachtman under my knee.'

"'It is true,' said Cet, 'thou art even a better warrior than I, but if Anluan mac Mágach [my brother] were in the house,' said Cet, 'he would match thee contest for contest, and it is a pity that he is not in the house this night.'

"'Aye, is he, though,' said Conall, taking the head of Anluan from his belt and throwing it at Cet's chest, so that a gush of blood broke over his lips. After that Conall sat down by the pig and Cet went from it.

"'Now let them come to the contest,' said Conall.

"Truly there was not then found among the men of Connacht a warrior to stand up to him in contest, for they were loath to be slain on the spot. The men of Ulster made a cover around him with their shields, for there was an evil custom in the house, the people of one side throwing stones at the other side. Then Conall proceeded to divide the pig, and he took the end of the tail in his mouth until he had finished dividing the pig."

The men of Connacht, as might be expected, were not pleased with their share. The rest of the piece recounts the battle that ensued both in the hostelry, whence "seven streams of blood burst through its seven doors," and outside in the close or *liss* after the hosts had burst through the doors, the death of the hound, the flight of Oilioll and Mève into Connacht, and the curious adventures of their charioteer.

THE DEATH OF ST. COLUMCILLE.

From 'A Literary History of Ireland.'

This was written by Adamnan, one of Columcille's successors in the Abbacy of Iona. The MS. from which it is taken was written in 713 and the account is either the work of an eye-witness or of one who had his knowledge from eye-witnesses.—[D. H.

"And," says Adamnan, "when Diarmuid his servant heard this he began to be sad, and said, 'Father, at this time of year you saddden us too often, because you speak frequently about your decease.' When the saint thus answered, 'I have a secret word to tell you, which if you

promise me faithfully not to make it known to any before my death, I shall be able to let you know more clearly about my departure.' And when his servant, on bended knees, had finished making this promise, the venerable man thus continued, 'This day is called in the sacred volumes the Sabbath, which is interpreted Rest. And this day is indeed to me a Sabbath, because it is my last of this present laborious life, in which, after the trouble of my toil, I take my rest; for in the middle of this coming sacred Sunday night, I shall, to use the Scripture phrase, tread the way of my fathers; for now my Lord Jesus Christ deigns to invite me, to whom, I say, at the middle of this night, on His own invitation, I shall pass over; for it was thus revealed to me by the Lord Himself.' His servant, hearing these sad words, begins to weep bitterly: whom the saint endeavored to console as much as he was able.

"After this the saint goes forth from the barn, and returning to the monastery sits down on the way, at the place where afterwards a cross let into a millstone, and to-day standing there, may be perceived on the brink of the road. And while the saint, wearied with old age, as I said before, sitting in that place was taking a rest, lo! the white horse, the obedient servant who used to carry the milk-vessels between the monastery and the byre, meets him. It, wonderful to relate, approached the saint and placing its head in his bosom, by the inspiration of God, as I believe, for whom every animal is wise with the measure of sense which his Creator has bidden, knowing that his master was about to immediately depart from him, and that he would see him no more, begins to lament and abundantly to pour forth tears, like a human being, into the saint's lap, and with beslavered mouth to make moan.

"Which when the servant saw, he proceeds to drive away the tearful mourner, but the saint stopped him, saying, 'Allow him, allow him who loves me, to pour his flood of bitterest tears into this my bosom. See, you, though you are a man and have a rational mind, could have in no way known about my departure if I had not myself lately disclosed it to you, but to this brute and irrational animal the Creator Himself, in his own way, has clearly revealed that his master is about to depart from him.' And saying this

he blessed the sorrowful horse (the monastery's) servant, as it turned away from him.

"And going forth from thence and ascending a small hill, which rose over the monastery, he stood for a little upon its summit, and as he stood, elevating both his palms, he blessed his community and said, 'Upon this place however narrow and mean, not only shall the kings of the Scots [*i.e.*, Irish] with their peoples, but also the rulers of foreign and barbarous nations with the people subject to them, confer great and no ordinary honor. By the saints of other churches also, shall no common respect be accorded it.'

"After these words, going down from the little hill and returning to the monastery, he sat in his cell writing a copy of the Psalms, and on reaching that verse of the thirty-third Psalm where it is written, 'But they that seek the Lord shall lack no thing that is good;' 'Here,' said he, 'we may close at the end of the page; let Baithin write what follows.' Well appropriate for the parting saint was the last verse which he had written, for to him shall good things eternal be never lacking, while to the father who succeeded him [Baithin], the teacher of his spiritual sons, the following [words] were particularly apposite, 'Come, my sons, hearken unto me. I shall teach you the fear of the Lord,' since as the departing one desired, he was his successor not only in teaching but also in writing.

"After writing the above verse and finishing the page, the saint enters the church for the vesper office preceding the Sunday; which finished, he returned to his little room, and rested for the night on his couch, where for mattress he had a bare flag, and for pillow a stone, which at this day stands as a kind of commemorative monument beside his tomb.[1] And there, sitting, he gives his last mandates to the brethren, in the hearing of his servant only, saying, 'These last words of mine I commend to you, O little children, that ye preserve a mutual charity with peace, and a charity not feigned amongst yourselves; and if ye observe to do this according to the example of the holy fathers, God, the comforter of the good, shall help you, and I, remaining with Him, shall make intercession for you, and not only the necessaries of this present life shall be suffi-

[1] It is still shown at the east end of the Cathedral in Iona, surrounded by an iron cage to keep off tourists.

ILLUMINATED ORNAMENTS AND INITIALS

From The Durrow Gospels. An Irish illuminated manuscript of the seventh century, now in Trinity College, Dublin


Euangelium secundum lucam
Quoniam quidem mul
ta conati sunt ordinare

ciently supplied you by Him, but also the reward of eternal good, prepared for the observers of things Divine, shall be rendered you.' Up to this point the last words of our venerable patron [when now] passing as it were from this wearisome pilgrimage to his heavenly country, have been briefly narrated.

"After which, his joyful last hour gradually approaching, the saint was silent. Then soon after, when the struck bell resounded in the middle of the night, quickly rising he goes to the church, and hastening more quickly than the others he enters alone, and with bent knees inclines beside the altar in prayer. His servant, Diarmuid, following more slowly, at the same moment beholds, from a distance, the whole church inside filled with angelic light round the saint; but as he approached the door this same light, which he had seen, swiftly vanished; which light a few others of the brethren, also standing at a distance, had seen. Diarmuid then entering the church, calls aloud with a voice choked with tears, 'Where art thou, Father?' And the lamps of the brethren not yet being brought, groping in the dark, he found the saint recumbent before the altar: raising him up a little, and sitting beside him, he placed the sacred head in his own bosom. And while this was happening a crowd of monks running up with lights, and seeing their father dying, begin to lament. And as we have learned from some who were there present, the saint, his soul not yet departing, with eyes upraised, looked round on each side, with a countenance of wondrous joy and gladness, as though beholding the holy angels coming to meet him. Diarmuid then raises up the saint's right hand to bless the band of monks. But the venerable father, himself, too, in so far as he was able, was moving his hand at the same time, so that he might appear to bless the brethren with the motion of his hand, what he could not do with his voice, during his soul's departure. And after thus signifying his sacred benediction, he straightway breathed forth his life. When it had gone forth from the tabernacle of his body, the countenance remained so long glowing and gladdened in a wonderful manner by the angelic vision, that it appeared not that of a dead man but of a living one sleeping. In the meantime the whole church resounded with sorrowful lamentations."

THE BATTLE OF DUNBOLG.

From 'The Story of Early Gaelic Literature.'

This is taken from the history called the Boru Tribute contained in the 'Book of Leinster,' a MS. of about the year 1150.—[D. H.

"'Let the very greatest of candles,' said the bishop, 'be dipped in the outer ditch of the rath, let twelve hundred teams, of twelve oxen each, be brought to the king; upon these teams let white creels be laid which shall hold a great number of warriors who shall be covered with straw, and over all let there be placed a real layer of provisions. Let a hundred and fifty unbroken horses be brought thee moreover, and let bags be fastened to their tails, for the purpose of stampeding the horse-herds of the King of Ireland, and let the bags be filled with pebbles. Let that great taper with the caldron round its head shading it, go before thee until thou gain the center of the High King's camp. In the meantime send the High King a message to say that to-night the provisions of Leinster will be supplied to him.'"

[The further movements of Brandubh, the Leinster king, are then described, and how he slew in single combat the chief over the stud of the High King. Then, continues the narrative, the Leinster king said:]

"'Can I get,' said he, 'a man to go spy out the encampment and the king, and who shall be there waiting for us till we arrive; and there shall be a certain fee for that—Heaven from Leinster's clerics, if he be killed, and if he escape his own land-district free to him, and a place at my table to himself and those who come after him.'

"'I'll go there,' said Rón Cerr, son of Dubánach, son of the King of Imale. 'Give me now,' said he, 'a calf's blood and some rye dough that they be rubbed over me. Give me, too, an ample cowl and wallet.' Thus was it done, so that he was like any leper. A wooden leg was given him, and he placed his knee into its cleft.

"In this guise he departed, and a sword beneath his dress, and came to the place where were the nobles of Erin in the door of the tent of Aedh mac Ainmireach the High King. They asked tidings of him, and 't was what he said

that he was after coming from Kill Bhélate. 'I went since morning,' said he, 'to Leinster's encampment and came back, and my hut and my quern, and my great spade, and my church were destroyed [in my absence].'

"'Twenty milch cows from me to pay for that,' said the King of Erin, 'if I escape out of this hosting; and do you go over now to you tent, and the place of nine men to you, and the tenth of my share, and the fragments of the household. What are the Leinstermen doing?' said the king.

"'They are preparing food for you, and ye never got food ye shall be more satiated with! They are boiling their swine and their beeves and their fat-hogs.'

"'Curse on them for it,' cried the men of the race of Owen and Conall.

"'Two warrior's eyes in the leper's head is what I see,' said the king.

"'Woe to you and to your confidence in holding the kingship of Erin, if it be at my eyes that fear comes on you!'

"'Not so at all,' said the king, 'but let one go now for Dubhdún, King of Oriel.'

"Thereafter Dubhdún arrived, and the King of Erin said to him, 'Go,' said the King of Erin, 'and Oriel's battalion with thee to the foot of Aifé southward, and to the *cruadabhall*[1] and keep watch there that Leinster make no camp-assault upon us.' They accordingly proceeded as Aedh the High King ordered them."

[After a good deal of matter bearing on the High King's past history, the narrative returns to Brandubh and the Leinstermen in the following terms :]

"Now about Brandubh; his horse-herds and ox-teams are shouted at, and he drew up his battalions and he marched forward with the darkness of night until the men of Oriel heard the trot-trot and the roar of the great host, and the snorting of the horse-herds, and the puffing of the oxen under the wagons. The men of Oriel rose up under arms. 'Who is here?' said the men of Oriel.

"'Easy told,' was the answer, 'the gillies of Leinster with food for the King of Erin.'

"The men of Oriel rose up, and the hand that each man

[1] *Cruadabhall*, the rock of Dabhill.

would put down, he would find either a pig or a beef under it. 'It 's true for them,' said the King of Oriel, 'let them pass by.' 'Let us go too,' said the men of Oriel, 'let not our share of the victuals be forgotten.' The men of Oriel accordingly proceeded to their encampment huts.

"The men of Leinster went on to 'the hill of the candle' in the very middle of the King of Erin's camp, and there they take the caldron from about the candle.

"'What light is that I see?' said the king.

"'Easy told,' said the leper, 'it 's the arrival of the provisions.'

"The leper arose, knocked off his wooden leg, and reached his hand to his sword. Their loads were taken off the ox-teams and the horses were let loose amongst the steeds of the Men of Erin, so that they went into a stampede and broke down both huts and tents of the men of Erin. The Leinstermen rose up out of their baskets like a deluging river over cliffs, in their grasp their sword-hilts, by their straps their shields, on their sides their mail.

"'Who is here?' cried the men of Clan Conall and Clan Owen.

"'The dealers out of the food,' said the leper.

"'God bless us,' said each man, 'why, they are a multitude!'

"Up rose the men of Clan Conall and Clan Owen, and though they did, they were like hands thrust into a nest of serpents. A pen of spears and shields were made by them round the King of Erin, and he was forced on his steed and carried by them to the 'Gap of Shield.' The shields of the men of Erin were cast away by them and abandoned at the mouth of that gap [and hence its name]. Rón Cerr [the pretended leper] makes a rush at the King of Erin, and kills nine men in his efforts to get at him. Then Dubhdún, King of Oriel, came between them, and he and Rón Cerr fight, and Dubhdún falls by him. Rón Cerr again makes an assault on the King of Erin, and Fergus, son of Flaithri, King of Tulach Óg, comes between them, and Fergus falls by Rón Cerr. After that Rón Cerr again makes a rush for the king and seizes him by the leg and drags him down towards him from off his horse, and takes his head off him on the 'flag of bone-bruising.' Then he seizes his wallet and pours the food-scraps out of it and puts the

head into it, and gets him away secretly to the mountain plains and remains there till morning.

"Howsoever, Leinster follows after Conn's half [*i.e.*, the Northerns] and makes a red-killing of them. On the morrow each arrived after slaughter and triumphs to the spot where Brandubh was, and Rón Cerr, too, comes and lays down before him the head of Aedh mac Ainmireach, the High King of Ireland. So that is the battle of Bolgdún fought for the Boru tribute. In that battle Bec mac Cuanach was slain."

HARD-GUM, STRONG-HAM, SWIFT-FOOT, AND THE EYELESS LAD.

From the Irish of the 'Sgueluidhe Gaodhalach.'

In the ancient times long ago, there was an old woman living in a little village near to Loch Mask. She was for years married without having any children. One evening she went to get a cruiskeen of water from a little well that was at the foot of a bush at the side of the road near the house. When she had her cruiskeen filled, she saw an old woman seated on a branch of the bush, and she a-combing her head over the well.

"Well, indeed," says Maurya Rua—that was the woman's name—"you ought to find some other place for combing your head, and not be dirtying the well."

"Maurya," says the old woman, "I did that to knock talk out of you, I am long seeking talk with you."

"What have you to say to me?" says Maurya Rua.

"You are long married without having any children, and yourself and your husband are old, and perhaps you would like to have children."

"There is nothing in the world I would like better," says Maurya Rua nee Keerwaun (Red Mary Kerwan).

"Nine months from to-day," says the old woman, "you will have children, and they will make the world wonder, but do not tell any one that you saw me."

A woman finds it difficult to keep a secret, but Maurya Rua kept this secret, though it was little but she burst with it.

At the end of nine months sickness came upon her, and at the same time Dermot, her husband, took a pain in his heart and fell dead; but Maurya did not hear the news of the death of Dermot, for she was too ill, and the women who were attending her were afraid that the evil news would prey on her.

About the middle of the night the attendant women heard a great cry, and they ran out to see what was the cause of the cry. They did not see anything, and when they came back Maurya Rua had four sons. There was great wonder on the attendant women, and on every one who was in the little village; but when the women went to wash the infants there was still more wonder on them. They thought at first that one of them was without eyes, but they soon saw that he had one little eye in the back of his head, and no eye at all in his face.

The brothers grew up, but in the gums of one of them there grew no teeth, but his gums were as hard as iron, and the people called him Corbad-cru-ee, or Hard-Gum. There was another man of them was so swift-footed that he never left a hare round the place but he caught, and the people called him Cuss-lua, or Swift-Foot. As for the third brother, he had a ham so strong that he could throw down a stone wall with a blow of it, and the people called him Isgad-Loidher, or Strong-Ham. Those were the names that Maurya Rua's four children had, Hard-Gum, Swift-Foot, Strong-Ham, and the Eyeless Lad.

At this time bloody Thomas de Burgo, or Burke, was living in a castle on Loch Mask, and it is certain that he had a power of enchantment, and that he killed a good many of the nobility of the country.

One day Bloody Thomas and his two brothers were coming through the little village in which Maurya Rua lived, and he saw the four brothers.

"What 's your name, my boy?" said he.

"Strong-Gum," says the boy.

"Why was that name given you?" said Bloody Thomas.

"Because no tooth ever grew in my gums, and they are as hard as iron," says the boy.

"Try if you can break my stick with your gums," said Bloody Thomas to him, and he handed him his stick.

Strong-Gum put the stick in his mouth and bit a piece

off it. He bit piece after piece off it, till he had twenty pieces made of the stick.

"By my conscience," said Bloody Thomas, "it is no lie to call you Hard-Gum. What 's your name," said he then to the second boy.

"Strong-Ham," said he.

"And why was that name given you, my son?" said he.

"Because I can throw down a stone wall with a blow of my thigh," said the boy.

"Try if you can throw down that wall on the side of the road," said Bloody Thomas.

"I can, easy," said the boy, "but if I were to throw it down my mother would beat me."

"I 'll go bail to you that she won't lay a hand on you," said Bloody Thomas.

He went up to the wall then, and gave it a blow of his thigh, which knocked down more than a perch of it.

"By my word it 's no lie to call you Strong-Ham," said Bloody Thomas. Then he asked the third boy what name was on him.

"Swift-Foot," says the boy.

"Why did you get that name?"

"Because there is not a hare within twenty miles of you that I would not catch."

"Could you run against my horse?" said Bloody Thomas.

"I could, and I wouldn't be long leaving him behind," said Swift-Foot.

"We 'll see that," said he. "It 's a mile to the cross-roads, and if you go there and back before I do, I 'll give you seven acres of land without rent during your life, and if I 'm back before you, I 'll be beating you till I 'm tired."

"It 's a bargain," says Swift-Foot.

Off they went in their full[1] race, but Swift-Foot was at the cross-roads before Bloody Thomas was half way. When he came up with Swift-Foot, he said, "You have won the bet; we 'll walk back." When they came back, he asked the other lad what name was on him.

"The Eyeless Lad," said he. "Don't you see that I have no eyes like any other person? but I have a small little

[1] Literally "old race." Compare the Shakespearean use of the word "old."

sharp eye of my own at the back of my head, and I can see the thing that 's twenty miles away with it. I see a man drowning now on the brink of the Loch."

"Perhaps I might be in time to save him," says Swift-Foot, and off and away with him, and as sure as you 're alive he was in time to save that man.

One day there were a number of gentlemen at the castle of Loch Mask, and they were to have a hunt. Bloody Thomas sent word to Hard-Gum, Strong-Ham, Swift-Foot, and the Eyeless Lad, and told them to come to the castle, that they would have a great hunt that day. They told their mother the invitation they had got from Bloody Thomas. "Go to the hunt," said she, "but don't remain over night in the castle, and the Eyeless Lad ought to stop at home."

"By my soul, then, I won't stop at home," said the lad, "unless the others stop with me."

In the morning on the morrow the four went to the castle, and all the gentlemen were in front of the castle, a-riding, and ready to begin the hunting. It was not long until the fox was loosed out, and after it went the men of the hunt. Bloody Thomas came to Swift-Foot, and said to him, "Keep as near me as you can, and turn the fox to me when I give you the sign." Then he went after the fox and Swift-Foot beside him, and it was not long till they came up with the others. The fox was going forward and the hounds tightening him, until he came to a stone wall that was round an old church; he went over the wall of a leap, and neither hounds nor horses were able to follow him. They all stood at the wall. "Where 's Strong-Ham?" said Bloody Thomas. "I 'm near you," says he. "Throw down this wall," said Bloody Thomas. He gave the wall a blow, and he threw seven perches of it to the ground. There was wonder on the men of the hunt, but they had no time to talk, for the fox was gone a long way before them, and when they went into the old churchyard they were not able to get a sight of the fox, and the hounds lost the scent.

"I 'd give gold and silver," said a rich lord who was present, "if I knew which side that sly fox is gone."

"I was on the top of a hill, and I saw him going into a hole at the foot of a rock," said the Eyeless Lad.

"We'll soon put him out," says Swift-Foot, and the four brothers went out before the hunt, till they came as far as the hole, but they could get no sight of the fox. Strong-Ham struck a stroke on the rock, but it was so fast in the ground that he could not move it. Hard-Gum came forward and got hold of the rock in his gums, and drew it up out of the ground. Out with the fox then. He faced for the castle, and the huntsmen and hounds after him; but they lost him again, for he went into a hole that was under that castle, and nobody knew the end of that hole. This put an end to the hunt for that day, and the rich lord called the brothers and gave them gold and silver for the work they had done. They came home in the evening and told their mother the good day's work they did. "Yes," said the Eyeless Lad, "but only that I was with you, ye would have neither gold nor silver."

One day, a short time after this hunt, the Eyeless Lad went to Doon-Shee (the Fairy Fortress) to pick blackberries for himself. An eagle came out of the fortress, and said to him, "How are you, Eyeless Lad?"

"I am well, and may he be in health who asks."

"Is there anything that I could do for you?"

"No indeed," said he, "and thank you."

"Come," says the eagle, "and pull a quill out of my left wing, and you can change anything at all with a blow of it; you can make a goat of a horse, or anything else you like."

"Thank you," said he, "the priest gave me a blow of his whip yesterday, and I 'll play him a trick as soon as I get an opportunity."

He drew out the quill, and came home. His mother had an old goat, and he said to her, "Mother," said he, "wouldn't you sooner have a cow than that nasty old goat?"

"I would indeed, a-vic, but where's the cow to be got?"

"I 'll make an exchange without delay," says he.

He took the old goat out to the back of the garden, struck a blow of the quill on her, and said, "Be a fine milch cow." No sooner did he say the word than he saw before him in place of an old goat, a fine cow. He drove

her in to his mother, and said, "Look, mother, wasn't it a good exchange I made?"

"Make a fool of some one else," said his mother, "drive out that cow."

"By my soul, I 'm not humbugging, the cow is your own."

"Musha! and who is the fool who made the exchange with you?"

"Isn't it all one to you," said he, "if I got the cow honestly?"

The next day the Eyeless Lad was out, and he saw the priest coming to a sick man. There was a soft narrow boreen going down to the house of the sick man, and he was not able to bring down his horse with him, so he hung the bridle over the branch of a little tree, and left the horse there. The Eyeless Lad was watching, and when he got the priest gone, he struck a blow of the quill on the horse, and said, "Be a big ugly ram with long horns on you." No sooner was the word out of his mouth than he saw the big ram in place of the horse. He went away, laughing and saying, "Maybe I 'm even with you now for your blow."

When the priest was ready (*i. e.* done) with the sick man, he came to the bottom of the boreen, and what should he see in place of his fine horse but a big ugly ram, and a saddle and bridle on it. There was very great anger on the priest. He gave the ram a blow of his whip. The ram faced for the lake, and when it came to the lake it gave a leap on to a little island in the lake. Years after that the ram was to be seen every day walking up and down on the island. The "Ram's Island" was given as a name to the island, and it has the same name still.

The brothers went on very well until the mother died. The night she died every one in the village heard the banshee crying mournfully, but they paid it no heed, for she was accustomed to keen on the night of a person's death.

They buried the mother decently. There was a great deal of talk at that time about eels that used to come out of the lake, they said, to eat the bodies. The evening after burying the mother, the brothers were in the house by themselves, sorrowful enough, when an old woman came in and said, "Are ye going to watch your mother's grave

to-night, and not let the eels eat her before she 's cold? "

" We 're going there," said they.

When the darkness of the night came, the brothers went to the graveyard and sat down near the tomb of their mother. They were talking and conversing until it was far in the night, without hearing anything, and they were thinking of going home, when they heard a noise in the long grass near them. It was the eels who were in it. They came as far as the grave of Maurya Rua, and began boring a hole to eat the body. The brothers jumped up. Strong-Ham gave a blow of his thigh to one of them that made two halves of it. Hard Gum caught a hold of another and made two halves of it, but as quickly as the brothers would make halves of them, they would be fastened together again. The brothers fought through the night, but, my grief! the eels got the strong hand of them, and when they were out-and-out beaten, the eels wound themselves round them, and drew them into the lake with them, and under water.

They were taken to a castle beneath the lake, and put under enchantment. There was made a messenger of Swift-Foot, two fighting-men of Strong-Ham and Hard-Gum, and there was made of the Eyeless Lad the best piper that was ever listened to.

Many is the time people heard him playing melodious music in the lake since then, but they could not come near him.

It was Bloody Thomas that was the cause of the death of the brothers, because he knew well that the eels used to come to eat the bodies, and it was he who sent the old woman to the brothers to tell them to keep watch at their mother's grave. But he himself got a sudden death afterwards on account of it.

JOHN OF THE TWO SHEEP.

From the Irish of the 'Sgueluidhe Gaodhalach.'

In the olden time there were little wizard men and Leprahauns to be found in Ireland, but the cursed foreigners banished them, and the country's luck went with them.

There is plenty of gold and silver under the ground in Ireland since the time of the Danes, but no one knows now where to find them, but the Leprahauns knew well long ago what place to find them in, and it 's many 's the man they left rich.

At that time there was a young man named John O'Sullivan living in Turlochmór, near Castlebar, in the County Mayo. He was brought up in his grandmother's house, for his father and mother died when he was a year old. When he was ten years old he was a handy boy and useful to his grandmother, and she was very fond of him. He used to be out every day taking care of the cows and the sheep, and she promised him, if he would be a good boy, she would leave him two sheep when she 'd be dying. In the morning, the next day, John went through the village and told every one, young and old, that he would have two sheep when his grandmother died. From that out the people gave him no other name than "John of the Two Sheep," and he would answer to that name as well as to his own.

It was well, and it was not ill. When John was fifteen years old his grandmother died and left him two sheep, a ewe and a wether. They were only six months old, and there was not a nice grassy field within a mile that John would not bring his two sheep, and that he would not put them on pasture in it. If there was a high ditch between him and the field he would carry a sheep under each armpit, and would bring them over the ditch. The people took no heed of anything that John would do, for they thought it was a fool that was in it; but it was an "iron fool" he was.

One day John was driving a lazy ass, and when it would not walk quickly for him he began beating it with a big stick he had. It chanced that there was a priest going the way, and he said, "It 's a great sin for you, John, to beat the poor ass so sorely. The ass is a blessed beast. Don't you see the sign of the cross on its back, and it 's on an ass your Saviour went riding going into Jerusalem?"

"Upon my soul," said John, "if it was on this lazy thief He was riding the sorra sight He 'd ever have seen of Jerusalem!"

"May God help you, you senseless lad," says the priest.

"Our Saviour is able to do everything, and if we seek anything from Him He will do it for us."

"I don't believe a word of what you say," says John. "The people say you are a holy man, but I 'll wager my two sheep now against twenty 'thirteens' that if you go riding on this lazy thief you won't be at the cross roads before sunset this evening without striking a stroke on him, and it 's only a short mile to the cross roads."

The priest was a pleasant man, and he said—"I 'll make the bet with you, John;" and he went riding on the ass, and he faced the ass for the cross roads.

He was stroking the ass' neck and coaxing him to hasten him, but the ass was hardly putting one foot before the other; a snail would go as quickly as it.

The people were coming out of the houses on each side of the road, laughing at the priest and John. John was out before the priest, clapping his hands as hard as he was able. There was a tuft of thistles on the side of the road, and the ass began eating it, and he would not stir till he had eaten enough, and then, itself, instead of walking, he lay down, and it 's little but he broke the priest's foot under him.

"If you don't make great haste," says John, "I have gained the wager. You are two hours on the road, and you are not half way yet."

"There be's luck on a fool," says the priest, "and here is your bet for you. There is more sense in your head than I thought. Go out of my sight, yourself and your ass, and don't come near me any more."

John leapt on the ass, began leathering him with the stick, and off and away with him. John was merry enough at the way he played on the priest.

That evening John took the two sheep home with him as usual, and put them in shelter under the gable of the house and went to sleep himself. The wolf came in the night when he was asleep and killed the wether and left it there.

When John went out in the morning he found the wether dead, and he cried more after it than he cried after his grandmother. When he was tired crying he went to the ewe and said to her—"Ara, you poor creature, isn't there grief on you your consort to be dead, and without one of

his race alive but yourself?" When he spoke like that to her what did she do but sit up on her hind quarters. She looked round and said with the voice of a human being—

"Be patient and the wether will come to life again if you take my advice. Don't tell any living person that your wether is dead. Go to the town and buy a sheep's skin with the wool on it. The wolf will come in pursuit of me to-night, but you will be beside me and the sheep's skin on you, and your sharp knife in your right hand, and when he 'll make an attempt at me put your knife to the heart in him and he will fall dead. Then take out the heart and rub it on your wether's tongue and he will come to life as well as ever. And another thing: there is a purse of gold in the middle of the wolf's stomach, and it will never be empty, but if you tell your secret to any person alive, yourself and myself and the wether will be lost for ever."

"Love of my heart, you are," says John. "I 'll do everything as you tell me, but was it not long till you spoke to me, and we alone since my grandmother died—the blessing of God with her soul?" He was not able to say more, for the ewe spoke—

"Cease speaking, it 's your grandmother that 's talking to you, and it 's your grandfather who is the wether that is stretched dead at the gable of the house. There is wonder on you to see us in the form of two sheep, but you won't wonder when you hear the story. When your mother was dying she left it a charge on us to take care of you, whether we were alive or dead, till you should be twenty-one years old, and we promised her that. When we went into the presence of the Great Judge we were sent back in this form to fulfill our promise."

"I 'm thankful to you," says John, "and I 'll do everything as you say, and as for the secret you 'll see I 'll keep it, though people think I am a fool."

John went to the town, bought the skin and came home; he gave lots of hay to the ewe, and when the darkness of night came he put the skin about himself and stretched himself beside the gable of the house.

"You 'll be perished with the cold before the wolf comes," says the ewe, "sit inside by the fire till you hear a maa, maa, from me."

He went in, put down a fire, and sat down himself, think-

ing over everything that happened to him. Sleep was coming on him when he heard "Maa, maa," from the ewe, and out with him.

"Make haste," says she, "he is coming."

John threw the skin over himself, and lay down beside the gable of the house. It was not long till the wolf came, but when he thought to get a grip of the ewe, John gave him a thrust, so that he sent the knife through his heart, and he fell dead. He opened its stomach then, and took out the heart, and rubbed it on the wether's tongue, and the wether rose up as well as ever he was.

When the wether and the ewe were kissing each other, John searched and found the purse of gold. That purse was more valuable than the whole of the County Mayo, for it would never be empty.

There was a long conversation between John and the two sheep. The ewe told him she would have two lambs every year, and there would not be a single lamb in the fair half as good as them. "If any one inquires of you what father they had, say you do not know. Go to your bed now, and to-morrow morning you can tell the neighbors that you killed the wolf that came spying on your two sheep, and that was making a great slaughter on the sheep of the country. You will get great praise, especially from the priest, for he killed many lambs on him. I will not have any other conversation with you till you want my advice."

"I have a couple of words to say to him," says the wether. "The wolf was Paddy Eamoin (*i. e.* Paddy, son of Ned); you remember that he was hung seven years ago for killing Phelim MacGrive, and for stealing his share of sheep. When he went into the presence of the Great Judge he was put back on this world in form of a wolf for seven years, and now he is found in the middle of Lough Derg in form of a monster and he will be in it till the end of the world."

"I remember him well," says John; "it 's little, but he took the ear off me one day when I went to look for a nest on his ground." "Go to sleep now, I have no other word to say," says the wether.

On the morrow, early, John put the two sheep into a field of green grass and then went to the priest's house and

told him that he had killed the wolf the night before. The priest did not believe him, and said:

"Go home, you rascal; I got enough of humbug from yourself and your ass a short time ago."

"Upon my soul I 'm telling the clean truth; my two sheep were in the shelter of the gable of the house, and he came spying on them, when I put my knife to the heart in him, and I did not leave an entrail in his stomach that is not thrown on the ground now near the gable of the house."

"I will be going that way in an hour or two," says the priest, "and if you are telling me a lie I 'll break every bone in your body."

John went through the villages, and he told them the story; some of them believed him but some others of them doubted. Some of them came with him to the house, and they saw the dead wolf and it was not long till there were plenty of tongues wagging, praising John of the two sheep. When the priest came he said—"I grant you forgiveness for the humbugging trick of the ass, and here is a piece of yellow gold for you."

"I don't want gold nor silver, give it to the poor of the parish; my grandmother left me a share of gold and silver."

"Give me your hand; upon my word it 's a manly boy you are," says the priest, and he shook hands with him, and said to the people who were present, "We ought to have great respect for John, he did great good in the parish when he killed that destructive thief. Make a hole and bury him in it."

The first day of the first month in spring (Feb. 1) John's ewe had two lambs, and no man in Ireland ever saw a lamb that was one half as fine as them. There was wool on them that was half a foot long, and it as fine as the finest silk. When they were six months old he took them to the fair and there was not a man who saw them was not making inquiry "where were they from?" John said he had the ewe at home himself. There was not a farmer or a sheep-knight [1] within twenty miles that did not come to have a sight of John's ewe, and they

[1] A man who has brought 1,000 sheep into the fair of Ballinasloe is a "rudaire caorach," or "knight of sheep."

were ready to give any money for her, but John would not sell her.

Every year after that the ewe used to have two lambs, but they were all female lambs, and the farmers were greatly grieved on account of that.

John went on well for five years; he used to get a big price for the lambs every year, and he bought a little farm every year, and he had plenty of land when he was twenty years old, and there was not a young girl within twenty miles of him who was not in love with him. But a great change came on John. The evening before he was twenty-one years of age the ewe said to him: "You will be twenty-one years to-morrow, and the care of you won't be on me or on your grandfather any longer; the promise we gave is fulfilled, and we will go to eternal rest. To-morrow morning you will find us dead at the gable of the house; make a deep hole, and cover us in it."

There was great grief on John, and he said, "I would like to go with you, my heart will break with grief and loneliness."

"You cannot go with us," says the ewe, "your worldly time is not spent; there are long years before you yet."

That evening John took the two sheep home with him, and put them under the shelter of the gable of the house, but he did not sleep a wink. In the morning early he went out, and found the two sheep dead. He made a big deep hole, and covered them in it.

"Now," says he to himself, "I am twenty-one years of age to-day, and I 'll have a drink of whisky on that account, and to banish my grief."

He went to the town, and he bought a flask of whisky, and came home. He began drinking, and it was not long till he was blind drunk. A neighbor came to him, and began talking to him, and he let out the secret of the two sheep. The story went from mouth to mouth till every-one in the parish had it.

In the morning the purse of gold was gone from him, and he did not stop the drink till he spent every penny he had, and after that he used to be going from village to village like a half fool, seeking something to eat.

Now, was it a wise man or a fool that he was?

NEIL O'CARREE.

From 'Beside the Fire.'

There was no nicety about him. He said to his wife that he would go to the forge to get a doctoring instrument. He went to the forge the next day. "Where are you going to to-day?" said the smith. "I am going till you make me an instrument for doctoring." "What is the instrument I shall make you?" "Make a *crumskeen* and a *galskeen*" (crooked knife and white knife). The smith made that for him. He came home.

When the day came—the day on the morrow—Neil O'Carree rose up. He made ready to be going as a doctor. He went. He was walking away. A red lad met him on the side of the high road. He saluted Neil O'Carree; Neil saluted him. "Where are you going?" says the red man. "I am going till I be my (*i. e.*, a) doctor." "It 's a good trade," says the red man, "'t were best for you to hire me." "What 's the wages you 'll be looking for?" says Neil. "Half of what we shall earn till we shall be back again on this ground." "I 'll give you that," says Neil. The couple walked on.

"There 's a king 's daughter," says the red man, "with the (*i. e.*, near to) death; we will go as far as her, till we see will we heal her." They went as far as the gate. The porter came to them. He asked them where were they going. They said that it was coming to look at the king's daughter they were, to see would they do her good. The king desired to let them in. They went in.

They went to the place where the girl was lying. The red man went and took hold of her pulse. He said that if his master should get the price of his labor he would heal her. The king said that he would give his master whatever he should award himself. He said, "if he had the room to himself and his master, that it would be better." The king said he should have it.

He desired to bring down to him a skillet (little pot) of water. He put the skillet on the fire. He asked Neil O'Carree: "Where is the doctoring instrument?" "Here they are," says Neil, "a crumskeen and a galskeen."

He put the crumskeen on the neck of the girl. He took

the head off her. He drew a green herb out of his pocket. He rubbed it to the neck. There did not come one drop of blood. He threw the head into the skillet. He knocked a boil out of it. He seized hold on the two ears. He took it out of the skillet. He struck it down on the neck. The head stuck as well as ever it was. "How do you feel yourself now?" "I am as well as ever I was," said the king's daughter.

The big man shouted. The king came down. There was great joy on him. He would not let them go away for three days. When they were going he brought down a bag of money. He poured it out on the table. He asked of Neil O'Carree had he enough there. Neil said he had, and more than enough, that they would take but the half. The king desired them not to spare the money.

"There 's the daughter of another king waiting for us to go and look at her." They bade farewell to the king and they went there.

They went looking at her. They went to the place where she was lying, looking at her in her bed, and it was the same way this one was healed. The king was grateful, and he said he did not mind how much money Neil should take of him. He gave him three hundred pounds of money. They went then, drawing on home. "There 's a king's son in such and such a place," said the red man, "but we won't go to him, we will go home with what we have."

They were drawing on home. The king (had) bestowed half a score of heifers on them, to bring home with them. They were walking away. When they were in the place where Neil O'Carree hired the red man, "I think," says the red man, "that this is the place I met you the first time." "I think it is," says Neil O'Carree. "Musha, how shall we divide the money?" "Two halves," says the red man, "that 's the bargain was in it." "I think it a great deal to give you a half," says Neil O'Carree, "a third is big enough for you; I have a crumskeen and a galskeen (says Neil) and you have nothing." "I won't take anything," said the red man, "unless I get the half." They fell out about the money. The red man went and he left him.

Neil O'Carree was drawing home, riding on his beast.

He was driving his share of cattle. The day came hot. The cattle went capering backwards and forwards. Neil O'Carree was controlling them. When he would have one or two caught the rest would be off when he used to come back. He tied his garrawn (gelding) to a bit of a tree. He was a-catching the cattle. At the last they were all off and away. He did not know where they went. He returned back to the place where he left his garrawn and his money. Neither the garrawn nor the money were to be got. He did not know then what he should do. He thought he would go to the house of the king whose son was ill.

He went along, drawing towards the house of the king. He went looking on the lad in the place where he was lying. He took a hold of his pulse. He said he thought he would heal him. "If you heal him," said the king, "I will give you three hundred pounds." "If I were to get the room to myself, for a little," says he. The king said that he should get that. He called down for a skillet of water. He put the skillet on the fire. He drew his crumskeen. He went to take the head off him as he saw the red man a-doing. He was a-sawing at the head, and it did not come with him to cut it off the neck. The blood was coming. He took the head off him at last. He threw it into the skillet. He knocked a boil out of it. When he considered the head to be boiled enough he made an attempt on the skillet.

He got a hold of the two ears. The head fell in *gliggar* (a gurgling mass?), and the two ears came with him. The blood was coming greatly. It was going down, and out of the door of the room. When the king saw it going down he knew that his son was dead. He desired to open the door. Neil O'Carree would not open the door. They broke the door. The man was dead. The floor was full of blood. They seized Neil O'Carree. He was to hang the next day. They gathered a guard till they should carry him to the place where he was to hang. They went the next day with him. They were walking away, drawing towards the tree where he should be hanged. They stopped his screaming. They see a man stripped making a running race. When they saw him there was a fog of water round him with all he was running. When he came as far as

them (he cried), "What are ye doing to my master?" "If this man is your master, deny him, or you 'll get the same treatment." "It 's I that it 's right should suffer; it 's I who made the delay. He sent me for medicine, and I did not come in time; loose my master, perhaps we would heal the king's son yet."

They loosed him. They came to the king's house. The red man went to the place where the dead man was. He began gathering the bones that were in the skillet. He gathered them all but only the two ears.

"What did you do with the ears?"

"I don't know," said Neil O'Carree, "I was so much frightened."

The red man got the ears. He put them all together. He drew a green herb out of his pocket. He rubbed it round on the head. The skin grew on it, and the hair, as well as ever it was. He put the head in the skillet then. He knocked a boil out of it. He put the head back on the neck as well as ever it was. The king's son rose up in the bed.

"How are you now?" says the red man.

"I am well," says the king's son, "but that I 'm weak."

The red man shouted again for the king. There was great joy on the king when he saw his son alive. They spent that night pleasantly.

The next day when they were going away, the king counted out three hundred pounds. He gave it to Neil O'Carree. He said to Neil that if he had not enough he would give him more. Neil O'Carree said he had enough, and that he would not take a penny more. He bade farewell and left his blessing, and struck out, drawing towards home.

When they saw that they were come to the place where they fell out with one another, "I think," says the red man, "that this is the place where we differed before." "It is, exactly," said Neil O'Carree. They sat down and they divided the money. He gave a half to the red man, and he kept another half himself. The red man bade him farewell, and he went. He was walking away for a while. He returned back. "I am here back again," said the red man. "I took another thought, to leave all your share of money with yourself. You yourself were

open-handed. Do you mind the day you were going by past the churchyard? There were four inside in the churchyard, and a body with them in a coffin. There were a pair of them seeking to bury the body.

"There were debts on the body (*i. e.*, it owed debts). The two men who had the debts on it (*i.e.*, to whom it owed the debts), they were not satisfied for the body to be buried. They were arguing. You were listening to them. You went in. You asked how much they had on the body (*i.e.*, how were they owed by the body). The two men said that they had a pound on the body, and that they were not willing the body to be buried, until the people who were carrying it would promise to pay a portion of the debts. You said, 'I have ten shillings, and I 'll give it to ye, and let the body be buried.' You gave the ten shillings, and the corpse was buried. It 's I who was in the coffin that day. When I saw you going a-doctoring, I knew that you would not do the business. When I saw you in a hobble, I came to you to save you. I bestow the money on you all entirely. You shall not see me until the last day, go home now. Don't do a single day's doctoring as long as you 'll be alive. It 's short you 'll walk until you get your share of cattle and your garrawn."

Neil went, drawing towards home. Not far did he walk till his share of cattle and his nag met him. He went home and the whole with him. There is not a single day since that himself and his wife are not thriving on it.

I got the ford, they the stepping stones. They were drowned, and I came safe.

THE HAGS OF THE LONG TEETH.

From 'Beside the Fire.'

Long ago, in the old time, there came a party of gentlemen from Dublin to Loch Glynn a-hunting and a-fishing. They put up in the priest's house, as there was no inn in the little village.

The first day they went a-hunting, they went into the

wood of Driminuch, and it was not long till they routed a hare. They fired many a ball after him, but they could not bring him down. They followed him till they saw him going into a little house in the wood.

When they came to the door, they saw a great black dog, and he would not let them in.

"Put a ball through the beggar," said a man of them. He let fly a ball, but the dog caught it in his mouth, chewed it and flung it on the ground. They fired another ball, and another, but the dog did the same thing with them. Then he began barking as loud as he could, and it was not long till there came out a hag, and every tooth in her head as long as the tongs. "What are you doing to my pup?" says the hag.

"A hare went into your house, and this dog won't let us in after him," says a man of the hunters.

"Lie down, pup," said the hag. Then she said: "Ye can come in if ye wish." The hunters were afraid to go in, but a man of them asked: "Is there any person in the house with you?"

"There are six sisters," said the old woman. "We should like to see them," said the hunter. No sooner had he said the word than the six old women came out, and each of them with teeth as long as the other. Such a sight the hunters had never seen before.

They went through the wood then, and they saw seven vultures on one tree, and they screeching. The hunters began cracking balls after them, but if they were in it ever since they would never bring down one of them.

There came a gray old man to them and said: "Those are the hags of the long tooth that are living in the little house over there. Do ye not know that they are under enchantment? They are there these hundreds of years, and they have a dog that never lets in any one to the little house. They have a castle under the lake, and it is often the people saw them making seven swans of themselves, and going into the lake."

When the hunters came home that evening they told everything they heard and saw to the priest, but he did not believe the story.

On the day on the morrow, the priest went with the hunters, and when they came near the little house they

saw the big black dog at the door. The priest put his conveniences for blessing under his neck, and drew out a book and began reading prayers. The big dog began barking loudly. The hags came out, and when they saw the priest they let a screech out of them that was heard in every part of Ireland. When the priest was a while reading, the hags made vultures of themselves and flew up into a big tree that was over the house.

The priest began pressing in on the dog until he was within a couple of feet of him.

The dog gave a leap up, struck the priest with its four feet and put him head over heels.

When the hunters took him up he was deaf and dumb, and the dog did not move from the door.

They brought the priest home and sent for the bishop. When he came and heard the story there was great grief on him. The people gathered together and asked of him to banish the hags of enchantment out of the wood. There was fright and shame on him, and he did not know what he would do, but he said to them: "I have no means of banishing them till I go home, but I will come at the end of a month and banish them."

The priest was too badly hurt to say anything. The big black dog was father of the hags, and his name was Dermod O'Muloony. His own son killed him, because he found him with his wife the day after their marriage, and killed his sisters for fear they should tell on him.

One night the bishop was in his chamber asleep, when one of the hags of the long tooth opened the door and came in. When the bishop wakened up he saw the hag standing by the side of his bed. He was so much afraid he was not able to speak a word until the hag spoke and said to him: "Let there be no fear on you; I did not come to do you harm, but to give you advice. You promised the people of Loch Glynn that you would come to banish the hags of the long tooth out of the wood of Driminnch. If you come you will never go back alive."

His talk came to the bishop, and he said: "I cannot break my word."

"We have only a year and a day to be in the wood," said the hag, "and you can put off the people until then."

"Why are ye in the woods as ye are?" says the bishop.

"Our brother killed us," said the hag, "and when we went before the arch-judge, there was judgment passed on us, we to be as we are two hundred years. We have a castle under the lake, and be in it every night. We are suffering for the crime our father did." Then she told him the crime the father did.

"Hard is your case," said the bishop, "but we must put up with the will of the arch-judge, and I shall not trouble ye."

"You will get an account, when we are gone from the wood," said the hag. Then she went from him.

In the morning, the day on the morrow, the bishop came to Loch Glynn. He sent out notice and gathered the people. Then he said to them: "It is the will of the arch-king that the power of enchantment be not banished for another year and a day, and ye must keep out of the wood until then. It is a great wonder to me that ye never saw the hags of enchantment till the hunters came from Dublin.—It 's a pity they did not remain at home."

About a week after that the priest was one day by himself in his chamber alone. The day was very fine and the window was open. The robin of the red breast came in and a little herb in its mouth. The priest stretched out his hand, and she laid the herb down on it. "Perhaps it was God sent me this herb," said the priest to himself, and he ate it. He had not eaten it one moment till he was as well as ever he was, and he said: "A thousand thanks to Him who has power stronger than the power of enchantment."

Then said the robin: "Do you remember the robin of the broken foot you had, two years this last winter?"

"I remember her, indeed," said the priest, "but she went from me when summer came."

"I am the same robin, and but for the good you did me I would not be alive now, and you would be deaf and dumb throughout your life. Take my advice now, and do not go near the hags of the long tooth any more, and do not tell to any person living that I gave you the herb." Then she flew from him.

When the housekeeper came she wondered to find that he had both his talk and his hearing. He sent word to

the bishop and he came to Loch Glynn. He asked the priest how it was that he got better so suddenly. "It is a secret," said the priest, "but a certain friend gave me a little herb and it cured me."

Nothing else happened worth telling, till the year was gone. One night after that the bishop was in his chamber when the door opened, and the hag of the long tooth walked in, and said: "I come to give you notice that we will be leaving the wood a week from to-day. I have one thing to ask of you if you will do it for me."

"If it is in my power, and it not to be against the faith," said the bishop.

"A week from to-day," said the hag, "there will be seven vultures dead at the door of our house in the wood. Give orders to bury them in the quarry that is between the wood and Ballyglas; that is all I am asking of you."

"I shall do that if I am alive," said the bishop. Then she left him, and he was not sorry she to go from him.

A week after that day, the bishop came to Loch Glynn, and the day after he took men with him and went to the hags' house in the wood of Driminuch.

The big black dog was at the door, and when he saw the bishop he began running and never stopped until he went into the lake.

He saw the seven vultures dead at the door, and he said to the men: "Take them with you and follow me."

They took up the vultures and followed him to the brink of the quarry. Then he said to them: "Throw them into the quarry: There is an end to the hags of the enchantment."

As soon as the men threw them down to the bottom of the quarry, there rose from it seven swans as white as snow, and flew out of their sight. It was the opinion of the bishop and of every person who heard the story that it was up to heaven they flew, and that the big black dog went to the castle under the lake.

At any rate, nobody saw the hags of the long tooth or the big black dog from that out, any more.

MUNACHAR AND MANACHAR.

Translated literally from the Irish.

There once lived a Munachar and a Manachar, a long time ago, and it is a long time since it was, and if they were alive then they would not be alive now. They went out together to pick raspberries, and as many as Munachar used to pick Manachar used to eat. Munachar said he must go look for a rod to make a gad (a withy band) to hang Manachar, who ate his raspberries every one; and he came to the rod. "God save you," said the rod. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the rod, "until you get an axe to cut me." He came to the axe. "God save you," said the axe. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for an axe, an axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the axe, "until you get a flag to edge me." He came to the flag. "God save you," says the flag." "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for an axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," says the flag, "till you get water to wet me." He came to the water. "God save you," says the water. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for water, water to wet flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the water, "until you get a deer who will swim me." He came to the deer. "God save you," says the deer. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the deer, "until you get a

hound who will hunt me." He came to the hound. "God save you," says the hound. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the hound, "until you get a bit of butter to put in my claw." He came to the butter. "God save you," says the butter. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the butter, "until you get a cat who shall scrape me." He came to the cat. "God save you," said the cat. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the cat, "until you will get milk which you will give me." He came to the cow. "God save you," said the cow. "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for a cow, cow to give me milk, milk I will give to the cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get any milk from me," said the cow, "until you bring me a whisp of straw from those threshers yonder." He came to the threshers. "God save you," said the threshers. "God and Mary save ye." "How far are you going." "Going looking for a whisp of straw from ye to give to the cow, the cow to give me milk, milk I will give to the cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod

to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get any whisp of straw from us," said the threshers, "until you bring us the makings of a cake from the miller over yonder." He came to the miller. "God save you." "God and Mary save you." "How far are you going?" "Going looking for the makings of a cake, which I will give to the threshers, the threshers to give me a whisp of straw, the whisp of straw I will give to the cow, the cow to give me milk, milk I will give to the cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge axe, axe to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get any makings of a cake from me," said the miller, "till you bring me the full of that sieve of water from the river over there."

He took the sieve in his hand and went over to the river, but as often as ever he would stoop and fill it with water, the moment he raised it the water would run out of it again, and sure, if he had been there from that day till this, he never could have filled it. A crow went flying by him over his head. "Daub! daub!" said the crow. "My soul to God, then," said Manachar, "but it's the good advice you have," and he took the red clay and the daub that was by the brink, and he rubbed it to the bottom of the sieve, until all the holes were filled, and then the sieve held the water, and he brought the water to the miller, and the miller gave him the makings of a cake, and he gave the makings of the cake to the threshers, and the threshers gave him a whisp of straw, and he gave the whisp of straw to the cow, and the cow gave him milk, the milk he gave to the cat, the cat scraped the butter, the butter went into the claw of the hound, the hound hunted the deer, the deer swam the water, the water wet the flag, the flag sharpened the axe, the axe cut the rod, and the rod made a gad, and when he had it ready—I'll go bail that Manachar was far enough away from him.

These accumulative stories are told by almost every nation on the globe, and they come down to us from unfathomable antiquity. The oldest known is a Jewish one, which is popular among all

Jewish-speaking peoples, beginning "A kid, a kid, my father bought." The same story as the foregoing is told in Scotland under the name of 'Moonachug and Meenachug.' In England the parallels are to be found in 'The House that Jack Built,' with its eleven steps or accumulations, and the story of 'The Old Woman and her Pig,' with its twelve; the Norwegian 'Cock and Hen A-nutting' also has twelve; a German story of Grimm has five or six—but it would be impossible to follow up this very interesting comparison here.—[C. W.

THE LOST SAINT.

"'The Lost Saint,'" says Lady Gregory in her 'Poets and Dreamers,' "was written in 1902. *An Craoibhin* was staying with us at Coole; and one morning I went for a long drive to the sea, leaving him with a bundle of blank paper before him. When I came back at evening, I was told that Dr. Hyde had finished his play and was out shooting wild duck. The hymn, however, was not quite ready, and was put into rhyme next day, while he was again watching for wild duck beside Inchy marsh.

"When he read it to us in the evening, we were all left with a feeling as if some beautiful white blossom had suddenly fallen at our feet.

"It was acted at Ballaghaderreen; and, at the end, a very little girl, who wanted to let the author know how much she had liked his play, put out her hand and put a piece of toffee into his."

An Old Man, *a* Teacher, Conall *and other children.*

Scene.—*A large room as it was in the old time. A long table in it. A troop of children, a share of them eating their dinner, another share of them sitting after eating. There is a teacher stooping over a book in the other part of the room.*

A Child (*standing up*).—Come out, Felim, till we see the new hound.

Another Child.—We can't. The master told us not to go out till we would learn this poem, the poem he was teaching us to-day.

Another Child.—He won't let any one at all go out till he can say it.

Another Child.—*Maisead*,[1] disgust for ever on the same old poem; but there is no fear for myself—I 'll get out, never fear; I 'll remember it well enough. But I

[1] *Maisead?*

don't think you will get out, Conall. Oh, there is the master ready to begin.

TEACHER (*lifting up his head*).—Now, children, have you finished your dinner?

CHILDREN.—Not yet. (*A poor-looking, gray old man comes to the door.*)

A CHILD.—Oh, that is old Cormacin that grinds the meal for us, and minds the oven.

OLD MAN.—The blessing of God here! Master, will you give me leave to gather up the scraps, and to bring them out with me?

MASTER.—You may do that. (*To the children.*) Come here now, till I see if you have that poem right, and I will let you go out when you have it said.

FEARALL.—We are coming; but wait a minute till I ask old Cormacin what is he going to do with the leavings he has there.

OLD MAN.—I am gathering them to give to the birds, avourneen.

TEACHER.—We will do it now; come over here. (*The children stand together in a row.*)

TEACHER.—Now I will tell you who made the poem you are going to say to me: There was a holy, saintly man in Ireland some years ago. Aongus Ceile Dé was the name he had. There was no man in Ireland had greater humility than he. He did not like the people to be giving honor to him, or to be saying he was a great saint, or that he made fine poems. It was because of his humility he stole away one night, and put a disguise on himself; and he went like a poor man through the country, working for his own living without any one knowing him. He is gone away out of knowledge now, without any one at all knowing where he is. Maybe he is feeding pigs or grinding meal now like any other poor person.

A CHILD.—Grinding meal like old Cormacin here.

TEACHER.—Exactly. But before he went away, it is many fine sweet poems he made in the praise of God and the angels; and it was one of those I was teaching you today.

A CHILD.—What is the name you said he had?

TEACHER.—Aongus Ceile Dé, the servant of God. They gave him that name because he was so holy. Now, Felim,

say the first two lines you; and Art will say the two next lines; and Aodh the two lines after that, and so on to the end.

FELIM.

Up in the kingdom of God, there are
Archangels for every single day.

ART.

And it is they certainly
That steer the entire week.

AODH.

The first day is holy;
Sunday belongs to God.

FERGUS.

Gabriel watches constantly
Every week over Monday.

CONALL.

Gabriel watches constantly—

TEACHER.—That 's not it, Conall; Fergus said that.

CONALL.—It is to God Sunday belongs—

TEACHER.—That 's not it; that was said before. It is at Tuesday we are now. Who is it has Tuesday? (*The little boy does not answer.*) Who is it has Tuesday? Don't be a fool, now.

CONALL (*putting the joint of his finger in his eye*).—I don't know.

TEACHER.—Oh, my shame you are! Look now; go in the place Fearall is, and he will go in your place. Now, Fearall.

FEARALL.

It is true that Tuesday is kept
By Michael in his full strength.

TEACHER.—That 's it. Now, Conall, say who has Monday.

CONALL.—I can't.

TEACHER.—Say the two lines before that and I will be satisfied. Who has Monday?

CONALL (*crying*).—I don't know.

TEACHER.—Oh, aren't you the little amadan! I will never put anything at all in your head. I will not let you go out till you know that poem. Now, boys, run out with you; and we will leave Conall Amadan here. (*The* TEACHER *and all the other scholars go out.*)

OLD MAN.—Don't be crying, avourneen; I will teach the poem to you; I know it myself.

CONALL.—Aurah, Cormacin, I cannot learn it. I am not clever or quick like the other boys. I can't put anything in my head (*bursts into crying again*). I have no memory for anything.

OLD MAN (*laying his hand on his head*).—Take courage, astore. You will be a wise man yet, with the help of God. Come with me now, and help me to divide these scraps. (*The child gets up.*) That's it now; dry your eyes and don't be discouraged.

CONALL (*wiping his eyes*).—What are you making three shares of the scraps for?

OLD MAN.—I am going to give the first share to the geese; I am putting all the cabbage on this dish for them; and when I go out, I will put a grain of meal on it, and it will feed them finely. I have scraps of meat here, and old broken bread, and I will give that to the hens; they will lay their eggs better when they will get food like that. These little crumbs are for the little birds that do be singing to me in the morning, and that awaken me with their share of music. I have oaten meal for them. (*Sweeps the floor, and gathers little crumbs of bread.*) I have a great wish for the little birds. (*The old man looks up; he sees the little boy lying on a cushion, and he asleep. He stands a little while looking at him. Tears gather in his eyes; then he goes down on his knees.*)

OLD MAN.—O Lord, O God, take pity on this little soft child. Put wisdom in his head, cleanse his heart, scatter the mist from his mind, and let him learn his lesson like the other boys. O Lord, Thou wert Thyself young one time: take pity on youth. O Lord, Thou Thyself shed tears: dry the tears of this little lad. Listen, O Lord, to the prayer of Thy servant, and do not keep from him this little thing he is asking of Thee. O Lord, bitter are the tears of a child, sweeten them; deep are the thoughts of a child, quiet them; sharp is the grief of a child, take it from him; soft is the heart of a child, do not harden it.

(*While the old man is praying, the* TEACHER *comes in. He makes a sign to the children outside; they come in and gather about him. The old man notices the children; he starts up, and shame burns on him.*)

TEACHER.—I heard your prayer, old man; but there is no good in it. I praise you greatly for it, but that child is half witted. I prayed to God myself once or twice on his account, but there was no good in it.

OLD MAN.—Perhaps God heard me. God is for the most part ready to hear. The time we ourselves are empty without anything, God listens to us; and He does not think on the thing we are without, but gives us our fill.

TEACHER.—It is the truth you are speaking; but there is no good in praying this time. This boy is very ignorant. (*He and the old man go over to the child, who is still asleep, and signs of tears on his cheeks.*) He must work hard, and very hard; and maybe with the dint of work, he will get a little learning some time. (*He puts his hand on the cheek of the little boy, and he starts up, and wonder on him when he sees them all about him.*)

OLD MAN.—Ask it to him now.

TEACHER.—Do you remember the poem now, Conall?

CONALL.

Up in the heaven of God, there are
Archangels for every day.

And it is they certainly
That steer the entire week.

The first day is holy;
Sunday belongs to God.

Gabriel watches constantly
Every week over Monday.

It is true that Tuesday is kept
By Michael in his full strength.

Rafael, honest and kind and gentle,
It is to him Wednesday belongs.

To Sachiel, that is without crookedness,
Thursday belongs every week.

Haniel, the Archangel of God,
It is he has Friday.

Bright Cassiel, of the blue eyes,
It is he directs Saturday.

TEACHER.—That is a great wonder, not a word failed on him. But tell me, Conall astore, how did you learn that poem since?

CONALL.—When I was sleeping, just now, there came an old man to me, and I thought there was every color that is in the rainbow upon him. And he took hold of my shirt, and he tore it; and then he opened my breast, and he put the poem within my heart.

OLD MAN.—It is God that sent that dream to you. I have no doubt you will not be hard to teach from this out.

CONALL,—And the man that came to me, I thought it was old Cormacin that was in it.

FEARALL.—Maybe it was Aongus Ceile Dé himself that was in it.

AODH.—Maybe Cormacin is Aongus.

TEACHER.—Are you Aongus Ceile Dé? I desire you in the name of God to tell me.

OLD MAN (*bowing his head*).—Oh, you have found it out now! Oh, I thought no one at all would ever know me. My grief that you have found me out!

TEACHER (*going on his knees*).—O holy Aongus, forgive me; give me your blessing. O holy man, give your blessing to these children. (*The children fall on their knees round him,*)

OLD MAN (*stretching out his hand*).—The blessing of God on you. The blessing of Christ and His Holy Mother on you. My own blessing on you.

LITTLE CHILD, I CALL THEE.

From the Irish.

Little child, I call thee fair,
Clad in hair of golden hue,
Every lock in ringlets falling
Down, to almost kiss the dew.

Slow gray eye and languid mien,
Brows as thin as stroke of quill,

Cheeks of white with scarlet through them,
Och! it 's through them I am ill.

Luscious mouth, delicious breath,
Chalk-white teeth, and very small,
Lovely nose and little chin,
White neck, thin—she is swan-like all.

Pure white hand and shapely finger,
Limbs that linger like a song;
Music speaks in every motion
Of my sea-mew warm and young.

Rounded breasts and lime-white bosom,
Like a blossom, touched of none,
Stately form and slender waist,
Far more graceful than the swan.

Alas for me! I would I were
With her of the soft-fingered palm,
In Waterford to steal a kiss,
Or by the Liss whose airs are balm.

O WERE YOU ON THE MOUNTAIN?

From the Irish.

O were you on the mountain, and saw you my Love?
And saw you my own one, my queen and my dove?
And saw you the maiden with the step firm and free?
O say, was she pining in sorrow like me?

I was up on the mountain and saw there your Love,
I saw there your own one, your queen and your dove;
I saw there the maiden with the step firm and free,
And she was not pining in sorrow like thee.

I SHALL NOT DIE FOR THEE.

From the Irish.

For thee I shall not die,
Woman high of name and fame;
Foolish men thou mayest slay,
I and they are not the same.

Why should a man expire
For the fire of any eye?
Slender waist or swan-like limb,
Is it for them that I should die?

The round breasts, the fresh skin,
Crimson cheeks, hair long and rich,
Indeed, indeed, I shall not die,
Please God, not I, for any such.

The golden hair, the forehead thin,
The chaste mien, the gracious ease,
The rounded heel, the languid tone,
Fools alone find death in these.

Thy sharp wit, thy perfect calm,
Thy thin palm-like foam of sea;
Thy white neck, thy blue eye,
I shall not die for thee.

Woman graceful as the swan,
A wise man did nurture me.
Little palm, white neck, bright eye,
I shall not die for ye.

FROM A POEM BY TEIGE MAC DAIRÉ.

From the Irish, a translation in the meter of the original.

"'T is not War we Want to Wage
With THomond THinned by outrage.
SLIGHT not Poets' Poignant spur
Of RIGHT ye Owe it hOnour.

Can there Cope a Man with Me
In Burning hearts Bitterly,
At my BLows men BLUSH I wis,
Bright FLUSH their Furious Faces.

Store of blister-Raising Ranns
These are my Weighty Weapons,
Poisoned, STriking STRONG through men,
They Live not LONG so striken.

SHelter from my SHafts or rest
Is not in Furthest Forest,
Far they FALL, words Soft as Snow,
No WALL can WARD my arrow.

To QUench in QUarrels good deeds,
To Raise up WRongs in hundreds,
To NAIL a NAME on a man,
I FAIL not—FAME my weapon."

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